

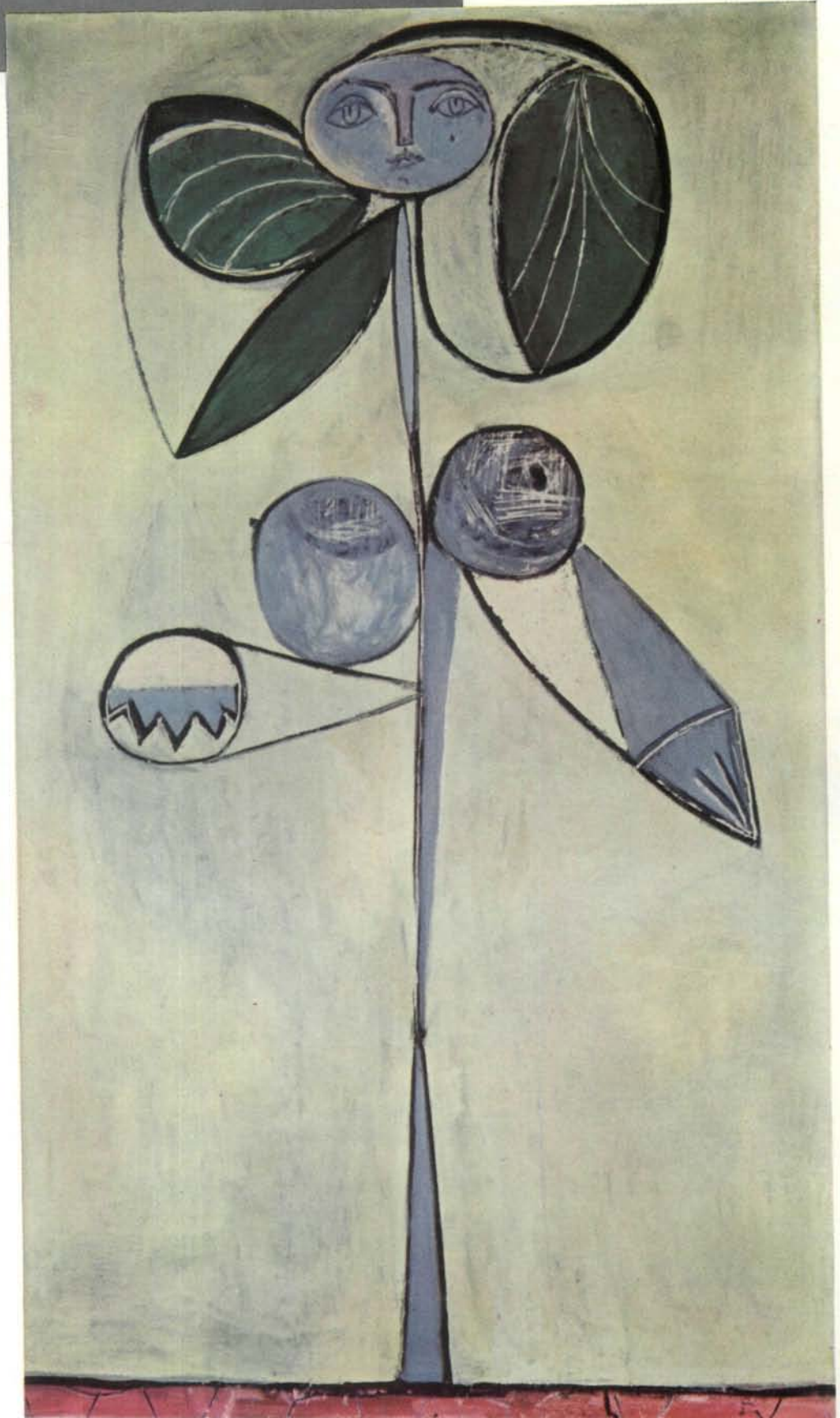
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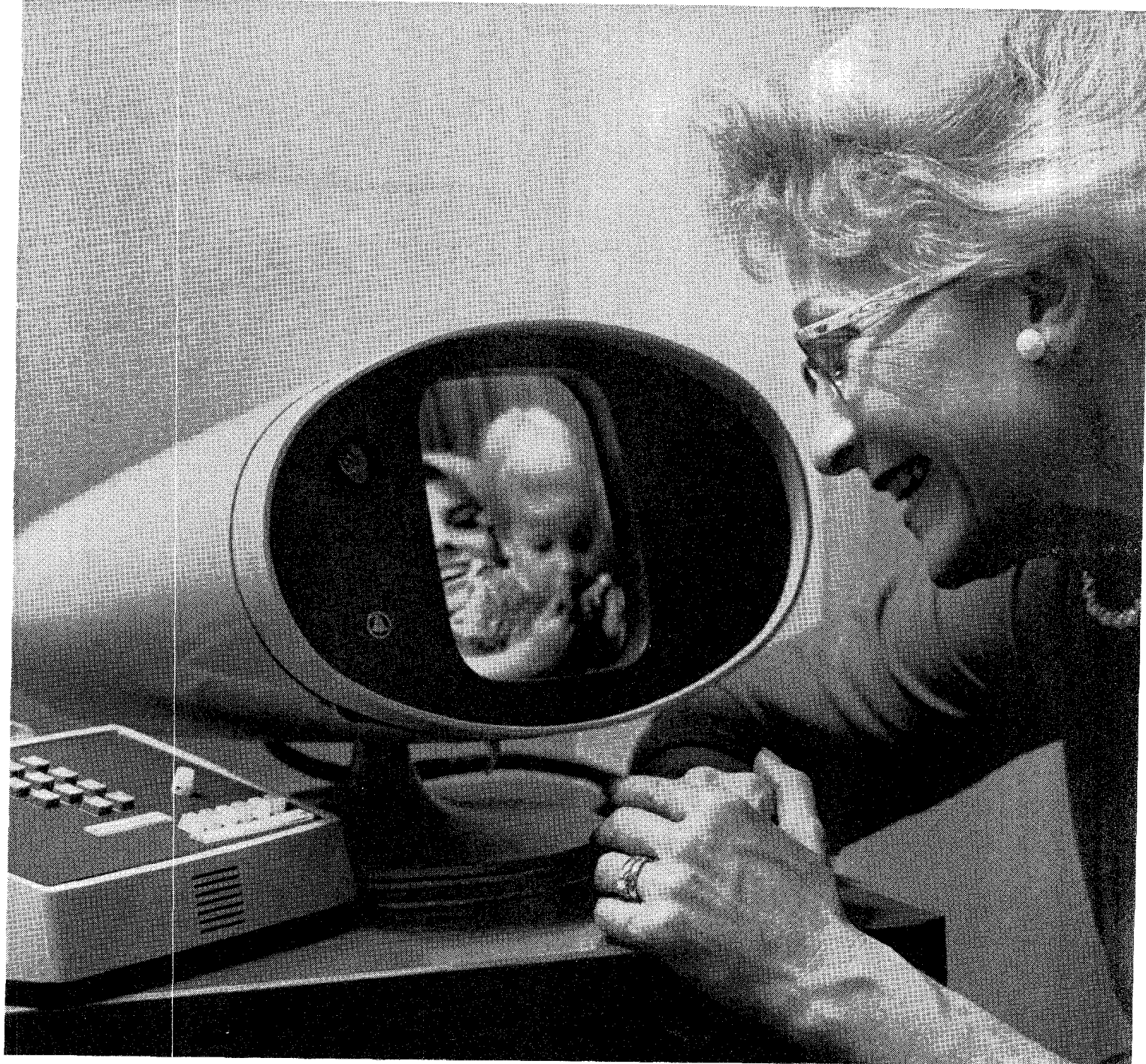
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AUGUST

ATLANTIC

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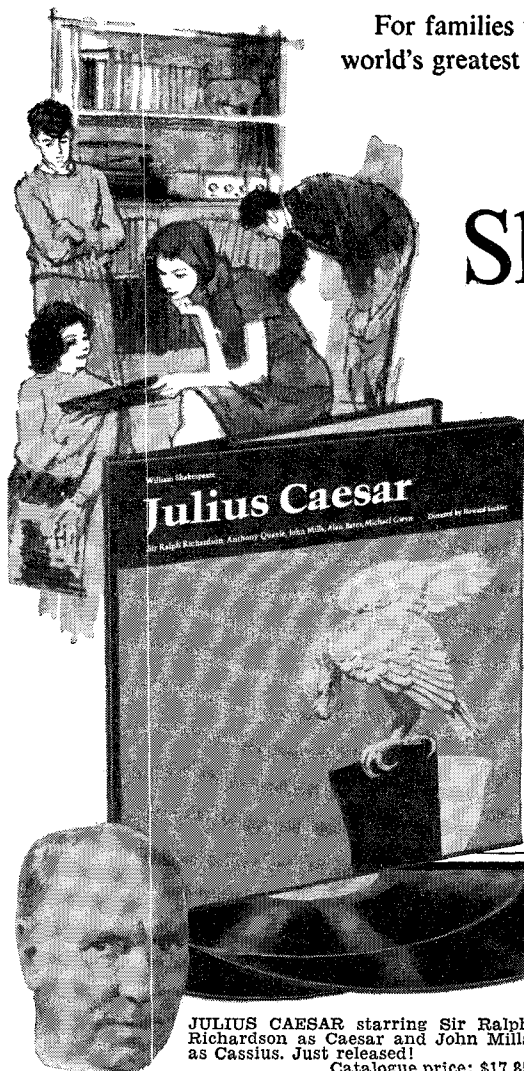
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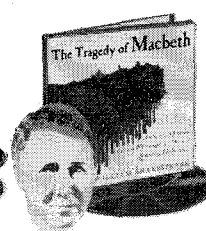
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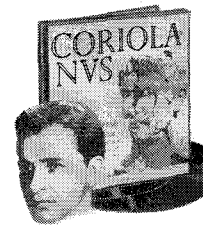
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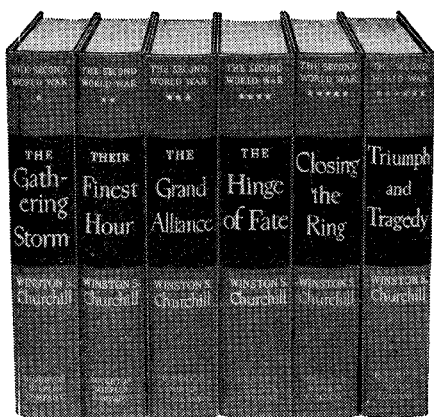
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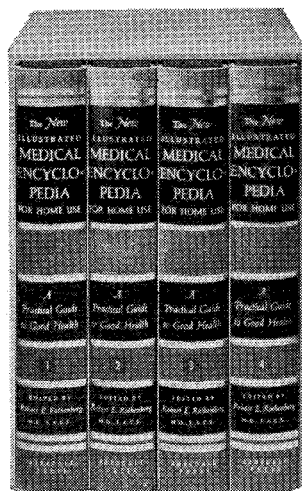
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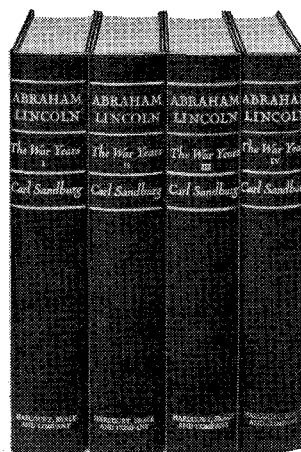
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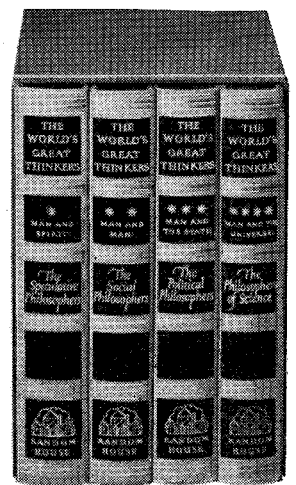
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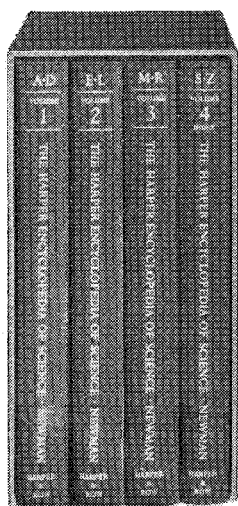
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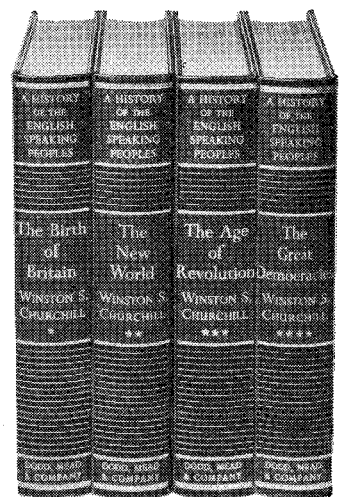


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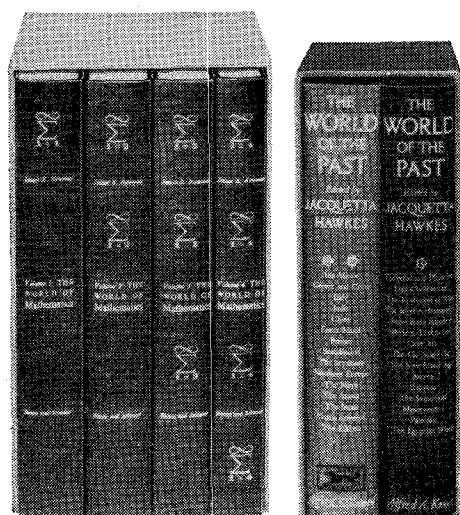


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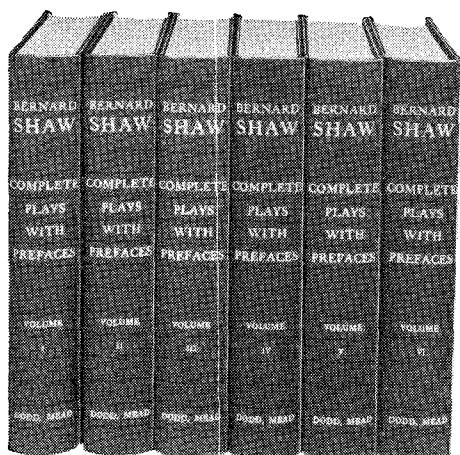


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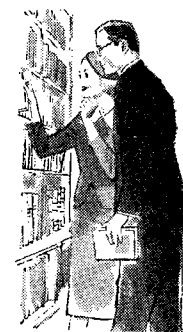
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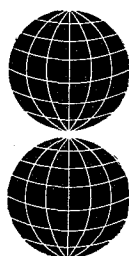
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WASHINGTON

THE immensely successful cooperative effort of Republican and Democratic leaders in the House and Senate in fashioning a civil rights bill is a heartening demonstration that representative government can meet its responsibilities. Great credit must go to the spirit of bipartisanship which animated the men in both parties in dealing with a grave national problem. Senator Dirksen performed throughout the long Senate fight with a statesmanship tempered only by a clear understanding of what was politically possible. He was ably assisted by Senator Kuchel, the Republican Whip, who has always commanded respect from both sides of the aisle.

In the House, the greatest credit goes to Representative William M. McCulloch of Ohio, the senior Republican on the House Judiciary Committee. He and other representatives who guided the bill through the House early this year worked constantly with Senate leaders during the filibuster in preparing the final draft.

More than a year ago, President Kennedy initiated a series of White House meetings with business, labor, religious, and regional groups. President Johnson continued the effort in a variety of ways, repeatedly urging business leaders with whom he met to employ more Negroes. Indeed, he was hard at work on this aspect of the problem while he was Vice President. Under the Plans for Progress program, which he directed, more than two hundred large businesses with millions of employees promised equality of opportunity in hiring and promotion practices. The same kind of pledges were obtained from many labor unions. Since becoming President, Johnson has repeatedly urged businessmen to use their influence not only in their companies but also in their communities to explain why the federal government sponsored a civil rights bill.

Governor Scranton spoke forcefully to the problem of reconciliation when he said: "Let us be done with the fear of the black man and the fear of the white man. . . . And let us have the courage to say that there are those in each party who wish to trade on both."

The answer to violence

Yet the summer has brought on more violence and lawlessness in many parts of the country. A considerable number of Negro leaders recognized their responsibility when in the spring they opposed, with risk to their leadership positions, the proposal for mass stall-ins on the highways leading to the New York World's Fair. Many of those same leaders spoke out against the wave of crime and violence that struck the New York subways. While the Administration has been deeply concerned about the lawlessness, federal jurisdiction to act is limited. The Administration has urged greater use of the local police power to protect citizens and has itself concentrated on the problem of removing the underlying causes of crime.

Both the Justice Department and the Labor Department have stepped up their support of a series of programs designed to provide training and jobs for juveniles. Those who have worked on the programs in Harlem report that hopelessness is the greatest obstacle to progress. They are convinced that they must persevere in trying to provide a basis of hope for those who are without it. Local governments in cities such as New York, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Chicago have been eager to support every type of rehabilitation program the federal government is authorized to conduct. It has long been recognized in Washington that frustrations and disappointments will continue to plague the Negro community. That is why the Administration has planned an educational program to explain the aims and purposes

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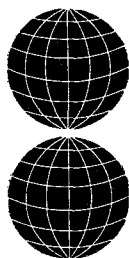
Your order is just one of many, of course. The odd-lot dealer is constantly buying odd lots when others want to sell, and selling when others want to buy. At times, a succession of orders may leave him with more shares than he wants, or fewer. To offset these transactions, he buys and sells in the round-lot market.

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Report on Washington



of the bill and to emphasize the importance of programs designed to remove the basic causes of tension.

Negro leaders are asked to urge young people to endure the difficulties of obtaining an education, because now more doors are open to Negroes with training and ability. Lawyers are asked to emphasize the citizens' obligation to respect the law. Religious leaders are urged to emphasize support of moral values. Above all, bipartisan support of the civil rights act has demonstrated that representative government can be effective in removing grievances. Administration leaders from the President down hope that 1964 may mark a turning point in the nation's history.

The Alliance for Progress

The Alliance for Progress has been endlessly criticized for its failures, mistakes, and unfulfilled ambitions. Perhaps the greatest mistake of all was to assume that so vast a revolution as was envisioned could be accomplished in a short time. Yet the Alliance is alive today. Despite its weaknesses, it probably is the single most vital force in the Western Hemisphere. Politicians in almost every Latin-American country debate and campaign on the issues raised by the Alliance.

Those who would write it off as a lost dream appreciate neither the scope of the undertaking and its achievements to date nor the resistance of men and of institutions to change. A beginning has been made. Washington experts believe that there will be major successes eventually. They know that much more ought to be done and done faster. But they know also that great projects require time.

Only three years ago this summer the Charter of Punta del Este was signed. Since then, Castro's revolution has been contained; no other Latin-American country has succumbed to the Communist virus. Reform has become the central political issue in many countries. Land reforms, tax reforms, governmental reforms, and housing programs have been launched. The Venezuelan government, which seemed on the verge of being undermined a year ago, has survived. Central America has a common market and a Central American Bank. Mexico, which harbored strong

Communist influences three years ago, has a flourishing economy and a viable and respected government.

Shortly after he became President, Lyndon Johnson said that the Alliance should be made President Kennedy's "living memorial." He promised full support. In May, when discouragement was widespread, the President called the Latin-American ambassadors to the White House to reaffirm his faith in the Alliance and to promise "twice as much action" in the next year as in any previous year.

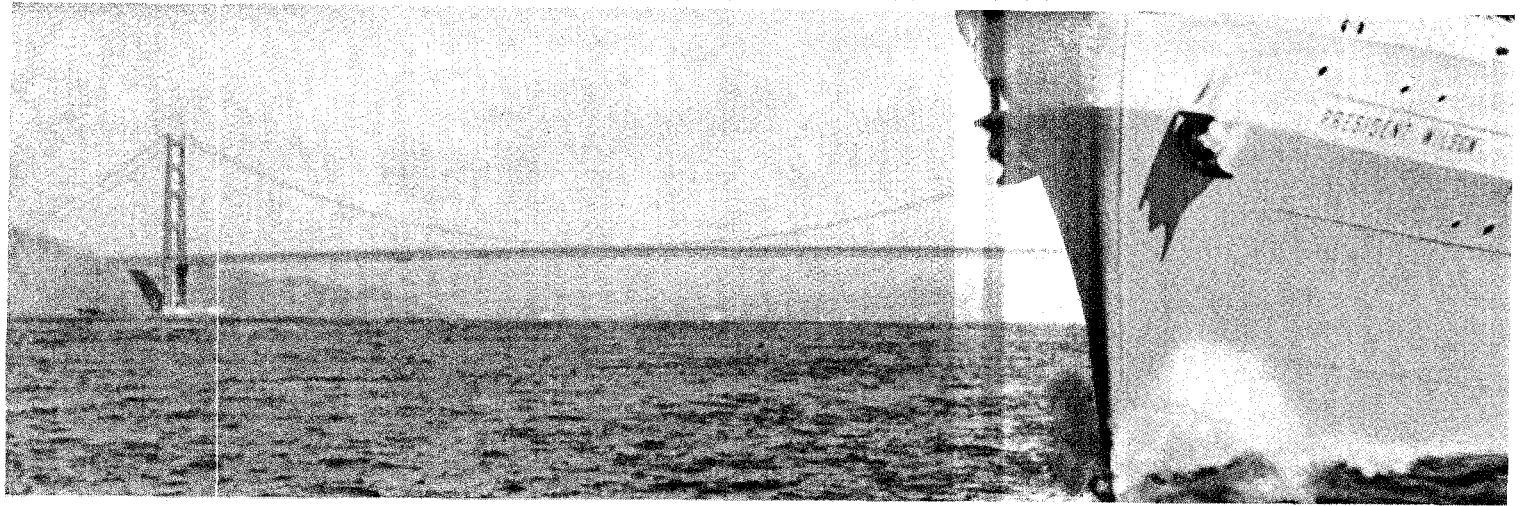
An aide who is now serving President Johnson recalls that in 1961 Kennedy discussed Latin-American problems with some of his advisers almost every day. Last year, on the day before he made his fatal trip to Texas, a group of Latin-American scholars were in Washington, and it was suggested that Kennedy see them. He agreed to say a word of greeting in the Rose Garden, explaining that he could not spare more time because he was preparing for the Texas trip. Nevertheless, after greeting the scholars, he invited them into his office, where for forty-five minutes he questioned them about the Alliance and asked what could be done to strengthen it. By his three journeys as President to Latin America and by his other expressions of interest in the Alliance, Kennedy won the hearts of millions of men and women in the Hemisphere.

Johnson reaffirms the goals

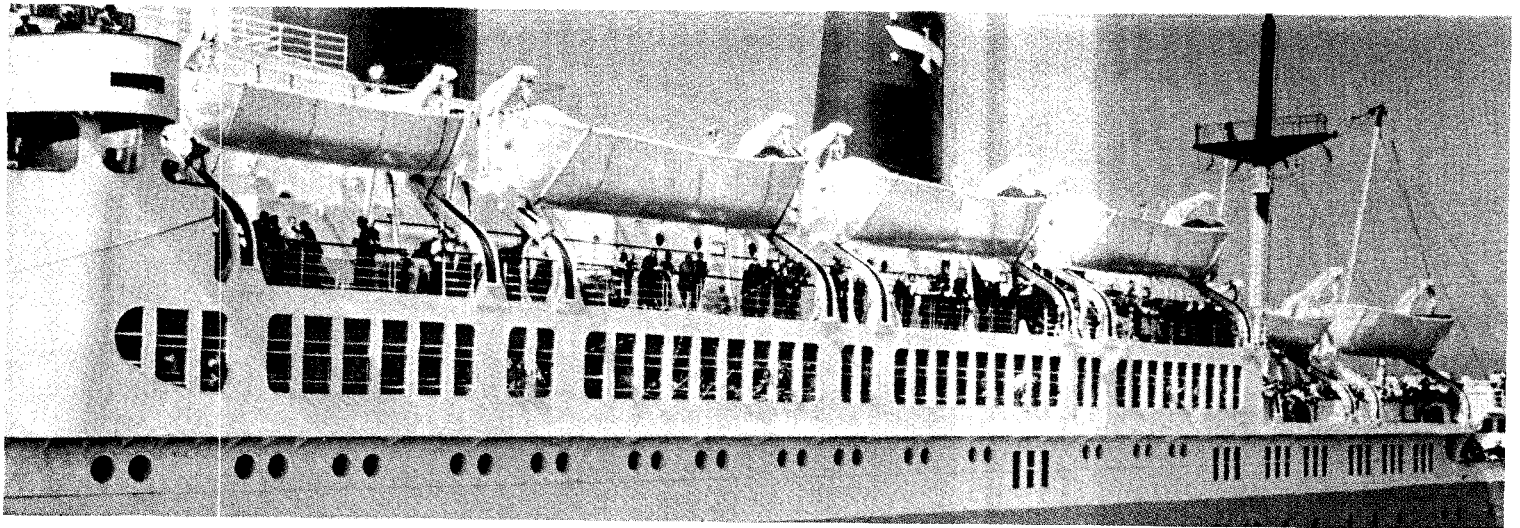
When Johnson became President, his appointment of Thomas C. Mann as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, and also as Special Assistant to the President, emphasized his own deep interest in Hemisphere problems. At first, both the new President and Mann were suspect south of the border because of their Texas origin and their close ties with business. Not all of these suspicions have been removed, but many have been. In May the President addressed the Latin-American ambassadors, asserting his devotion to the democratic ideal and promising to continue "to join with you to encourage democracy until we build a Hemisphere of free nations."

Declaring that "we have reached a turning point" in the Alliance, the President said: "The foundations have been laid. The time calls for more action, not more words. . . . I can now say with confidence that our Alliance for Progress will succeed."

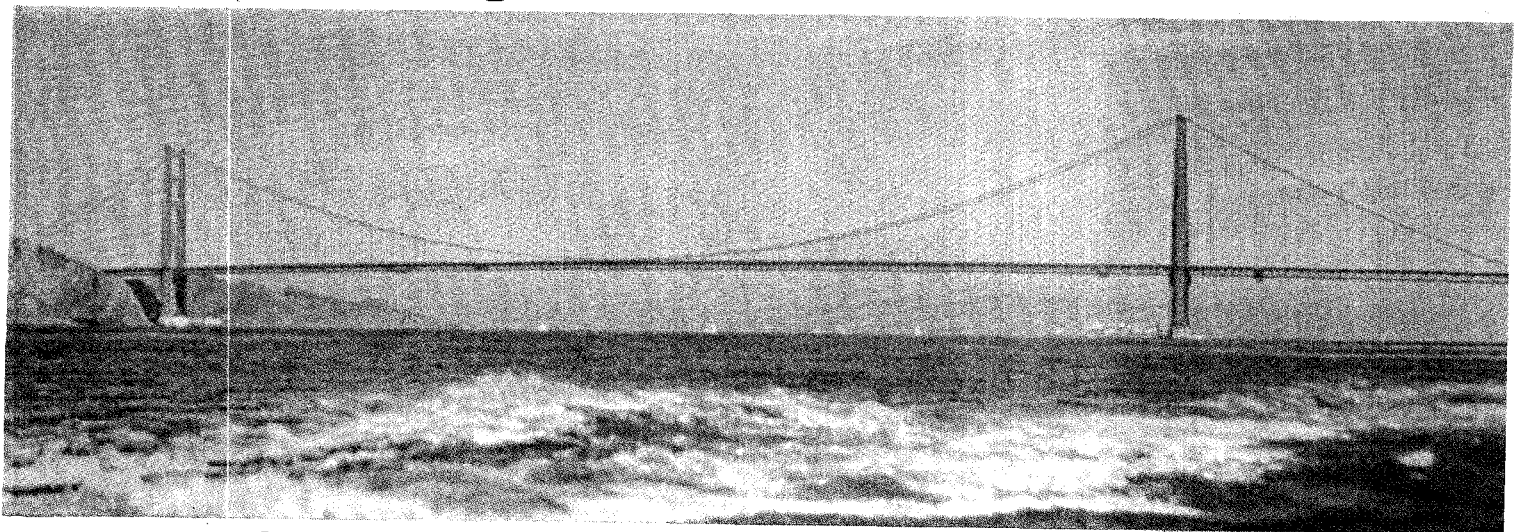
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Report on Washington

have not often been compatible. The Mexican revolution, for example, achieved social reforms first. After these reforms were enforced and after a stable government was established, economic progress was possible. But there were many years of disappointment. Now the need for both social reform and economic progress is so great that the Alliance has determined to attempt both. Much help in private and public funds from the United States will be required if both jobs are to be done at the same time.

Many dollars went down the drain in Brazil during the Goulart era because the United States was attempting to shore up an impossible government. Now, hopefully, there may be a stronger effort by Brazilians to meet their own problems. Mexico has demonstrated that it is imperative to have a responsible and effective government.

The Alliance at the very least has set new standards and raised higher goals. It has given the younger generation hope. And it has caused Latin America to look upon itself as an entity. As Senator Dirksen, quoting Victor Hugo, wisely said of the civil rights bill, "Stronger than all the armies is the idea whose time has come." It is the idea that there must be human progress.

Right-wing victory in Alabama

The loss of outstanding members of Congress always comes as a blow to Washington. This year two unusually gifted members from Alabama are leaving. Early this year, Representative Albert Rains, ranking Democrat on the House Banking and Currency Committee, announced that he would not seek reelection. He is sixty-two, and he has had about all the political wars he can take. Because the Alabama legislature refused to redistrict the state after the 1960 census, Alabama House members must run at large, with the low man out.

It is a ridiculous system, but there is little prospect of reform with the Alabama political climate what it is today. Because of Rains's sponsorship of progressive housing legislation and his moderate stand on

racial issues, there was a strong movement in Alabama against him. A few years ago, Speaker Rayburn said that Rains's handling of a major housing bill was one of the most brilliant pieces of floor generalship he had ever seen. An able lawyer and progressive-minded individual, Rains is respected by his colleagues in both parties.

When Alabama held its Democratic primary without Rains on the list, the conservative elements combined to direct their fire at Representative Carl Elliott, an extraordinarily able and courageous man, who is only fifty and has had a brilliant sixteen-year record in the House. After President Kennedy won his fight to enlarge the Rules Committee in 1961, Elliott was assigned to it. Previously he had been a member of the Committee on Education and Labor and chairman of the Subcommittee on Special Education. He was author, in the House, of the National Defense Education Act of 1958. Eisenhower Republicans who worked with him on that piece of legislation regarded him highly.

But Elliott was too progressive for his state. The extreme right wing in Southern politics is making steady gains in its fight against moderate and progressive men.

Mood of the Capital

Political leaders in both parties are aware that they are headed into another national campaign without coming to grips with the challenge of ever mounting campaign costs. Millions of dollars will be spent by both major parties between now and November. Proposals by President Eisenhower and President Kennedy to assure greater control over campaign spending and to encourage wider citizen participation in campaign contributions met with no success in Congress.

Fund-raising dinners, where the wealthy and those who are seeking influence or have obtained it are pressured to buy expensive tickets, have become major undertakings — and major bores. No one can deny that politicians are placed under heavy obligation to large contributors and that the laws governing campaign contributions are breached.

Hopes and Dreams

About a hundred years ago, the Swiss philosopher Amiel wrote: "Tell me what you feel in your room when the full moon is shining in upon you and your lamp is dying out, and I will tell you how old you are, and I shall know if you are happy."

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We hear of people's dreams every day — in letters that tell about their hopes for the future. And if there's one thing we've learned from them, it is that the best things in life, the things most people want, far from being free are likely to cost a good deal of money: a house by the sea, a trip abroad, a business venture, college for the children, comfort in retirement.

If you have dreams that money can buy but not quite enough money to buy them, perhaps we can help by suggesting how your surplus funds may be put to work to earn more funds. Write to us, in confidence, telling us what you feel in your room when the full moon is shining in upon you, and we'll do our best to suggest how to invest sensibly. Address —

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FOR the past year or so West Germany has been marking time in a political sense. After the controversy over Dr. Adenauer's retirement from the chancellorship and the choice of a successor, the West Germans were relieved to settle down under the rule of the restrained and practical Professor Ludwig Erhard. Some of them may even have felt somehow a little deprived — by his lack of fuss, his common sense, and his quiet determination to get on with the tasks of government.

They felt deprived in other ways too. The détente in Europe between East and West had shifted world interest away from the German problem. With their country still divided and West Berlin still encircled by the Communist world, it seemed strange to Germans that problems like Indochina, Malaysia, Cuba, and the waters of the Jordan had become so much more important than their own affairs.

West Germans have felt deprived by the lack of concrete results from Dr. Adenauer's "crowning glory," the pact of friendship and cooperation with France. They had genuinely believed that the two countries would in the future consult on all matters of mutual interest and, most of all, on changes of policy. As it has turned out, General de Gaulle has gone his own way exactly as he did before. Bonn received no hint of his intention of opening diplomatic relations with the Chinese People's Republic, but more than a few hints of his opposition to the Kennedy Round of tariff talks — which the West Germans themselves wanted to be a success.

In addition, Bonn and Paris found themselves locked in what seemed to be an interminable dispute over wheat prices within the Common Market. In this dispute it appeared that it was the West Germans who were the more intransigent. The operative factor was that the country was led by an economist who has the interests of the German farmers very much at heart. An early and substantial reduction of the wheat price on the German internal market would be highly damaging to them. Their votes, moreover, are

vitaly needed by Professor Erhard's Christian Democratic Party in the next Federal election, which is due in the autumn of 1965.

Doubts about De Gaulle

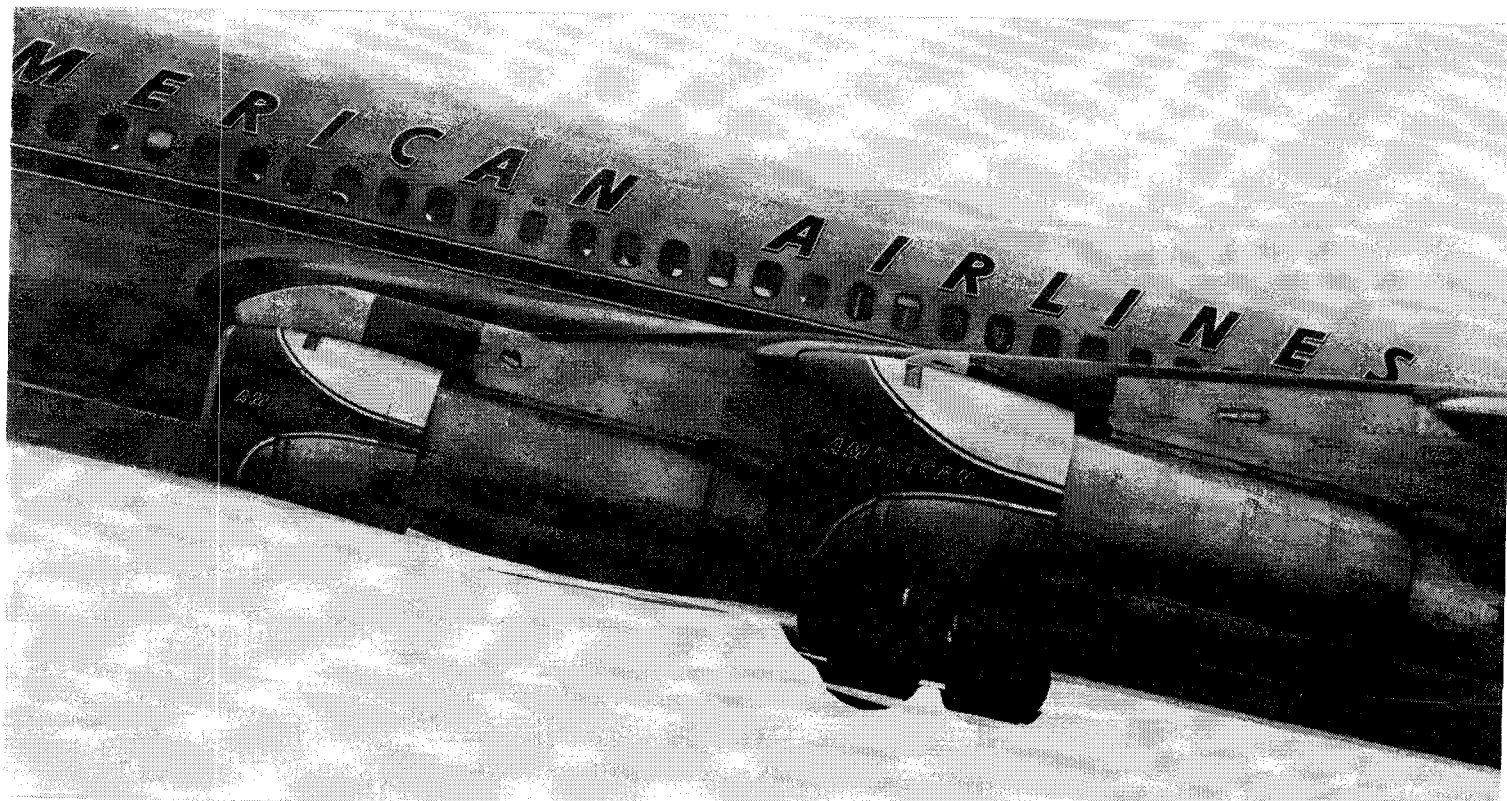
West German doubts of De Gaulle's intentions led to a spate of rumors in the spring and early summer about a possible change of French policy over Berlin and over the wider issues of German reunification and Germany's eventual eastern frontiers. In his memoirs, De Gaulle had recommended acceptance of the Oder-Neisse line as the eastern frontier. The West Germans now feared that he might accept the Communist theory of the "three German states" (West Germany, East Germany, and West Berlin) and that he would even consider opening some kind of relations with the East German Republic.

Adenauer, in a brief sally out of virtual political retirement, said that the growing warmth of Franco-Soviet relations was disturbing. Coming from the arch-apostle of Franco-German friendship, this statement had added significance.

West Germans have been disturbed by the lack of progress in the field of foreign affairs. The Foreign Minister, Gerhard Schroeder, they were told, would have a much freer hand once Adenauer had retired from the chancellorship. He would be able to develop his own policy of "movement," would improve relations with Eastern European satellite countries, and would thrust the issue of German reunification into the forefront of the world diplomatic scene. Schroeder was expected to work some kind of minor miracle without the German people themselves doing anything about it.

Here, too, there has been disappointment. With the shift of world interest away from Germany, Schroeder has been able to achieve little. He has, in addition, been attacked by Herr Franz-Josef Strauss, the former Minister of Defense, and by influential members of the Bavarian section of the Christian Democratic Union, of which Strauss is chairman.

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Report on West Germany

The Bavarians still retain a large measure of independence from their other Christian Democratic colleagues. They continue to call themselves the "Christian Social Union" and to regard their branch as a separate entity in the Bundestag. The Catholic Bavarians have not hesitated to attack Schroeder, the North German Protestant, on the grounds that he has deserted the straight and narrow path of Adenauer's diplomacy. The essence of that diplomacy was to make the Federal Republic, and NATO, strong, in the belief that this, rather than mobile diplomatic tactics, would eventually induce the Russians to give Germany back its unity.

The German Gaullists

The Bavarian attacks on Schroeder have revealed the first real rift in the ranks of the Christian Democrats since the party came into power in 1949. The Bavarians have gone "Gaullist," and they and their few North German allies are openly referred to in Bonn as a Gaullist faction. German reunification is becoming a little more improbable all the time, and it is questionable whether the Bavarians really want it at all. For, it would mean the return to the German fold of the remnants of that Prussia which they have always disliked.

The German Gaullists, with perhaps fifty members in the Bundestag, are now a coherent lobby, demanding Franco-German leadership in Europe, and European policies which are increasingly independent of the Anglo-Saxon powers. The German Gaullists reject the idea of a broader Atlantic union, which could be born out of partnership between America, Britain, and the Common Market Six. They dream of a "little Europe" which will yet be strong enough to obtain what it wants from a Soviet Union increasingly harassed on its eastern, Chinese flank.

While Strauss is the leader of the German Gaullists, their most vocal spokesman inside Parliament and outside it is a Bavarian aristocrat, Baron Guttenberg. At a political seminar in May, Guttenberg declared that two things were needed

to make reunification possible. One was a united effort on the part of the Western alliance to secure reunification; the other was the final end of the cold war in Europe (as opposed to the present armed truce). Germany, he implied, could do nothing on its own. Schroeder's efforts were doomed to failure, for they were more likely to cause strains inside the Western alliance than to bring concessions from the Soviet Union.

Political maneuvers

This sort of argumentation is depressing for the fifty-five million West Germans who have already waited for nearly twenty years for some concrete progress toward reunification. It is all the more depressing because a big majority of Germans see no prospect of securing anything from the Russians while "little Europe" remains under French hegemony. Germans think that this hegemony lacks effective power and that forthright French leadership of Europe is an illusion. The Germans have not forgotten how easily they crushed France in 1940, and they also remember the French military defeats in Indochina and Algeria. They would prefer to bargain for the future of their country with the backing of the Atlantic community.

West Germans may understandably be depressed too by the lack of progress toward European political unity. Of the two principal partners in the Common Market, the Germans have always been essentially the more idealistic and the French the more materially minded. The Germans are uneasy because the issue of European political unity is increasingly bandied about by one or another of the principal partners in the Common Market as a pretext for capturing the political initiative. Erhard raised the issue at the beginning of the year; De Gaulle thrust it forward again in May. Each man seemed to hope that by posing as the champion of political unity, he gave himself a better chance of getting his way over the practical, economic issues which still divide the two countries.

It is questionable how much longer this game can be played without the inhabitants of both countries becoming frankly cynical



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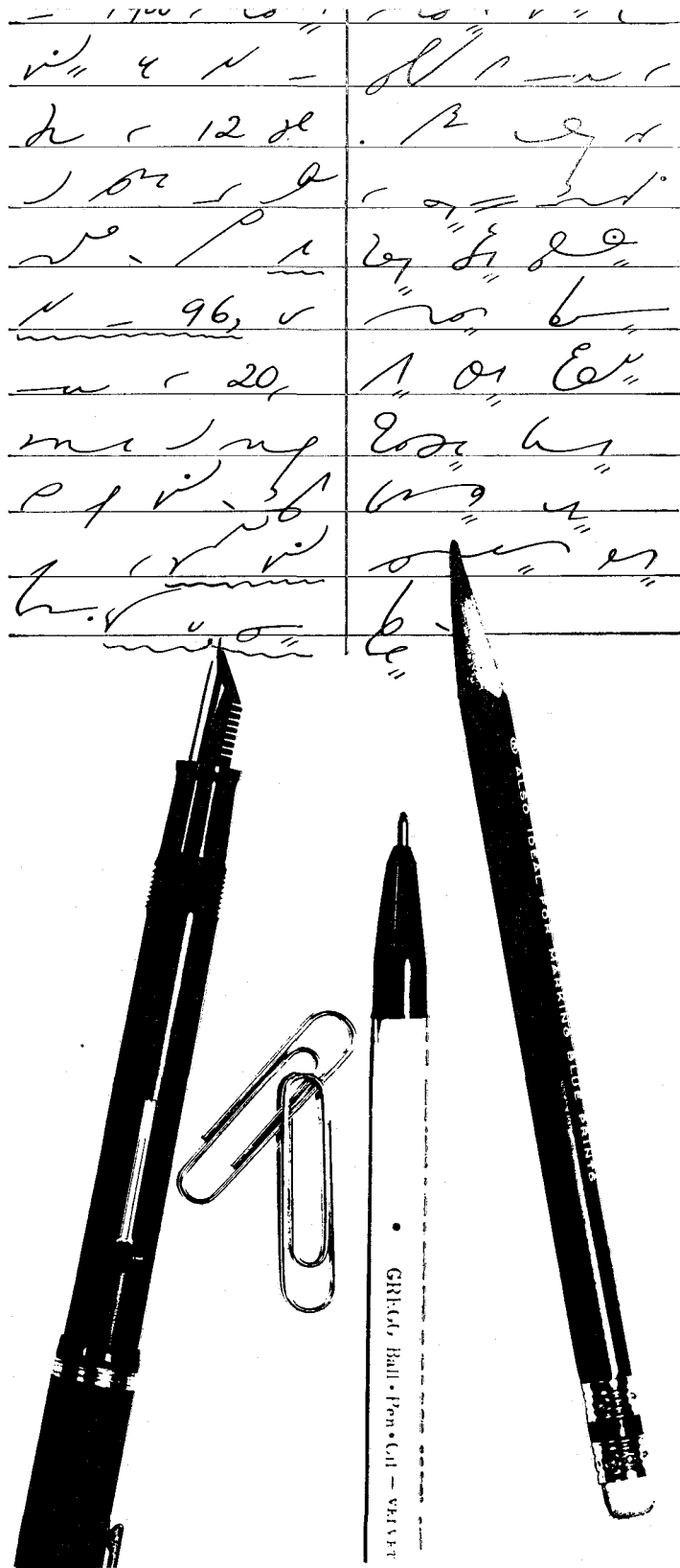
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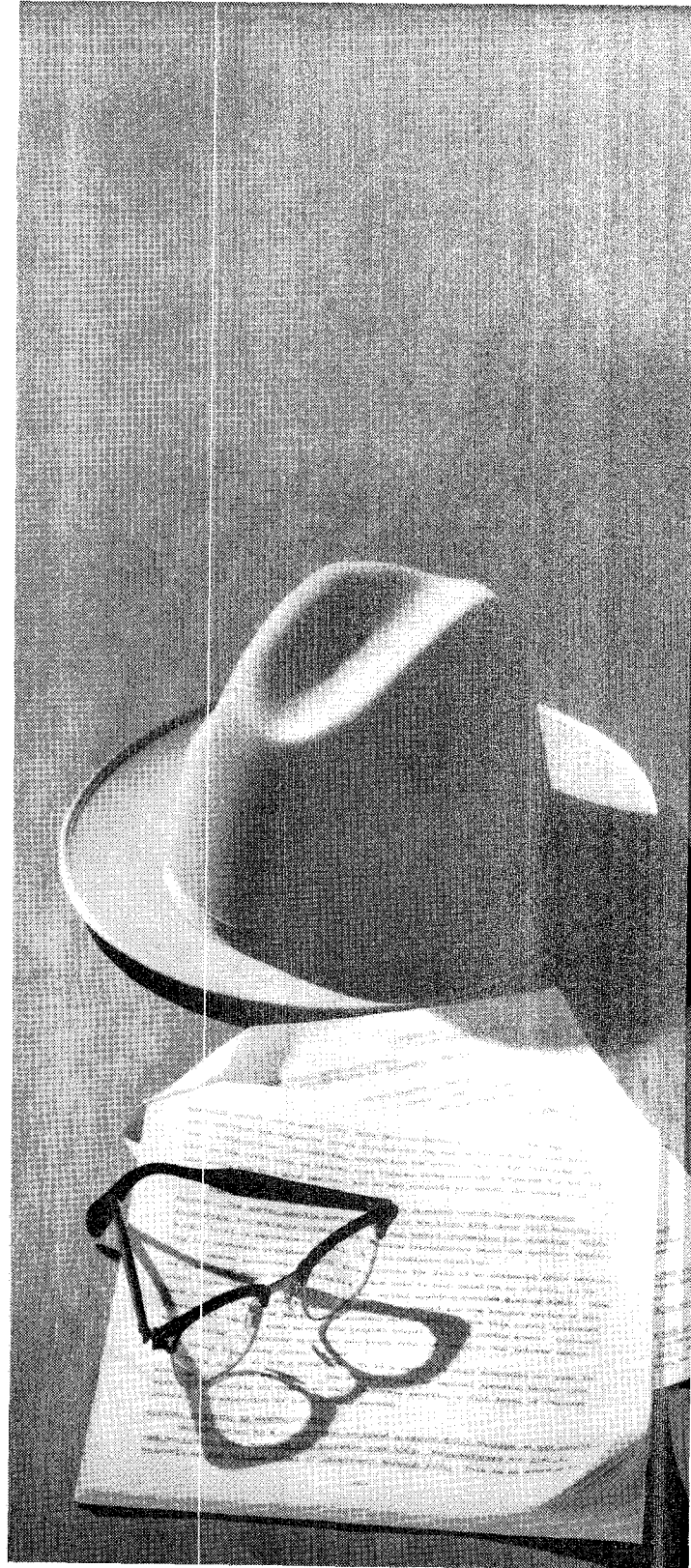
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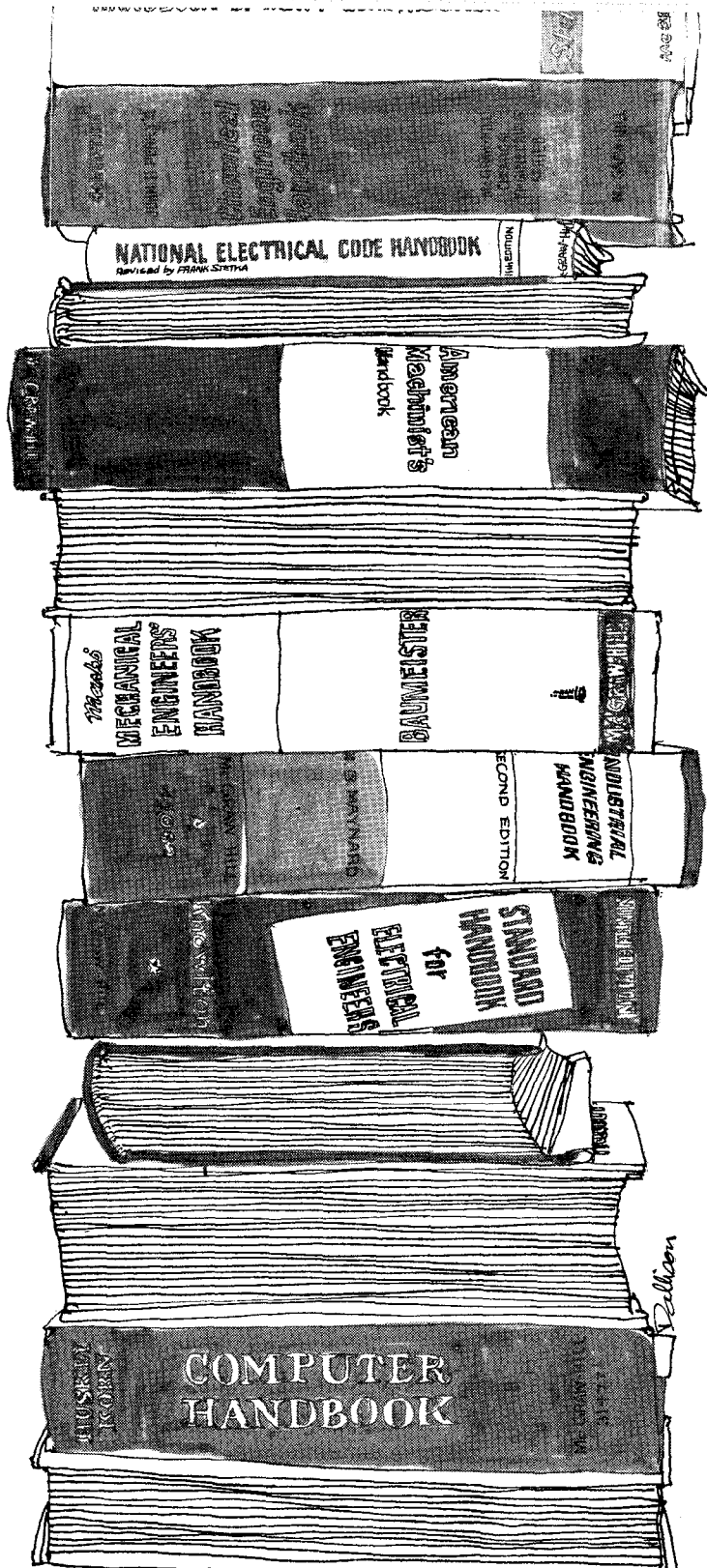
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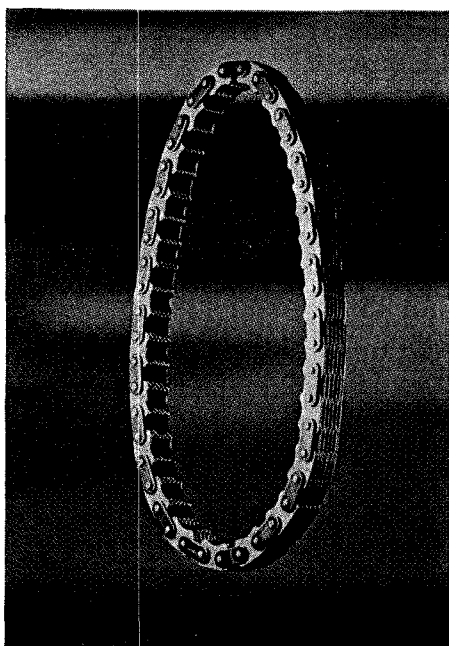
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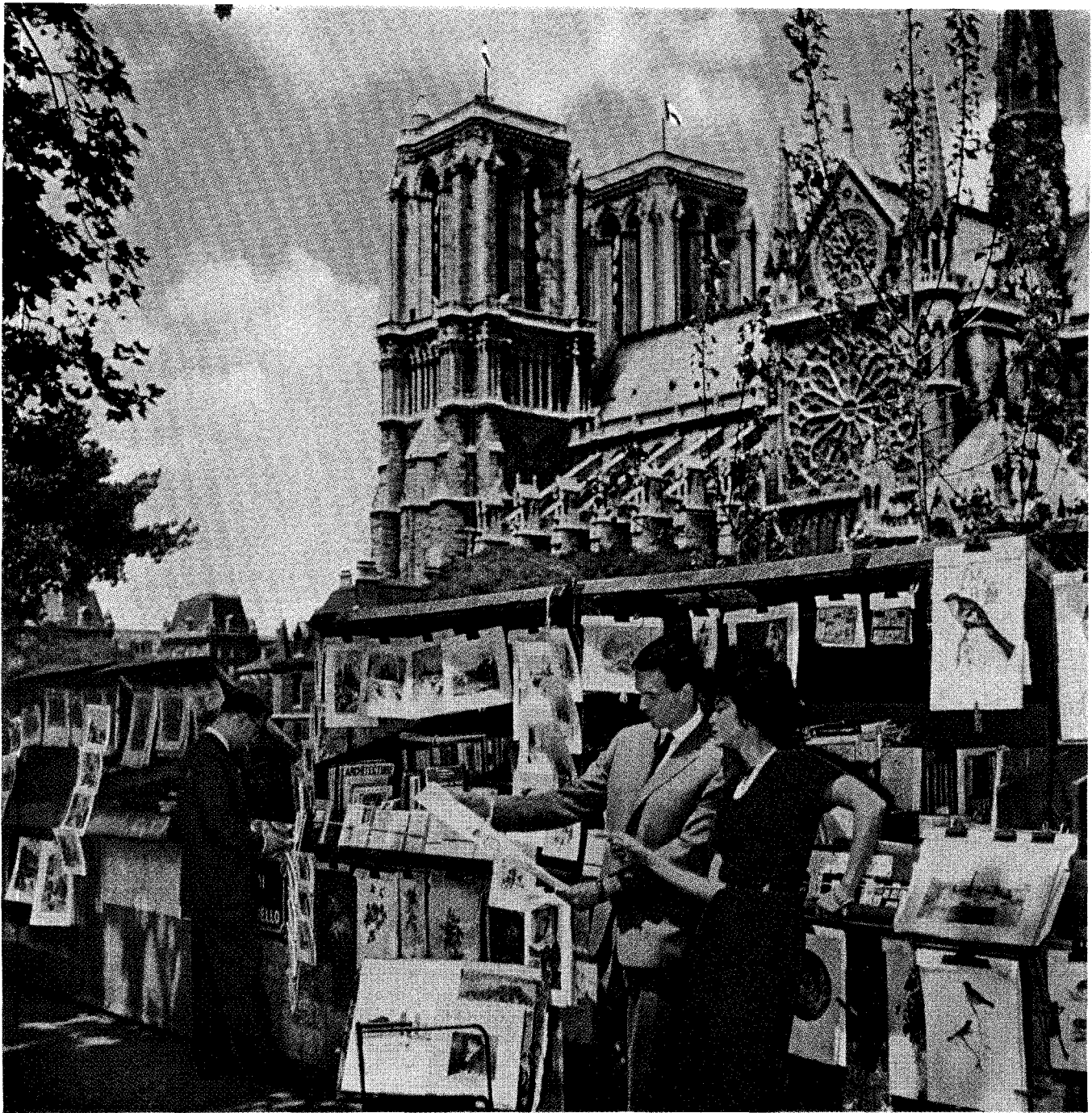
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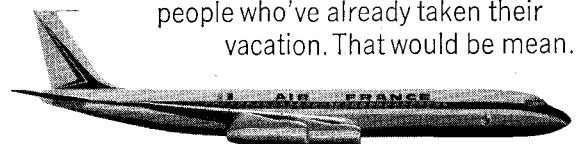
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Report on West Germany

over the whole matter. This, certainly, was not the spirit in which European political unity was originally created.

No luster in Bonn

The announcement of the visit of the Queen of England to Bonn in May, 1964, was a reminder of another source of the feeling of deprivation in Bonn. This source is the lack of what the Germans call *Glanz*, or "luster." Bonn is a dull, inelegant little capital city, a so-called *Provisorium*, intended to house a government and a parliament only until Berlin once again becomes the capital of a unified Germany. Bonn is known as the *Bundesdorf*, or "federal village," and is often the object of ridicule among the big-city dwellers of Berlin, Hamburg, and Munich.

Bonn's special lack of *Glanz* has led to plans for the building of a new parliament building. It will include underground car parks, a new parliament chamber, and a twenty-five-story tower — nothing much, compared with New York's skyscrapers, but totally alone in Bonn. The whole affair will cost around \$30 million, and it is worth recalling that the original 1949 estimate of the total cost of making Bonn into a provisional capital was around \$5 million. The only effects of the new building will be to give Bundestag members a little more elbowroom and to make Bonn seem more dwarfish even than before.

During the first half of 1964, there were frequent complaints against the Federal President, Heinrich Lübke. The Free Democrats, who are still coalition partners in the Erhard government, and some Christian Democrats considered banding together to prevent his re-election as President this summer for a second five-year term. What did they really have against Lübke? He is not a man of great intellectual attainments, but he has very considerable common sense and reveals an admirable bluntness when he thinks it necessary.

When General de Gaulle came to Bonn, after having barred the road to Britain's entry into the Common Market, he was given an almost

adulatory welcome by Dr. Adenauer. Lübke felt the need to correct this; he told De Gaulle that the Germans valued France's friendship very highly, but that they wanted to be friends with Britain too. There is much virtue in such plain speaking. Lübke is the first leading German who has publicly drawn attention to the appalling manners of Germans at the driving wheel. He has spoken up fearlessly on the subject of the expiation of the Nazis' war crimes. He has, generally speaking, been politically more explicit than his predecessor, Theodor Heuss, however much more intellectual stature Heuss possessed. Lübke has served his country well. The West German mood is such that he has been given all too little credit.

Echoes of the past

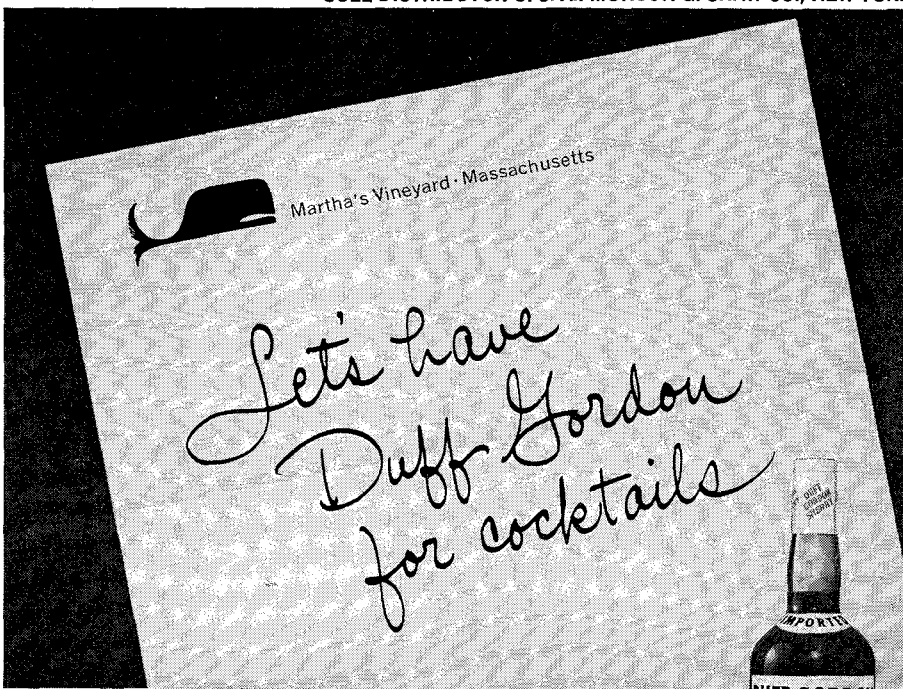
This mood owes something to the continuing difficulty in coming to terms with Germany's past. There have been various echoes of the past which have been disturbing for the West Germans. There was the curious affair in May of the American historian, David L. Hoggan, who made complimentary

references to Hitler in his book *The Enforced War*, and who was invited to West Germany to receive two awards for his historical "research." Both Düsseldorf and Heidelberg decided to honor him, and only canceled their festive occasions in the face of mounting criticism.

Another awkward echo of the past was the demand of Hitler's former aide Franz von Papen for an army pension. Still another was the complaint of Israel against the employment in Egypt of German scientists who have been helping Nasser to build long-range rockets to fire against Israel, and of ex-Nazi propagandists who have been playing a significant role in his anti-Israel propaganda campaign.

The Auschwitz trial in Frankfurt, where twenty-two chief defendants were arraigned for their part in the massacres of at least two million Jews and other camp inmates, aroused deep resentment among those Germans who want to bury the past. What good, they argued, could be done by bringing these men to book twenty years late? What

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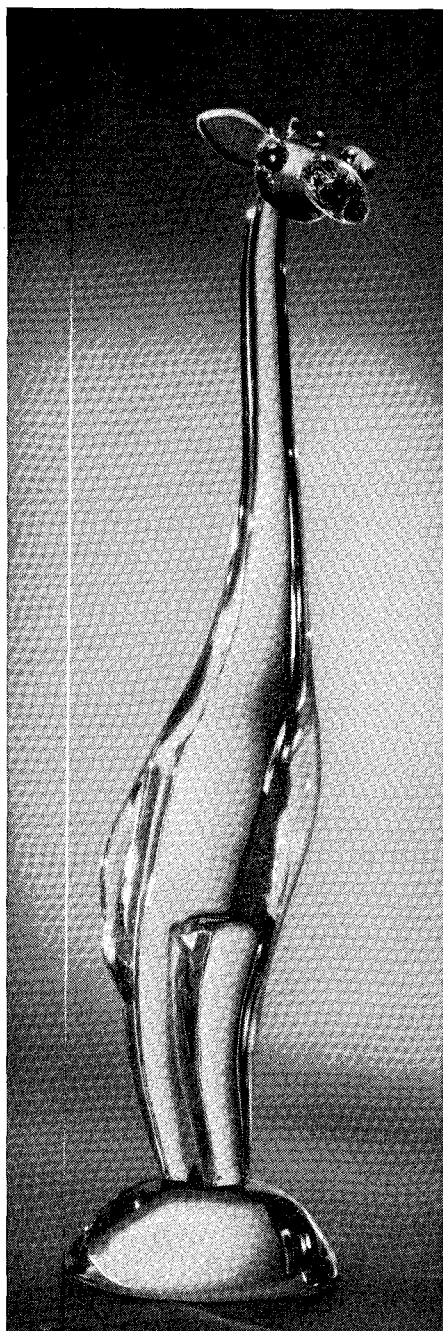
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Report on West Germany

good was there in the collecting of data by the Federal authorities which will lead to the trial of an estimated five hundred more German war criminals in the next five to six years? Even the judges at the Auschwitz trial were dubious about its ulterior purpose, feeling that the trial would produce nothing new and would only sicken the German public.

Actually, the Auschwitz trial has aroused considerable interest. The evidence has made it clear that this trial — and others which will follow — had to be held. For, the trials are part of the German people's task of setting their consciences at rest, as well as an act of both justice and atonement.

The opposition party broods

It might be thought that the present mood of the West Germans — compounded from lack of progress toward unity, from divisions within the ruling party, and from the burdensome memories of the Nazi past — could have substantial impact on the domestic political scene. Such is not the case. This is probably because all political parties and all shades of political thought seem to be equally affected. The Social Democrats have been taken up with their own problems: the change in the leadership to Willy Brandt after the death of the able Erich Ollenhauer, and the controversy over the acceptance of passes from the East German authorities wanting to visit East Berlin.

Since they control the Berlin administration, the Social Democrats were particularly affected by this unresolved controversy, in which the humanitarian argument in favor of allowing the maximum number of Westerners to visit their East German cousins had to be balanced against the political expediency of recognizing East German officials. The Social Democrats became particularly involved in the question of an exchange of newspapers between East and West Germany. Once again, they had no clear-cut policy.

The Social Democrats are not gaining new supporters at the moment. Indeed, political observers

believe that, as things are going, the Christian Democrats will emerge stronger than ever at the 1965 Federal election. The Free Democrats have found it harder to assert themselves and maintain their individuality in coalition with the Christian Democrats than they did when they were in parliamentary opposition to them. The Christian Democrats seem increasingly to represent the "system" to the German voter. The system is one of orderly government, economic prosperity, and distrust of political experimentation.

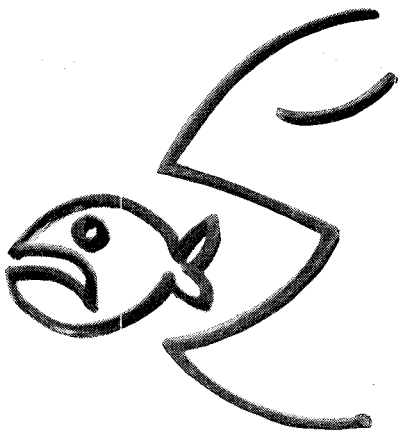
Prosperity continues

West German economic prosperity continues unabated. The export surplus was increasing again during the first half of 1964. Prices were being held a great deal steadier than in other Western European countries. The rise in industrial production has been slowed down but is proceeding normally and naturally. The Deutsche mark is as strong a currency as ever. A new drive is under way to overcome the chronic labor shortage. The German "economic miracle" is showing itself to be more solidly based than those of France and Italy. In the spring the electorate of the state of Baden-Württemberg registered this fact by increasing the Christian Democratic vote from 39 to 46 percent.

The West German community seems quite stable on the whole, and one reason for this stability may be the declining concern over the lot of the seventeen million East Germans. There has been some slight, but definite, loosening up in East Germany. Food is a little more plentiful; the shops have rather more to offer; the universities are now admitting the sons of middle-class families who would have been excluded up to a year ago.

The loosening up in East Germany is certainly not the result of a conscious change of policy by the Ulbricht regime; rather, it is the incidental by-product of the détente in Europe between East and West. Perhaps, some Germans think, détente will bring a solution of their country's vital problems a little nearer. This offers some hope, even if the West Germans have so far shown little desire or ability to exploit the thaw in the cold war.

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AFTER Nehru, what? The question has haunted India and the world. Then the fateful day came and passed, and superficially all seems much the same. The same Congress Party, India's overwhelmingly dominant political party, remains in power. A brief, internal struggle eliminated for the present both extreme right and extreme left. There was no political violence, only the mass hysteria, to which Indian throngs are prone, among the five hundred thousand who tried to see the scattering of Nehru's ashes upon the waters at the confluence of the holy rivers, Ganges and Junna, at Allahabad.

Substantially, the same cabinet remained in office, with only horizontal shifts from post to post and with the most powerful of the ministries, Finance, remaining in the hands of Nehru's last selection, T. T. Krishnamachari, a moderate socialist. One new cabinet face is that of Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the deceased Prime Minister's daughter. She was often mentioned — with deep concern from the center and the right — as her father's successor. But Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri's administration assigned her at her request to the relatively impotent Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. Because of technical, economic, and cultural factors, it will be decades before radio and television make any great impact on India's 550,000 ancient, still caste-ridden villages, where 80 percent of the world's most populous democracy lives.

The momentary elimination of the left from the Shastri government means the elimination of V. K. Krishna Menon, who resigned as Minister of Defense at the time of the Chinese invasion in the fall of 1962.

But two facts must be remembered. First, both Nehru and Krishna Menon protested his resignation. The account which is heard widely in India is that, upon the invasion, four powerful chief ministers of Indian states demanded that Nehru ask for Krishna Menon's resignation. The Prime Minister is said to have replied, "If he goes, I go." Whereupon a voice in the room answered, "Very

well, you go." Such a confrontation is possible in a country which, while democratic, is nevertheless ruled by one dominant party, the Congress Party.

Second, Nehru was a somewhat oracular man, as was Mahatma Gandhi. The outstanding characteristic of Nehru's political life, "the affection [for him] of all classes of Indian people," as he called it, means by that very token that all leaders will claim him in the future as they have claimed Gandhi. This generality, coupled with the specific of Nehru's known loyalty to Krishna Menon, leaves a crack in the door for the return to power of this anti-Western politician. In such an event there would surely be a more important cabinet post for Mrs. Indira Gandhi.

But whatever strength the left has inherited from the Nehru tradition, the right inherits less. The record proves the case. In the summer of 1963 the now famous Plan of Kamaraj (then Chief Minister of the powerful South Indian state of Madras) forced a major shift in the Indian cabinet, from the right of socialist center to the center or left of center.

The plan, unique in political strategy, called upon the competent and incompetent of Congress Party cabinet members and chief ministers of states to resign their posts and take the field as party workers. It was a shrewd scheme of political reprimand. The ostensible cause of the plan was the loss of some by-elections by the Congress Party candidates. But the nub of the scheme was that in the last analysis Nehru would designate those cabinet ministers who would sacrifice their posts for party work.

In the workout of the Kamaraj Plan the chief sacrifice, on Nehru's nomination, was made by Morarji R. Desai, Minister of Finance, the most powerful post next to that of the Prime Minister. Desai was and is India's incorrigible puritan and prohibitionist, ideologically incorruptible, courageous and inflexible. It is true that he was replaced by a longtime political enemy, T. T.

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Report on India

Krishnamachari. But more significant, he stood, and stands, to the right of the socialist center in India. Wall Street thinks of him as favoring free enterprise. So, for whatever it is worth, one of Nehru's most important later acts in his seventeen years as free India's first Prime Minister was to move a little toward the right in manning the most prestigious of India's cabinet posts.

Socialism with a difference

Actually, American preoccupation with Indian socialism and with right and left of this or that is largely misplaced. India must industrialize or continue to starve in its ancient village society. India has elected a mixed economy: part capitalism, part state enterprise. That decision will stand for a long time.

Tags inhibit thought. For many Americans, just to know that India calls itself socialist is to block any further thought. Russia also calls itself socialist — Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Yet the distinction between these socialisms is vast:

in Russia, little individualism or freedom; in India, almost unlimited individualism and freedom. In Russia, state monopoly of production and distribution of facilities and of controls; in India, a mixture of state-owned and privately owned facilities for production and a predominantly free-enterprise distribution system.

Doctrine can pursue many vagaries, but industrialization is purely quantitative. A developing society like India, or Red China, or Russia has just so many tons of steel capacity, or so much chemical fertilizer production, or this or that capacity for producing machine tools, heavy electricals, or the products of heavy engineering. India was lagging in all of these capacities at the time of freedom from Britain in 1947 and selected what Nehru called a socialist pattern of democracy as the preferred governmental form for acceleration of industrialization.

To illustrate the problem, India has today a little more than 6 million tons of steel capacity; China has 21 million tons; Russia has upwards of 80 million tons. India began the

modern phase of its long history only 17 years ago; China, only 15 years ago. China is ahead in steel; India is ahead in democracy. The cruel fact is, however, that democracy is no substitute for steel. In terms of steel India is at the mercy of China; in terms of steel all of Southeast Asia is at the mercy of China.

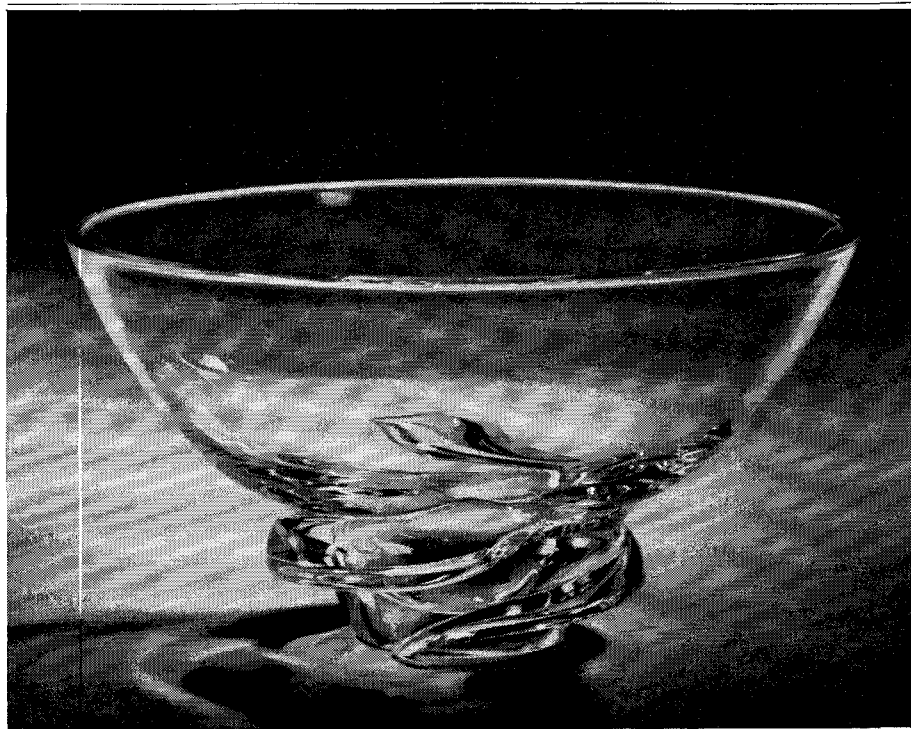
Whether to relieve the grinding poverty of the Indian ages, or to defend itself against the Chinese — the latest aggressor in the centuries of Indian conquerors — or, hopefully, for both reasons, India strives to industrialize — and in substantial measure by the public-sector, state-planning route. Important government-owned plants in machine tools, heavy engineering, heavy electricals, steel, fertilizers, and other basic products have been constructed. But for the most part, production goals have not been attained, or have been reached belatedly and at excessive cost.

Labor in many cases is undisciplined. Unions are often irresponsible. It may even be said that there is no effective unionism in India because the principal national union is only an arm of the Congress Party, led not by experienced unionists but by politicians. Most plants are heavily overmanned — four, five, six to one compared with American or Western European plants. The amount of industrialization is significant, but the pace is slow. India did not reach the targets of its first and second Five-Year Plans, and will miss the third Five-Year Plan by discouraging margins.

Blocks to progress

There are four factors which have operated to deter Indian industrial progress. The first was Nehru's own saintly unworldliness. The point can be made quickly by comparing him with Lenin. Both men were largely ignorant of the fundamentals of management and administration. In Russia, however, the records now abundantly show that within about five years Lenin saw that discipline and authority must be restored in the industrial plants. The engineers were returned to authority.

Nehru never got that point fully. While his words often seemed to say that he saw what Lenin saw, his nonaction revealed his delusion that



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Report on India

an Indian Civil Service bureaucracy, trained to collect taxes and keep the peace in an agrarian society, could manage the plants of an industrial society.

There is a second deterrent to Indian industrial progress in the public sector — one that is inherent in the Indian parliamentary system. All public-sector industrial developments are assigned to one of the ministries. There is a Ministry of Steel and Mines; of Industry, Heavy Engineering, and Technical Development; of Petroleum and Chemicals. Since the minister in charge must come from Parliament, he will be a politician, usually not technically trained or experienced.

This defect need not be fatal, since ministers are often bright men and can learn. But they are moved from post to post, often for no discernible reason. Thus, just as a given minister is beginning to master the fundamentals of his assignment and acquire industrial sophistication, his ministry will be split up or

he will be transferred to some other post. Prime Minister Shastri, in forming his cabinet, has made some of these shifts, probably for good political reasons; but the changes clearly result in wasting much hard-won administrative experience. Every such change loses months of precious time, because each new incumbent must begin by studying everything, often with a new staff.

The third deterrent to Indian economic development is an almost universal distrust of Indians by Indians. The Indian newspapers constantly carry charges of corruption, often leveled by highly placed officials at others equally highly placed. The remedies employed to prevent corruption make such a complex of checks and balances that the cure is worse than the disease. To keep the record straight and escape criticism are more important than to get on with the battle for economic growth.

Captives of the system

Finally, there is the Hindu religion, which looks to some other life for individual perfectibility; and there is also a certain Indian intellectuality in high places which con-

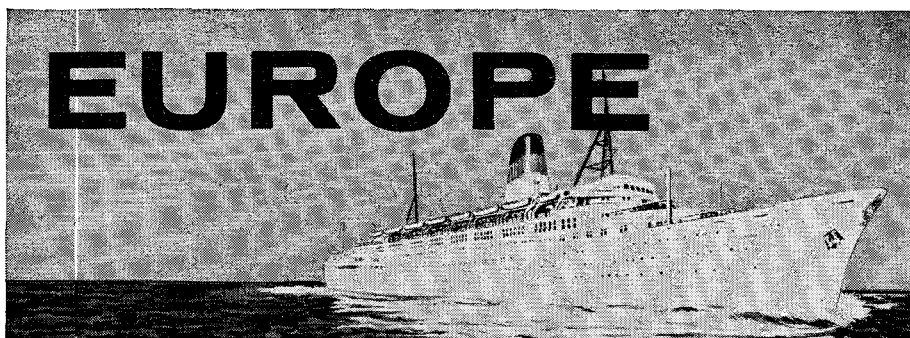
fuses concept and execution, and often deems thought without action sufficient. These factors make for a system in which more attention is paid to maintenance of social justice by negative methods than to pursuit of social improvement by pragmatic action. Many Indians are aware of these deterrents to economic growth. They will complain, as Nehru often did, of the frustrations of the system, and yet too often they consider themselves helpless captives within an ideological prison.

Will Shastri — much more worldly, more practical perhaps, than Nehru — be more effective than his predecessor in breaking out of the system? It seems almost too much to expect, especially in view of the state of his health.

Nehru never succeeded in creating a secular state. He held India with her fourteen separate languages and her disparate cultures together; yet he never got the Tamil-speaking south to accept Hindi as the national language. His wishes failed to bring compliance with his directive against ritualistic rites when his ashes were strewn.

Shastri has already proved his strength by political manipulations within his party's usual procedures. India is almost unique among developing nations in that the army shows no signs of interfering in domestic politics. The continuing Chinese threat makes for an internally cohesive force. An armed front separates Indian and Pakistani borders in Kashmir. These are powerful factors making for Indian unity.

Perhaps the greatest threat to India's national destiny is a widespread impatience with things as they are, plus an indiscipline which will not await lawful procedures. In India the average per capita annual income is less than \$75, and the whole complex of misery — poverty, disease, hunger — is not easy to bear. If a mood to take the law into their own hands should beset the disparate, communal Indian masses, then all the substantial democratic and economic progress of the past seventeen years could be of little avail. India — the only democracy among the emerging nations — is worth keeping in the free world.



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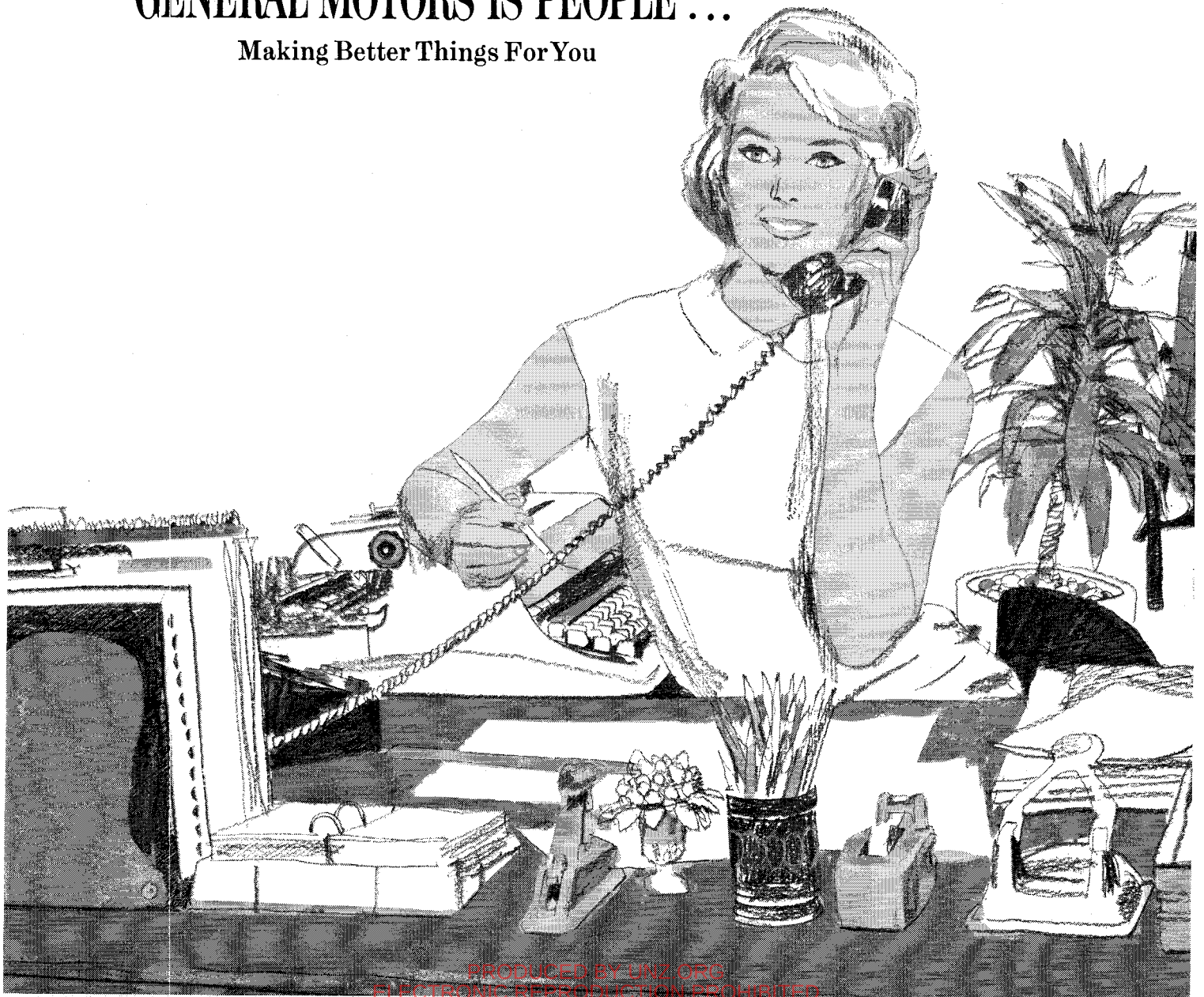
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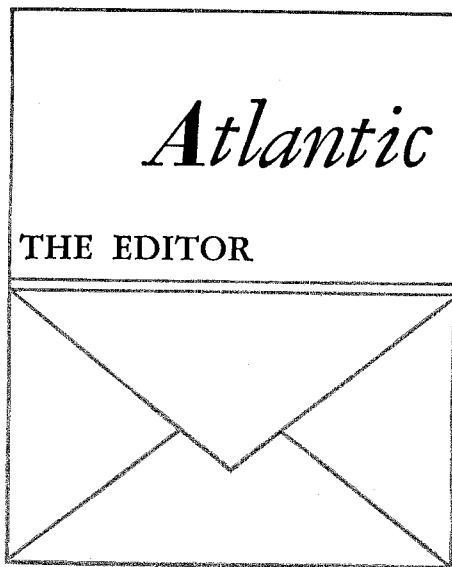
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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



The permanent poor

SIR:

Harry M. Caudill states in his article, "The Permanent Poor" (June *Atlantic*), that the under-cutting, much of the drilling, and all the loading of coal were being done by armies of workers whose high wages were enticing mountaineers from their farms to enter the profitable field of coal mining. He fails to mention, however, that the reason coal miners were receiving high wages was the union organization under John L. Lewis. The owners of the mines could not afford to pay a higher wage and employ all the men asking for work. They therefore sought new ways to mine the coal, and, as Mr. Caudill pointed out, technology offered an efficient and profitable solution to the problem. Accordingly, it was the miners themselves who, in asking for higher wages, priced themselves out of jobs.

ARNE THEMME
Bethany, W. Va.

SIR:

Harry M. Caudill's mention of our similarity to the late Roman Empire points out the sorrowful fact that man never learns much from history. Substitute television for the Colosseum, welfare for the dole, automation for the importation of slave labor, and the script reads the same. Our slaves, no less than Rome's, will be a contributing factor in our downfall.

That predictions concerning future societies made by George Orwell, Robinson Jeffers, and Aldous Huxley have come true so soon is proof of the speed with which we

move, but not of our control of the engine. Let us have more of Caudill.

JOYCE W. WEBB
Madison, Wis.

SIR:

While I sympathize with the intensity of the problem, I fear the implications of Mr. Caudill's solution. A national economy under law would be inimical to our system of free enterprise. The answer, it seems to me, lies in a liberal government which will continue to support and encourage responsible private enterprise and be prepared, at the same time, to initiate action where it is needed.

SALLY ROSS
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR:

"Technological progress is inexorable . . ." reports eastern Kentuckian Caudill. From well-honed facts, his article teaches a lesson that is clearly wrong. How can a national economy under law solve any of this? Law institutionalizes the status quo.

The very failure in Kentucky of government, business, and the individual shows that the people do not know what it is that should be legislated. The lesson, it seems to me, is that leadership must be developed through education.

PHILIP M. REILLY
Wayzata, Minn.

"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

Thank you for your comments on pesticides and *Silent Spring* in the June *Peripatetic Reviewer*. The ar-

ticle is an excellent summary that needed to be said. *Silent Spring* should not be ignored or ridiculed.

GAYLORD W. LAUE
Bellingham, Wash.

SIR:

Your June issue with all of its fine writing and delightful stories took a step upward for me with the noteworthy article about Andrew Wyeth by E. P. Richardson. Artistic achievement has always held an exciting place for me. I enjoy reading about persons who create, especially painters, and I think the one ingredient, at least, that made the Richardson piece take its place among the most noteworthy articles you have published in your lifetime is its allowing the subject to speak. Printing in darker, heavier type the choice kernels of Mr. Wyeth's philosophy and his attitudes toward his life, working habits, and so on made the fundamental difference, I feel, between this article on art and a dozen or more similar articles on art and music and writing that I have read.

I must not, however, allow any time to go by without thanking Alfred Kazin for his illuminative article "Hemingway As His Own Fable." I feel, in fact, that I know something more than I did before about Mr. Hemingway's life and time and can continue to read him now with a warmer understanding of what made the man what he was. Back in the early forties when Sherwood Anderson and I were keeping up a correspondence, he told me once that Mr. Hemingway had hurt his feelings. And at the time,



"History teaches everything, even the future"

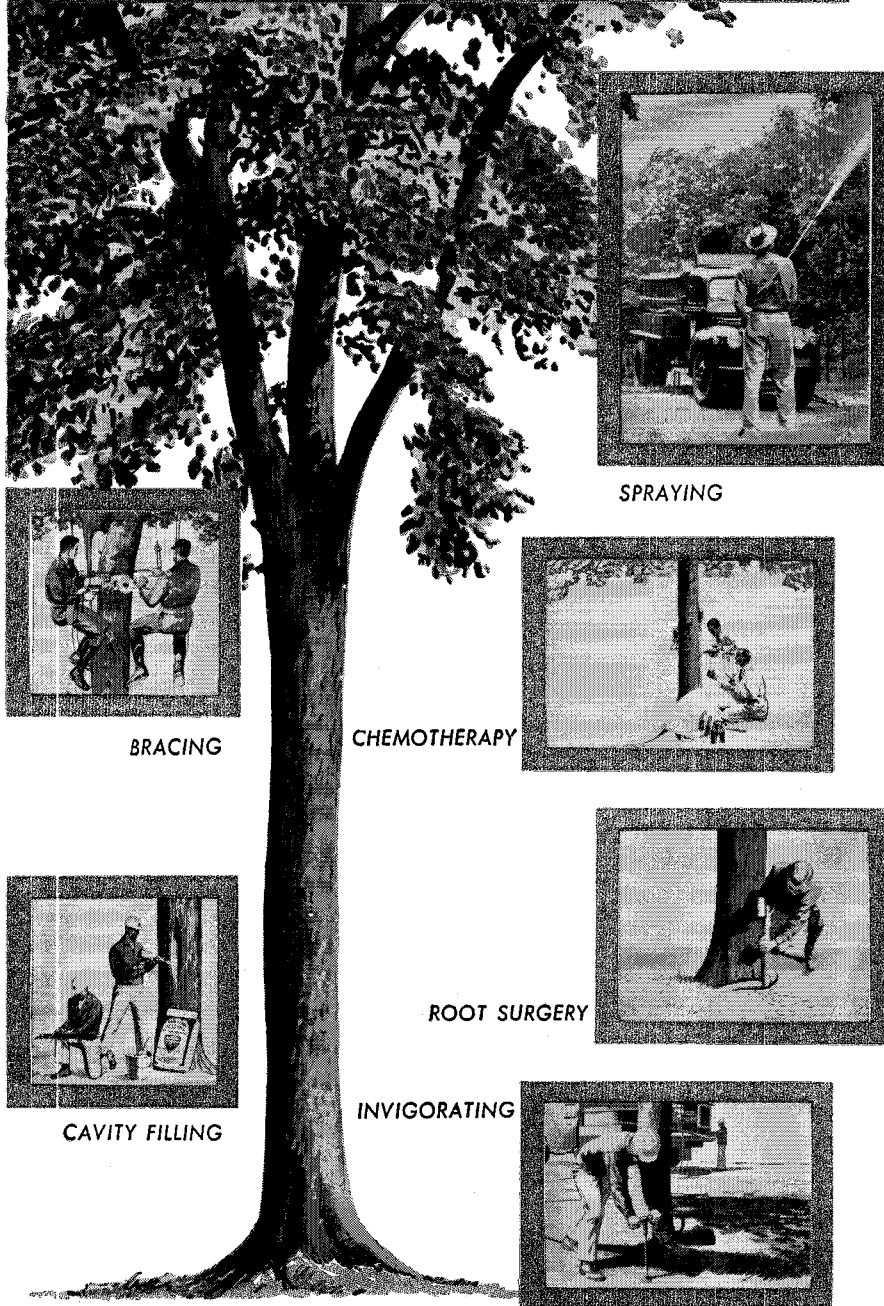
...said Lamartine. Man's plans for the future are built on what he knows. To give perspective to the experience of the past, American educators have long relied on Rand McNally's history textbooks for schools and colleges.



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I began to dislike Mr. Hemingway, since it was Sherwood Anderson all along who worked so hard to help Hemingway achieve publication. But now with Alfred Kazin's piece, I am inclined to temper my dislike.

GEORGE H. FREITAG
San Bernardino, Calif.

SIR:

Anent the excellent article on Andrew Wyeth in the *Atlantic* for June, I venture the suggestion that this idea of artists' mixing their own pigments and oils and mining their own pigments is overworked. After all, some progress has been made by capable chemists long employed by manufacturers of artists' oil paints.

There is something supercilious about these oft-told tales of artists who make their own paints or weavers who make their own dyes. Would it add anything to the game if Willie Mays whittled his own bats?

JOHN W. BEVERIDGE
Fort Worth, Tex.

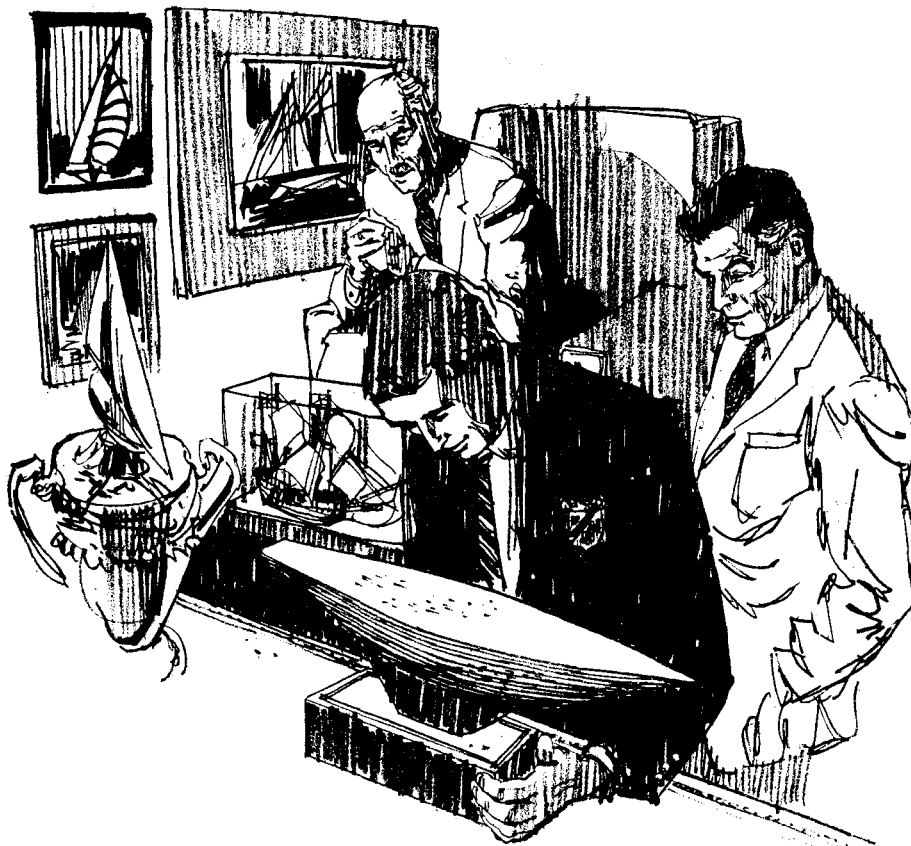
SIR:

I read with great interest the Report on Canada in the June *Atlantic*. The author of this report recited on page forty an argument frequently advanced: If Canada's French-speaking minority is to be accorded special consideration as a result of a realignment of Canadian attitudes or a revision of the Canadian constitution, or both, then other racial or national minorities, particularly the Ukrainian and German concentrations in the west, deserve the same sort of treatment.

Historically, our French-speaking compatriots became British subjects and ultimately Canadian citizens not by choice but by military conquest and later by persuasion. French Canadians feel today that the moral compact of confederation has operated to their disadvantage. I believe they have legitimate grievances and an undeniable right to a serious hearing.

With regard to those minorities who protest in loud and pathetic tones, it seems to me that when, as immigrants, they accepted the benefits of Canadian citizenship, they should have, as a logical consequence, accepted the fact that Canada is and must be a bilingual and bicultural nation.

CHAMOIS HUNTER
Fredericton
New Brunswick, Canada



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Report from New York hospitals:

IBM computer helps locate rare blood to save lives

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BOMB SHOP IN THE NILE: TARGET ISRAEL

BY TERENCE PRITTIE

After sixteen years of service as the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN correspondent in West Germany, TERENCE PRITTIE has now been recalled to Fleet Street to become the GUARDIAN's diplomatic correspondent. The following news story is one of the most startling which he uncovered on his way home.

AT THE end of April the British Foreign Secretary, R. A. Butler, made what appeared to be a gaffe when he said in Washington that President Nasser of Egypt was in possession of "minor" nuclear missiles. His statement was supposed at the time to have arisen out of some misunderstanding of Nasser's program for producing rockets with conventional warheads, which Nasser has assured the world he intends to fire off some day against Israel. In London the Foreign Office could not explain Mr. Butler's Washington statement, beyond the thought that he had misread one of his back-ground briefs.

Mr. Butler certainly chose his words with less than his usual carefulness. But the meaning behind his words was plain: the British government is increasingly concerned over Nasser's threats to Israel, which have included such sinister phrases as "burning the cancerous growth of Israel" out of the Middle East. The evidence that Nasser is planning to destroy Israel should be examined on the basis of his openly declared statements of intention. The truism is too often forgotten that if a man says something often enough, he will not only come to believe it but will feel obliged to implement it.

Nasser's campaign to compass the destruction of Israel has four main features. He is planning to secure the removal of the British from their present military bases in Aden, Cyprus, and Libya. He is

building up his conventional armed strength. In addition, he has made considerable progress with a crash program to produce ground-to-ground rockets in sufficient numbers to be able to flatten Israel's few cities and decimate its closely concentrated population. Finally, he has been experimenting with the production of weapons of genocide of both a nuclear and "subnuclear" type.

It is easiest to leave the question of the ejection of the British from their military bases to the last. Nor need a great deal be said about the building up of Egyptian conventional armed strength. Egypt today has squadrons of Ilyushin 28 and Topolev 16 bombers, which are better than anything Israel has. Egypt has the Stalin heavy tank, which, again, is much bigger than the British Centurion medium tank used by the Israeli army. Egypt is building HA 300 jet fighters at the Helwan aircraft factory outside Cairo. The HA 300 has been designed by an Austrian engineer, Professor Brandner, and has passed its flight tests. Egypt would, of course, aim at achieving overwhelming superiority in the air before attacking Israel. At sea, the Egyptians have seven destroyers to Israel's three, and ten submarines to Israel's two.

Two wars against Israel have convinced President Nasser that the Egyptians, man for man, are no match for the Israelis. Therefore even an immense superiority in conventional weapons and in manpower (the population of Egypt is ten times that of

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Israel) would not guarantee victory in a third war. This is why the Egyptians, with the vital help of German and other foreign scientists and technicians, have been working on a crash program for the production of long- and medium-range rockets at their Factory 333 at Heliopolis, a few miles east of Cairo. Three main types of rocket are being developed there.

The first is a single-stage rocket, using fluid fuel and carrying a half-ton warhead. It has the code name Al Zafar ("the Victor"). Some dozens of this rocket, which has a range of 235 miles, have already been produced. It was first fired in public tests on July 23, 1963.

More powerful is Al Kahar ("the Conqueror"). This, too, is a single-stage rocket, using fluid fuel and carrying a warhead of up to two tons in weight. It has a range of about 375 miles. Finally, there is a two-stage rocket, Al Raid ("the Explorer"), which is still in process of development. Its first stage will be based on the Conqueror, and its second-stage rocket will be smaller than the Victor. The size of its warhead has still to be determined, but would presumably be about half a ton. Al Raid would have a range of more than 600 miles.

These three rockets supply the foundation for Nasser's assertion that he now has weapons which cover the whole distance from Cairo to Beirut. All three rockets are being adapted for use from mobile launching pads, which could if necessary be towed through the Sinai Peninsula and up to Israel's borders. But their range makes this unnecessary, and the chief attraction of the rockets for Nasser is that they could be fired off in safety one hundred miles and more from the frontier. For the total length of Israel from north to south is barely one hundred miles. Israel's width averages no more than thirty to thirty-five miles.

The Egyptians are also building light naval craft, somewhat smaller than frigates, which are to be equipped with launching pads for rockets in place of conventional apparatus for torpedoes. Although they would presumably carry only small rockets, naval craft could play an important part in a saturation attack on Israel's cities, which are nowhere more than ten miles from the sea (the only exception is the Jewish half of Jerusalem).

It is believed that Nasser intends to build between eight hundred and one thousand rockets for an assault on Israel. This will take him roughly two years at the present estimated rate of progress. The key to his success is the continued presence in Egypt, in his employ, of the two dozen German scientists and five to six hundred German and other foreign technicians who have been there for the past three years.

The German "rocket colony" in Egypt, according to recent estimates, consists of approximately five

hundred technicians with more than one thousand dependents. The senior scientists are paid from \$3000 to \$5000 a month, which is perhaps three times what they would earn in West Germany. They are generally given free houses and domestic staff, and few of them show the slightest desire to return home. The pay and living conditions of all the technicians are, in like manner, far better than what they would expect at home. The German colony has its own club on an island in the Nile and its own school, which is by far the biggest German school abroad. Perhaps the greatest attraction in working for Nasser lies in the power and responsibility involved. In Egypt these Germans are important people.

Nasser certainly wants to keep them there. Egypt is desperately short of scientists and high-class technicians. His rockets, his nuclear experiments, and the satellite which he claims he will fire into space are the work of his German hirelings.

The Egyptians, operating on their own, would probably have to scrap their rocket program. This is why the Israeli government is so anxious that the German Federal government should take active steps to recall Germans working on armaments in Egypt. So far, in spite of frequent Israeli representations during the last year and a half, the Bonn government has done nothing beyond preparing the draft of a law which would enable passports to be withdrawn from German citizens carrying out work of this kind. If such a law were passed, these Germans would have to be buried abroad.

West German hesitance over putting this legislation before the Bundestag deserves a note. There is a powerful pro-Arab lobby in Bonn, where a section of the Christian Democratic Party and virtually the whole Free Democratic Party are opposed to any action which could harm German trade interests in the Middle East. West German heavy industry provides the most powerful single pro-Arab pressure group, and a small group of firms has considerable influence with the Federal government. The group includes the steel and heavy engineering firms of Krupp, Thyssen, Kloeckner, and Demag, which have major industrial interest in Egypt.

NASSER's rocket program, used with his other conventional weapons, would be of sufficient scope to cripple Israel and secure her total military defeat. This, of course, is Nasser's primary objective in a war with Israel. But it is not his only objective. He has sworn to blot out Israel completely and to incorporate the whole of Palestine in a unified Arab state or, if that cannot be organized, in Egypt. The most that he would contemplate leaving of Israel would be a Jewish ghetto in Palestine, but

it is very doubtful whether he would be prepared to leave even that. For a Jewish ghetto would continue to attract more Jewish immigrants, and the claim and hope for a Jewish national state would be kept alive. This is why Nasser is contemplating using weapons of genocide against Israel.

I learned details of his experiments in this direction from a scientist who worked for more than a year for Nasser. This scientist was in close touch with a member of Nasser's inner circle of assistants, Mahmoud Khalil. Khalil and a dozen other comparatively young men who form the inner circle often work eighteen to twenty hours a day and make no secret of their pride in "burning themselves out" in the service of their country. One of the tasks of this small group during the last two years has been to examine the possibilities of producing weapons of genocide.

Three particular possibilities have been explored. The first was to produce a nuclear bomb of the Hiroshima type, which ranks today as out-of-date to the Great Powers, but which would be amply sufficient to blot out Israel's centers of population. This project, which was given the name "Operation Cleopatra," was held up because of the inability of the German scientists in Nasser's employ to produce an easily transportable bomb or a nuclear warhead light enough to be fitted onto a rocket. In addition, the Egyptians do not have a large atomic reactor for producing plutonium or a diffusion plant for producing fissile uranium. For a Hiroshima-type bomb, Nasser would have to procure uranium, a very difficult matter.

Yet he has undoubtedly examined the possibilities of doing this. One proposed method was to buy 20 percent enriched uranium (which is available for peaceful purposes) and to enrich it up to the 90 percent required for a bomb. Another was to buy numbers of laboratory reactors, which can produce up to 8 grams an hour of 90 percent enriched uranium. Yet another possibility was to build a nuclear power station "for peaceful purposes" in Egypt, and negotiations to this end have already taken place with a British firm, Kennedy and Donkin. Nasser has suggested that a British-built nuclear reactor could act as a "partner" to the Aswan Dam power stations. He has conducted his negotiations quite openly on that pretext.

Mahmoud Khalil is reported even to have discussed with Nasser the chance of bribing officers of the British Air Force to fly British-based planes to Cairo, and to bring as many as three nuclear bombs with them. This may sound like science fiction. Indeed, this possibility was never explored any further, but it is of interest that it was even considered.

The second possibility of producing weapons of genocide was explored under a different project,

"Operation Ibis." Its purpose was to produce small missiles with a limited radioactive fallout. These missiles, known as "radioactive rubbish bombs" by experts in this field, could be dropped from aircraft, fired as artillery shells, or used in the warheads of rockets. They would be difficult to handle, and for this reason Nasser has been employing gamma-ray experts from Germany and other European countries who have been working on protective casings, clothing, and other equipment. Such weapons would have a delayed effect, by poisoning food, water, and the atmosphere.

The third possibility examined in Egypt was that of causing heavy losses to an "enemy" population by exploding small packages of strontium 90, of two or three pounds. Strontium 90 in powder form could be exploded in small containers, which could be fired from weapons of a light mortar or even bazooka type. The packages and the weapons could be deposited beforehand in Israel, or even in countries friendly to Israel, and could be exploded by Egyptian agents. Strontium 90 has a life of about twenty years. Once again, this may sound like science fiction. Once again, it must suffice to say that this plan was carefully examined by Nasser's advisers.

THE revelation that the Egyptians have been considering the possible use of weapons of genocide has given rise to some misconceptions. It has been argued, for instance, that names such as "Cleopatra" and "Ibis" would never be used by Egyptians, who would surely prefer Arabic code names. The answer is that these names were used by the foreign scientists working for Nasser. An Egyptian code name will doubtless be furnished if any one of the three projects gets under way. So far, there is no direct evidence that a production program for any of the three has begun.

A second misconception is that because the use of weapons of genocide would be "militarily useless," Nasser must have abandoned projects like "Operation Ibis." This is a highly ingenuous suggestion, for Nasser would clearly never use radioactive rubbish bombs alone but as supplementary to his rockets and other conventional weapons. The object of "Operation Ibis" would be quite simply to scare the Jews out of the Middle East.

There is nothing fanciful about this. The burning adoration of the Jews for Eretz-Israel, the national home and Promised Land, is such that they would not think of deserting it after military defeat and might even be prepared to go once again into bondage in the land of Egypt — if by so doing, they could keep their claims alive. But genocide, coming only twenty years after Hitler's "final solution," the extermination of six million European Jews,

would pose a terrible threat. If Israel's present population were destroyed, or prevented by radioactive fallout from propagating their species, could the remaining Jews of the world every again mount a resettlement of Israel and another return to the Promised Land? It is highly doubtful, for Israel's present small population constitutes the kernel of Jewish idealism and faith.

One must revert to point one of Nasser's campaign to destroy Israel: the removal of the British from their Middle East bases. These were the bases used for the ill-fated and badly judged British intervention at Suez in 1956. These bases would be used again if Nasser were to launch an unprovoked and genocidal attack on Israel. This is why Nasser has asked the ruler of Libya, King Idris, to end the leases of air bases to Britain and the United States at El Adem and Wheelus Field. This is why Nasser has sent an army of 42,000 men to the Yemen, as a first step toward destroying the British-sponsored South Arabian Federation and liquidating the Aden base. This is why Egypt has, after the Soviet Union, been the principal supplier of arms to the Greek Cypriots. Nasser intends to close the Eastern Mediterranean and the Red Sea to the West.

Complementary to this intention is Nasser's desire to build a firm alliance with the Soviet Union, a desire which was plainly advertised during Khrushchev's visit to Cairo in May. The Soviet Union can be of immense use to Nasser in the economic and military fields. It is supplying Egypt with a \$280 million loan, with increased technical aid for industrial development and irrigation, and with secondhand armaments at cut prices. But of much more importance is the future diplomatic role of the Soviet Union in the Middle East, which will be designed to counter and finally to eradicate Western influence in the area. It is naïve to imagine, as some Western commentators have done, that Nasser has much more to gain from an Egyptian-Soviet entente than Khrushchev has. The latter can now set to work to turn the Middle East into a bastion against Western "imperialism" (and, incidentally, against Chinese Communism), to outflank the Central Treaty Organization, to open the road to peaceful penetration of India (bereft of Nehru) and Africa. A rejuvenated Islam could be a very useful ally for a Soviet Union which must want to take up a dominant middle position between Western Europe and Red China.

THE State of Israel asks for nothing more than to be left in peace. Israel has offered to join in guarantees of all existing frontiers in the Middle East. It would willingly offer money and technical aid in

solving the problems of the Palestinian-Arab refugees. It has offered to share in the utilization of the waters of the River Jordan for peaceful purposes, although it is going ahead with pumping its share from the Sea of Galilee to the deserts of the Negev. Israel threatens nobody, and even when forced to go to war with Arab neighbors, has set out to keep its military victories within strict bounds, thereby giving Arab prestige the chance to recover. The essence of Israeli policy has been to develop good relations with its neighbors. In the long-term future, Israel could be of tremendous use to the Arab countries, by providing technical advice and a model of how to run a modern state.

The Israelis, naturally, are desperately worried by Nasser's arms buildup. The Prime Minister, Levi Eshkol, said on May 20: "With the aid of German and other scientists Egypt is developing missile armaments on a large scale and devoting incessant effort to their improvement and expansion. She is also engaged in developing destructive weapons which are not to be found today in the Middle East." This was an oblique reference to Nasser's experiments with weapons of genocide. The Israeli government has appealed repeatedly for the recall of the German and other foreign scientists; the Knesset did this once again on May 4.

What should, or what can, the Western powers do about Nasser's plans to destroy Israel?

The United States and Britain can guarantee Israel's existing frontiers and offer a similar guarantee to the Arab nations. Steps should be taken in the United Nations to secure the withdrawal of the large Egyptian army from the Yemen. The West German scientists should go back to their own country. It should be made plain to Nasser that Britain has no intention of giving up her Middle East bases until there is real stability in that area. Finally, the Arab nations should be encouraged to regard the State of Israel as a fact. In return, the Western powers must offer to make a major contribution toward the resettlement of the Arab refugees in Arab countries and toward building up the economies of those countries. The Arab states should be made to understand that the desire to avert a war in the Middle East does not stem from anti-Arab feelings, and that nothing will be gained in the long run by trying to play off rival world blocs against one another.

Above all, there is a paramount need for close collaboration in the Middle East between the United States and Britain. Their immense joint stake in Middle East oil is reason enough for this, and there is no harm in saying so. But much more important is the very real threat of war breaking out, if not today or tomorrow, then in all probability in the near future. Nasser's arms buildup suggests that this could be.

GEORGE CATLETT MARSHALL

by Dwight D. Eisenhower

George Catlett Marshall was one of VMI's most celebrated graduates. At the dedication of the George C. Marshall Research Library in Lexington, Virginia, several of his close associates, including President Johnson, Robert Lovett, and General Omar Bradley, paid tribute to his leadership. GENERAL EISENHOWER in particular spoke with insight of his forthright relations with his former commanding officer during the war years.

It is a high privilege for me, once again, to pay a simple tribute to General George C. Marshall. This time I do so in terms of my personal contacts with him.

A few of his characteristics are uppermost in my memory, and on these I shall dwell. They include his consideration for others; his clear, direct, and logical approach to any major military problem; his complete, single-minded dedication and loyalty to his country and government; and his selflessness and objectivity in making decisions and in courageously discharging his vitally important duties.

From World War I onward, I had often heard of George Marshall. By older officers he was always described as a brilliant soldier, by many as a genius. But until World War II was a week old, I had met him only twice, and then but momentarily. My direct association with him began December 14, 1941, on a Sunday morning in the old "munitions buildings" in Washington, D.C. He placed me in charge of military planning, later adding operations. On that Sunday morning a great deal of our conversation dealt with the situation in the Pacific. General Marshall brought me up to date with events and then said that he would look to me for assistance in planning help for that beleaguered area.

Just before dismissing me, he gave me some brief instructions that I have never forgotten. I can repeat his words almost verbatim. "Eisenhower," he said, "the department is filled with able men who analyze their problems well but feel compelled always to bring them to me for final solution. I must have assistants who will solve their own problems and tell me later what they have done."

He looked at me with an eye that seemed to me



awfully cold, and so, as I left the room, I resolved then and there to do my work to the best of my ability and report to the General only situations of obvious necessity or when he personally sent for me.

This habit I cultivated to the point that one day, finding myself in a crisis situation, I issued an order that occasioned for me ten days of acute embarrassment. Indeed, I suspected — with obvious reason — that I might be ignominiously dismissed from the presence of the Chief of Staff, if not from the Army. The facts were these:

We badly needed to send a division of troops to Australia, and it happened that in one of our ports and ready to depart was the British ship the *Queen Mary*. Having permission to use her, I directed the loading of 15,000 men on her and started her across the Atlantic and around the Cape of Good Hope without escort.

Because of her speed, I was not particularly worried until we intercepted a cable sent by an Italian official in Brazil to his government in Rome. It read as follows:

Courtesy of Wide World Photos.

"The Queen Mary just refueled here, and with about 15,000 soldiers aboard left this port today steaming southeast across the Atlantic."

At once I had visions of all the German submarines in the South Atlantic trying to concentrate around the Cape of Good Hope area, possibly intercepting the great ship and filling her full of torpedoes. For the next few days I slept little. But finally I had the welcome news that the *Queen Mary* had arrived safely in Australia.

I felt so good that I took the time off to go voluntarily to the General's office to tell what I had done and of the great suspense in which my principal assistants and I had been living. I said that I had not told him this before because I saw no use for his bearing the same burden of worry that I had been carrying. But now that all was well, I thought he might like to know what had happened.

He smiled and said, "Eisenhower, I received that intercept at the same time that you did. I was merely hoping that you might not see it, and so I was saying nothing to you until I knew the outcome."

Rarely have I seen such generous consideration for a subordinate so beautifully exemplified.

One incident has a bearing upon his conception of performance of duty without fear or favor. I was in his office once when he picked up the telephone to answer a call that an aide said came from a senator, the chairman of an important committee. As I watched the General's face, it became flushed; he was obviously more than a little annoyed.

Within moments he angrily broke in to say, "Senator, if you are interested in that man's advancement, or that of any other, the best thing you can do is to avoid mentioning his name to me. Good-bye!" Then he said to me, "I may make a thousand mistakes in this war, but none will be the result of political meddling! I take orders from the Secretary of War and the President; I would not stay here if I had to respond to outside pressures. Moreover," he added, "I don't like people who are seeking promotions."

To possible senatorial displeasure he gave not a single thought.

In early conferences of the American Chiefs of Staff and, later, of the combined Chiefs of Staff — which meetings I attended as one of his assistants — he quickly established himself as the dominant figure. His vision was so clear, his grasp of complex issues so instinctive and precise, and his convictions so strong, that he was almost invariably the leader in discussions and in resultant decisions. In all Allied meetings in which I was present with him this continued throughout the war; his complete absorption in the task at hand was apparent to all.

In one meeting I saw convincing proof of his utter selflessness. American Chiefs of Staff were traveling to the Cairo and Teheran conferences in November of 1943. They stopped overnight at Allied Headquarters in the African Theater of War. Speculation was then rife as to the identity of the individual to be named to head the cross-channel operation scheduled for the next spring, named Overlord. Washington headlines, I was told, were fairly agog about the matter, some misguided persons even alleging that General Marshall and I were engaged in a bitter vendetta, each falsely accused of seeking the prize of command.

On the evening of the President's arrival in Carthage, General Marshall and Admiral King, quartered with me in my cottage, had a long conversation into which Admiral King brought this subject. He had been given to understand in Washington, he said, that General Marshall was to go to London and I to the post of Chief of Staff. According to the Admiral, it was assumed the President, believing that Marshall would like to be in the field and that he had clearly earned the right to make his own choice of positions, had ordered the shift in assignments, agreeing to accept me as a substitute for General Marshall in his Washington post.

Admiral King, however, was convinced that the nation needed General Marshall in Washington and said he was going to use what influence he had with the President to keep the Chief of Staff there. He made a prolonged presentation of his arguments and then, finally, invited my comments. I merely replied I would try to do my duty wherever my superiors decided I should serve.

General Marshall smiled and remarked, "I don't see why any of us is worrying about this. The President will have to decide on his own, and all of us will obey." He went on to say: "The President has asked for my preference, and I've refused to express any."

I was struck by his complete objectivity; and not once in later years did he ever give me a hint as to his personal choice of the two positions.

Incidentally, there was a sequel to this story that should dispel any fanciful idea that there might have existed any rivalry between General Marshall and me for the Overlord command. At the end of the Cairo Conference the President decided to keep General Marshall in his vital post. The telegram informing Stalin that I would go to London was written out in longhand by General Marshall and signed by the President. The original text was then sent to me by General Marshall with this note:

Dear Eisenhower. I thought you might like to have this as a memento. It was written very hurriedly by me as the final meeting broke up yesterday, the President signing it immediately.

G.C.M.

The telegram was not nearly as important to me as was the kindly thoughtfulness so clearly evidenced by a busy superior who wanted a subordinate to have a souvenir certain to be highly valued.

In December of 1945 I assumed General Marshall's duties as Chief of Staff of the Army. One thing he said as I came to report to him has persisted in my memory. He expressed a great feeling of relief at laying down the duties of active service; the enthusiasm for the rest, recreation, and happiness of the life he saw stretching out before him and his family was, to say the least, unusual for him.

I was not only happy for him; I wished that I could have done the same. But the sequel to this incident was far from pleasant. Hardly had he been settled in the family home at Leesburg when he came into my office and announced: "The President is sending me to China; I'll be needing some help from the Army; will you see that my requests are considered?"

"Of course," I replied. "Anyone you want." But I could not help asking whether he was not to have some rest and vacation.

"It seems," he said, "that the matter is one of some urgency."

Not a word of complaint against fate or superiors — he just set about quietly to do his duty. But this time I knew where his heart lay; and I knew he felt keen disappointment, even though he would never voice it.

Finally, some time before he entered the hospital on his last illness, I stood with him as there was presented to the government, in his honor, a portrait of this unusual man. He was one of the three or four men whom, in positions of great responsibility, I have rated — in my own mind — as the most distinguished in character, ability, and leadership.

At that simple ceremony I found myself wishing that he could have understood how much he had meant to America, how much his fellow citizens appreciated the vision that impelled him in the late thirties and early forties to labor so hard to prepare the nation for the probability of its entry into the war and against pacifistic tendencies that almost defeated the draft law.

I thought of his moral courage, calmness, and wisdom after the war began in directing the mobilization and worldwide deployment of great armies

and air forces; of the readiness and selflessness he displayed in forsaking all his own cherished plans as he undertook new and onerous duties in the afternoon of his life. These and a myriad of other things, I prayed that he might fully understand. But his modesty would have rejected any effort of others to tell him.

Now the documents telling of his life and time are being collected, edited, and made ready for historical use. They will tell to future generations what those of us who were privileged to serve with him have long known: Here was truly a great man!

A BAT IN THE MONASTERY

by JOHN L'HEUREUX

We killed a bat last night
in our recreation room. Five priests
dropped their masks and newspapers, grasped
each a weapon—broom barrel magazine whatever—
and lunged and flailed the black intruder.
(Poor Luther, I thought.) He soared, swooped,
swept the room with vine wings, fluttering
a hum of terror while priests laughed and ducked
and tried to capture him. He settled
finally from exhaustion and despair,
waited on the wall behind the heavy drape.

Big Ned killed him.
With a broom he whaled the hell out of that bat
that never hurt a soul. Cheers were deafening.
A tiny thing, a dirty mouse with wings
crumpled now and scudded to the gutter
like an autumn leaf. Farewell, bat.

The party ended. We picked our way
back to our cells, isolate again, estranged.

Well, anyhow, we got that intruder.



WHAT DO THEY GET FROM ROCK 'N' ROLL?

by Jeremy Larner JEREMY LARNER graduated from Brandeis University with the class of 1958 and was a Woodrow Wilson National Fellow at the University of California. His first novel, *DRIVE, HE SAID*, has won the \$10,000 Delta Prize Novel Award and will be published by Dell in the fall.

ON APRIL 23, 1956, when the style of music known as rock 'n' roll had already established its present-day popularity, thirty-five hundred citizens of Birmingham, Alabama, formed a lily-white audience for Negro singer Nat King Cole, who almost never sings in the rock idiom. To the dismay of his Birmingham admirers, Cole was interrupted by a delegation of hoods from the White Citizens Council, who jumped on stage and started to beat him. When questioned by reporters, a spokesman for the W.C.C. said that jazz in general was part of the N.A.A.C.P. "plot to mongrelize America. Rock 'n' roll," he said, "is the basic, heavy-beat music of the Negroes. It appeals to the base in man, brings out animalism and vulgarity."

Though the White Citizen had his own special ax to grind, his was not the only American civic group to express concern about the raucous new music which began in 1954 to saturate the airwaves and jukeboxes. By 1956, many church and community organizations had gone so far as to insist that rock 'n' roll be outlawed; for RnR concerts had been followed by teen-age riots in Hartford, Washington, Minneapolis, Boston, Atlanta, and Oakland, as well as in Birmingham. Various highbrows and middlebrows have complained ever since that RnR is the result of a vicious business conspiracy intent on mass-producing the cheapest, simplest music and pushing it like dope to the vulnerable masses. Yet,

Drawing by Calvin Burnett.

despite the value judgments which rock 'n' roll constantly inspires, no one has seriously attempted to tell us what rock 'n' roll is or why it remains so popular.

The technical ingredients of RnR are simple. The traditional thirty-two-bar pop-song structure has been mostly dispensed with; instead, the musicians simply repeat eight-bar measures. Harmonically RnR also relies on repetition: standard triads are lined up in repeating triplets behind a steady four-beat rhythm. The most common instrument is the home-learned guitar played in one key only. The country or Negro inflections are essential no matter where a singer comes from, so much so that even the Beatles — who flowered, as everyone knows, in Liverpool — sing in accents of rural Tennessee.

In the history of jazz, there is a long tradition of white musicians smoothing out and popularizing what Negro performers begin. In pre-war days, it was the white swing bands that America danced to, although most of their material had been originated by Negro bands still largely confined to the ghettos. Perhaps it was only natural that as World War II was ending, a new generation of disillusioned urban Negro musicians introduced a style of jazz "that the whites can't copy." Bebop, as the new music later came to be called, relied on the jarring harmonies of flatted fifths and polytonal chords, punctuated by

nervous, aggressive rhythms — with the result that the teen-age set found this new jazz nearly impossible to dance to. The big dance bands had broken up during the war and were never again to flourish, so that when the smaller combos took up bebop, a gulf opened up between jazz and popular music that has not closed to this day. Rock 'n' roll was the foremost music that rushed to fill the gap. As bebop persisted into the middle 1950s, the public looked back into the "race music" repertoire to find a simple beat it could use for dancing.

The man probably most responsible for turning the Negro rhythm and blues into the all-American rock 'n' roll was disc jockey Alan Freed. In 1951, Freed was employed by a Cleveland radio station, where he became one of the first white DJ's to concentrate on rhythm and blues. He claims to have invented the term rock 'n' roll, and when he held his first RnR stage show in 1952 in the Cleveland Arena, he drew eighty thousand people in a week, mostly Negroes. In 1954, station WINS brought Freed to New York expressly to push rock 'n' roll, and by this time when he held his one-night or one-week shows in armories or theaters, the audience was predominantly white. In 1955, Freed brought an interracial RnR vaudeville show into the Brooklyn Paramount for Easter and Labor Day weeks and took a record gross each time; during Labor Day week of 1956 he grossed \$221,000.

The first RnR record cut by a white artist was probably Bill Haley's "Crazy Man Crazy," which was recorded in 1951 and eventually sold a million singles, but mostly on reissues from 1954 to 1956. Haley came up with his first big money-maker, "Rock Around the Clock," in 1953, but the RnR recording boom did not begin until the summer of 1954, when an unknown Negro group, the Chords, cut "Sh-Boom" for a previously unknown label on the West Coast, Cat. In a matter of weeks "Sh-Boom" was the number-one hit in Los Angeles. Then Mercury "covered" "Sh-Boom" with a recording by an unknown group of whites, the Crewcuts, and they had a national smash record. For the next year and a half, as critic Arnold Shaw points out, rhythm and blues had to be whitewashed before a given song could become a hit.

The recording supervisors for the larger labels could not judge rhythm and blues; so, rather than trust themselves to hire original R&B artists, they preferred at first to copy the hit records of smaller companies. An egregious example was "Twedle-Dee-Dee" as recorded by LaVern Baker, whose arrangement was lifted note for note by Georgia Gibbs. The McGuire Sisters copied "Sincerely" from the Moonglows and sold six times as many records. Dorothy Collins took Clyde McPhatter's "Seven Days"; Perry Como took "Kokomo" from Gene & Eunice; Teresa Brewer took "A Tear Fell"

from Ivory Joe Hunter; and Bill Haley took Joe Turner's "Shake Rattle & Roll" and sold two million copies. Pat Boone, who has written a book of moral and religious advice for teen-agers, took "Ain't That a Shame?" from Fats Domino, "I'll Be Home" from the Flamingoes, and "I Almost Lost My Mind" from Ivory Joe Hunter.

Then suddenly the tide began to turn, and imitators started to fail. Teresa Brewer failed to take "You Send Me" from Sam Cooke; Georgia Gibbs failed to take "Great Balls of Fire" from Jerry Lee Lewis; no one even tried to take "Blueberry Hill" from Fats Domino — and Cooke, Lewis, and Domino had themselves hits. Finally, a white Southern boy named Elvis Presley — who has said that his greatest influences were the Negro blues singers Joe Turner and Big Bill Crudup — came up with a style all his own in "Heartbreak Hotel" and went on to become the biggest money-maker in the field without "covering" anyone.

Paralleling the rise of RnR was what may prove to be the most significant technological development in the history of the mass media: the sudden spread of TV into nearly every home in the country. As of January, 1962, 90 percent of the dwelling places in America had at least one TV set, and there were sixty million sets in operation. The great service television performed for RnR was to kill the big network radio shows and vacate the air space for local disc jockeys. Radio time had to be filled by popular music interspersed with commercials, and it was soon proven that the music that got the most calls and sold the most goods was rock 'n' roll.

YET to describe rock 'n' roll in terms of its history is not completely to account for its unprecedented popularity, which has lasted now far past the point where mere fads peter out. Why, after ten years, does rock 'n' roll still get the most calls and sell the most goods? The answer is that there is a general need for rock 'n' roll, a need rooted in strong feelings, a need fulfilled only by the one standard ingredient of all rock 'n' roll: its steady, heavy, simple beat.

When the listener submits himself to the beat, he loosens his mind from its moorings in space and time; no longer does he feel a separation between himself and his surroundings. The difficult world of external objects is blurred and unreal; only the inner pulse is real, the beat its outer projection. Earthly worries are submerged in a tide of rising exaltation. Dream and dreamer merge, object and feeling jell: the whole universe is compressed into the medium of the beat, where all things unite and pound forward, rhythmic, regular, not to be denied.

Rock 'n' roll is the only form in modern music

which deliberately seeks these effects and no others. They are also obtainable through jazz, but the soul of jazz is its continual improvisation, which draws on a wide range of moods and which demands the keenest attention. In contrast, rock 'n' roll dulls the capacity for attention; the steady beat creates instead a kind of hypnotic monotony. Seen in this light, RnR is only the latest in a series of rituals which have existed in many societies for the purpose of inducing mystic ecstasy, usually in connection with religion. One might think not only of African or American Indian drumbeating frenzies but also of the cults of frenzied dancing and shaking which periodically rose up from the main body of European Christianity. In the United States, Negro "gospel music" often creates ecstasy through repeated phrases of enormous energy, and has been more than casually influential in the formation of rock 'n' roll. Through gospel music, RnR draws directly on both Christian and African cults of rhythmic ecstasy. It should not surprise us then that so many RnR songs celebrate the all-pervasiveness of God.

But one should not take RnR lyrics too literally, for it is the rhythm of rock 'n' roll that carries its psychic message. "Positive" lyrics are mostly a sop to minds that do not want to know what they are thinking. In a record studio, I heard one of the most gifted RnR songwriters recording a trial version of a "pop gospel" song. As he sang I became increasingly aware that the subconscious thrust of the rhythm was completely undercutting the conscious intention of the lyrics. Pounding the piano with eyes shut in ecstatic pain, his voice cracking with raw emotion, the songwriter sang of a "He" who is always "in sight," even in the darkest night. But the music itself rocked on and out away from the words and into a new wild night of nihilism where there is nothing yes nothing yes yes nothing no one but me and my sound and my rock. And why not? Believe in God — why not? In the darkest night it's all the same — words long gone.

The message was false false false, yet it was true. The singer was groaning, growling, screaming, moaning, roaring — giving vent in the only way available to feelings genuinely his, regardless of the words he sang.

A secular approach only makes more obvious the sexual components of rhythmic ecstasy. The next song recorded by the songwriter was an urban rock, designed to express the feelings of a young man living in a tenement. According to the lyrics, the main feature of tenement life is a certain "she" who is "waiting right there" and who "gives me everything." Taken literally, such lyrics are an outrageous lie, yet in the context of the music one could feel them coming through with some truth. Of course, tenements are not transformed into

pleasure palaces by a magic she who can give everything; but one can try, one can give everything one's got. Even though the songwriter had never lived in a tenement, even though he was calculatingly probing the market with any lyrics he thought might appeal, and even though he was imitating Negro accents and phrasings not natural to him, he was communicating something real. I was moved. As I pounded the table in the listening booth a clot of frustration thickened inside me and then purged itself. Or so I think. At any rate, I felt some momentary release.

Others, too, must find some emotional satisfaction in rock 'n' roll. For it has swept the world, achieving successes unknown to any previous popular music. In Britain, for example, riots broke out at each movie starring Presley or Haley. Queen Elizabeth herself requested a special screening of Haley's "Rock Around the Clock." And Haley in the flesh, a former hillbilly singer, was hired as star performer for the Duke of Kent's twenty-first birthday party.

FROM the moment a professional songwriting team manufactures an RnR tune, an elaborate game of musical chairs is set into motion, with song-pluggers scampering in all directions to prevent the song from getting lost in the shuffle. The publisher must sell the song to an Artists and Repertory (A&R) man at a record company, a top recording talent must be signed, and the disc jockeys must be alerted and constantly spoon-fed with publicity releases. Of the 3000 DJ's in the United States, 300 are regarded as important, and 30 to 40 as crucial. The DJ's receive an average of 150 releases every week, so many that it would be impossible to screen them all, even if a DJ could tell simply by listening which ones his public would go for. Most of the DJ's, therefore, are sensitive to polls and pressure. Indeed, many big-name singers now hire themselves Disc Jockey Exploitation Representatives, who devote themselves exclusively to pestering disc jockeys.

The more I learn about the record industry the more impressed I am by the image of thousands of crisscrossing middlemen frantically pursuing specialized little jobs through which key people are persuaded to make key moves which influence other key people, and so forth, until a whole series of doors are opened like a row of dominoes collapsing and at last one record rolls through to the public. Consider the various ways in which payola lubricates the action. A&R men take payola from publishers to cut their tunes; publishers pay assistant A&R men to get a song to the boss; publishers give expensive gifts to secretaries of A&R men to get

appointments to play their demonstration records at the boss's most receptive time of day. A&R men, in their turn, must bribe publishers who hold copyrights on the music for original Broadway shows, usually by agreeing to cut extra singles the publisher is trying to sell. Publishers must give name artists under-the-table bonuses, and they are expected to form an applauding claque at their artists' nightclub performances. On such occasions the Broadway columnists are also present, as guests of the performer and items on his list of tax deductions. Above all, the disc jockey must be taken care of, usually by gifts only *after* a hit has been started, so that the DJ is permitted to think he's not influenced in his choice of material. Smart DJ's accept gifts only from publishers whose lists are usually strong enough to include a fair sampling of hits. If you accuse a DJ of taking a bribe, he points to the ratings — after all, he's only playing what's popular.

Oddly enough, all this fixing does not, in the final analysis, interfere with the essential freedom of the market. The peculiar techniques of record merchandising I am describing are not exceptions but common practice. Although material forces are influential in radio play and retail sales, they are so widespread in practice and so haphazard in effect that they tend to balance each other out. The pushing and payola system is merely a grotesquely inefficient way of doing business. Theoretically it could be stopped by agreement of all parties, but in actuality it's a way of life as deeply entrenched as the pecking orders of Congress. At any rate, all the hustling-bustling-pushing-paying that goes on in the pop-music industry does not create popular taste. Both taste and the system which caters to it are products of still larger social forces.

In testimony before a 1958 Senate committee investigating record company and broadcasting tie-ins, George Marek, vice president and general manager of the RCA Victor record division, stated:

Even if we wanted to we could not swing public taste. . . . In the most final sense, we cannot sell anything. The public has to want to buy it. Unless the record has within it the germ of success — and don't ask me what that germ is because I do not know — no amount of drumbeating will transform a flop into a hit.

Not content with demonstrating that an attempt to refurbish pop taste would drive even his mighty organization out of business, Marek took a positively righteous tone:

Indeed, I think none of us has a right to say what the public should or should not hear, what is good taste or what is bad taste. We have a right to our own opinions . . . as long as they remain opinions only . . . [but] the only legitimate bosses of the music business [are] the people who buy the music.

Far from proclaiming his intent to produce good music, Marek held that such an intent is immoral!

THOUGH rock 'n' roll is broadcast all over our land and listened to by citizens of every description, most RnR records are bought by girls and boys between the ages of thirteen and fifteen. It seems, in fact, that every American in that age group collects 45 rpm singles. An RnR songwriter explained to me that "at ages thirteen through fifteen, kids have a real community. At that time, everything they do is done together and done identically. Afterwards, they spread out, go separate ways, conform to a more complex level." By the time the teenager is ready for greater complexity, however, rock 'n' roll has already made a permanent home for itself in his mental life; it has played a definite part in preparing the teenager to "spread out," and even after he stops buying the records he will accept the sound of RnR as part of his everyday-noise background, just as city dwellers accept the sounds of traffic. We might ask ourselves, therefore, just why is it that with the onset of puberty, Americans embrace rock 'n' roll? What exactly does it do for them?

Whether he likes it or not, the adolescent is faced with the problem of becoming an adult. He is no longer a child, and his opportunities for play must be increasingly curtailed. Already he must start making the choices which are intended to confine him to one education, one occupation, and one sexual partner. At any rate, he must somehow join this society and live within its values. In giving up childhood he gives up his precious freedom and irresponsibility. It is inevitable that the adolescent must feel intense frustration, and also a need to express that frustration — to get it off his chest. It is my contention that rock 'n' roll is doubly helpful to the adolescent: it simultaneously socializes him and provides a relatively harmless outlet for anti-social feeling. Does this seem a contradiction? Well, why not? Just as many modern adults pick themselves up with stimulants only to calm themselves with tranquilizers, so much of the surface stability of our society is maintained by forces which, like rock 'n' roll, produce agitation only for the sake of quelling it. Like the teenager, each of us is kept moving all the time as a substitute for getting somewhere.

Rock 'n' roll is always doing two things at once. If it seems to be encouraging riot and destruction, note that it is dissipating riotous and destructive impulses before they can be turned into action. If its lyrics seem to purvey a "wholesome" message, the orgiastic thump of the beat will carry along with it the wildest fantasies. In short, through ex-

posure to rock 'n' roll, teen-agers learn to handle their aggressions and discontents — not through understanding, criticism, and self-conscious social rebellion, but through surrendering them to a manufactured purgative.

The RnR stage concert is a good example of a functional ceremony which eases the pain of youth without permitting real development. At the concert, teen-agers sit more or less segregated by sex, avoiding for the moment society's contradictory demand that they begin to pair off yet refrain from complete sexuality. In a culture which prizes female virginity, it is to be expected that such group rites are more useful to girls than to boys. Though their eyes are fastened on the mythic figure on the stage, it is to each other that the young ladies turn with gasps and screams of ecstasy. Girls embrace girls, swooning and excited, but it is perfectly all right, as long as everyone agrees that it is the figure on the stage who excites them. Though they may pursue the performer afterward, they will not come nearly so close to him as they do to one another.

The boys are more inclined to sit in brooding postures, stomping out the big beat and glowering. The music charges them with an energy they cannot work out on the spot as the girls do, in screams and hugs. Afterward they will race their cars or start riots wherein groups of comrades take on other groups in formal tests of masculinity.

Various champions of RnR claim that many rock songs use the identification they invoke to tell adolescents how to behave in trying social situations. Actually, they do more than this: they grant a certain immunity from society, as if through turning a problem into rock 'n' roll one could have one's cake and eat it too. As an example of a "problem" song, an A&R man played me a number which was last summer's best seller, in which a young lady loses her steady to her best friend at her very own birthday party. The reaction of our heroine is to cry in concert with her friends.

The A&R man explained that this record relieves young girls of anxiety concerning just when it is socially justifiable to cry. But feeling my skull bounce to the screaming rhythm, I sensed that the main emotional burden of the song lay in the thrusting refrain — "It's my party and I'll cry if I want to" — an assertion that one is old enough to remain a child.

Love is a crucial problem for American teen-agers. No sooner do they begin to get interested in sex than our culture starts to channel them toward Marriage and Family. If some of them should get involved in rearing children before they themselves are reared, they are only the most conspicuous victims of a long-cherished ideology. In his famous essay "Popular Songs vs. The Facts of Life," S. I. Hayakawa exposes the "dreamy and ineffectual

nostalgia, unrealistic fantasy, self-pity, and sentimental clichés" which underlie the concept of True Love as traditionally expressed in American popular music. In contrast to the blues — in which love is transient, physical, painful, and full of ironic pitfalls — pop songs idealize a dream partner with whom one falls in love at first sight and settles down "in a bungalow all covered with roses," to a love that lasts "forever." Whereas the deserted lover in the blues tradition may combine humor and threats of revenge in his laments (as in Bessie Smith's classic line, "I'm a young woman and I ain't done running 'round"), the lover in the pop ballad will all but perish of a broken heart.

The concept of True Love is useful propaganda, and rock 'n' roll has not abandoned it. But sheer sentimentality is no longer enough to contain the sexual tensions which are aroused and exploited by modern advertising and entertainment. Rock 'n' roll, therefore, treats True Love with a characteristic doubleness. The lyrics generally capitulate to the concept, but the music itself expresses the unspoken desire to smash it to pieces and run amuck.

Take, for example, the hit song "Bye Bye Love." Though the lyrics portray the familiar broken heart who cannot go on living without his True Love, the jouncing rhythm of the song conveys another emotion altogether: the desire to thump straight on through all heartbreaks and difficulties. This ostensible lament is really steering-wheel-pounding music. The crybaby lyrics are countered by pure psychopathy, nor is there any resolution of these conflicting feelings. The image presented is that of an extremely tender individual ready to strike out or give up if his dreams don't come true. The protest against the clichés of American adulthood is carried by the music rather than the words, so that the teen-ager can pay lip service to the feelings from which the music proclaims his alienation. It is as if his mind did not want to know what his body was doing. At the same time that he expresses his distress with the conventional love and sex attitudes, he prepares to make his peace with them.

There is still one more way in which rock 'n' roll helps bridge the gap between childhood and the threatening world of adult independence. To the eighteen million teen-agers who spend \$10 billion every year in the consumer market, rock 'n' roll provides a special product by which to identify themselves. Others may listen to RnR, but it belongs to the teen-ager, he pays for it, and when he hears it on the radio all day long he can be satisfied that he has bought a place for himself in the world of consumption. For just as clothing manufacturers now tailor adult clothes along the lines originally developed "specially" for teen-age apparel, so adult America takes rock 'n' roll for its national music. With what care the teen-ager is eased into the satis-

factions of consumption as a way of life! First, special products all his own to practice on — music, clothes, magazines, movies; then the gradual absorption of these products by the adult culture, so that as the teen-ager grows older, he will never have to make an abrupt break with the products he knows how to use.

It is safe to say that many adults resent rock 'n' roll, which is only another of its advantages from the teen-age point of view. Teen-agers want to challenge the adult world with something powerful of their own, though their challenge is really competitive rather than rebellious. When Elvis Presley was abruptly elevated into a position representing the collective economic power and social ideals of American youth, the first thing he did with his sudden fortune was to buy a fleet of Cadillacs. He was only saying, in behalf of his comrades, that they, too, are entitled to all the good things. Not for a moment was he questioning the goodness of the so-called good.

And that's just the trouble with rock 'n' roll: it makes no attempt to confront reality. Unlike the blues, it simultaneously accepts and rejects the values of our society without passing through the stages of questioning. Rock 'n' roll is the music of young people who are alternately sullen rebels and organization men; or perhaps sullen rebels on their way to becoming organization men, for one may be the other turned inside out — either Jimmy Dean or Pat Boone, or, if possible, both at the same time. But, heaven help us, no Huck Finn! There is not much room for a young man who won't play the game and knows why. He will have a hard time finding the station that plays his music.

Someone will object at this point that rock 'n' roll is more frankly sexual than has hitherto been permissible in American pop music. Sure it is, but so are many other items which our media would sell us. Magazines are sexier; so are movies and books. But does this mean that our citizens are any more free, playful, or creative? Herbert Marcuse gives a good answer to my question in *Eros and Civilization*: "To the degree to which sexuality obtains a definite sales value or becomes a token of prestige and of playing according to the rules of the game, it is itself transformed into an instrument of social cohesion." According to Marcuse, this retailing of sexiness contributes ultimately to "the pacification of human existence," wherein "even the liberties and gratifications of the individual partake of the general suppression."

Thus, when the teen-ager involves his sexuality in rock 'n' roll, he merely submits his instincts to an accepted process of social direction. In like manner, the entire teen-age rebellion, so called, against the bland adult consumer society simply leads to a consumption of a special style of bland

consumer goods manufactured by adults. The essential motive behind teen-age generation-consciousness is not the desire for revolutionary honesty, but the crying need to play their own role in the consumption process. It's not that they don't like the game, or even that they are aware it is a game, but only that they want their own league with special rules and equipment.

What teen-agers need in music is more or less what modern adults need too: not music to be listened to but background music as they hurry through their appointed activities. The background may be throbbing RnR or tinkly Muzak, but it all comes from the same package. On opening the package, the buyer finds a clearly labeled, constant stream of facile stimulant, factory guaranteed to jazz you up, smooth you out, purge your violence, and leave you kissing-sweet and ready for maudlin love. The final object is that the listener may continue the illusion he is alive, while at the same time obliterating his conscious experience of a world that is painful to live in.

Rock 'n' roll finds its epiphany in Dick Clark's *American Bandstand*, an afternoon TV show which I think of as the Zombie Hour. On the stage a group of teen performers toggled out in erotic costumes silently mouth the words to a hoked-up record jangling with electronic gimmick noises. The dance floor is packed with adolescent Americans of all creeds and colors, jitterbugging with dead pans and trancelike movements, regular and lifeless as clockwork as they move to the big beat. I can't help thinking, as I watch them, that they are receiving the only logical preparation for becoming grown-up in our society.

TREE WATCHING

by Don Geiger

It's our page, but it is reading us

I place my spade with a smack.
The joy in planting the tree
Is to think of what will come
Of something done by me.

I place my chair with a smack.
The joy in having the tree
Is the interest that attaches
To something that isn't me.



TOMORROW'S WORLD

Walter Lippmann answers questions from the Germans

Realizing that WALTER LIPPMANN is our foremost political analyst, West Germany's lively weekly DER SPIEGEL sent one of their editors to Washington to ask those questions which every German in the East and West zones would like to have answered. Taken together, Mr. Lippmann's answers form a philosophy for tomorrow.

SPIEGEL: Mr. Lippmann, you know President Johnson and you knew President Kennedy. Both Presidents visited you here in your house. You wrote recently that the United States is back on a moderate line in domestic politics, in contrast to the line of the murdered President, who was much loved, but also much hated.

LIPPMANN: Yes.

SPIEGEL: Does it follow, then, in your view, that the United States is better governed by a man like Johnson, whom you have characterized as an "old-fashioned American"?

LIPPMANN: I wasn't trying to say what kind of President we should have, but it is a fact that the country is much quieter and more at ease with President Johnson than it was with President Kennedy.

SPIEGEL: And why?

LIPPMANN: Because Kennedy divided the country. Johnson, on the other hand, is like an old shoe — very comfortable. And his family, too — they are very American.

SPIEGEL: Did the assassination make an impression on the American conscience? Or did the death of Kennedy pass by like any other fleeting event?

LIPPMANN: I believe that it had a great effect on the American temper and mood. You must realize

Photograph by John Chillingworth.

that the extremists, especially the extremists of the far right, were committing more and more acts of violence. In Dallas, for example, there was an atmosphere of extremism. Johnson, when he was the candidate for Vice President, and Adlai Stevenson, when he went there a few months before the President was assassinated, were pushed around by a crowd and spat upon. The effect of the assassination was to shock people out of that.

SPIEGEL: But the public opinion researchers have found that the assassination of Kennedy has not brought any change in the moral climate of the country.

LIPPMANN: That sort of thing is difficult to measure. I am convinced that the hatred and violence have been damped down, and that is salutary.

SPIEGEL: We in Europe have a hard time understanding why President Kennedy was so hated.

LIPPMANN: It is very hard to explain. He was regarded as exotic and rather alien by a great mass of people in this country. The fact that he came from Boston, that he was rich, Harvard, Irish, Catholic — all that made him something strange and different.

SPIEGEL: Precisely these qualities helped make many people outside America ready to follow him

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and contributed to their seeing him as a trusted leader. President Johnson does not project so strongly to the outside world.

LIPPMANN: Certainly, Johnson is ten years older; he is no handsome young man, and not a romantic figure at all — that's true. But on the other hand, I felt after I had been in Europe last year, just before the assassination, that many people had an idealized — no, not idealized, but a distorted view of Kennedy. He was the idol of the left — and Kennedy was not a man of the left at all; he was a very conservative man.

SPIEGEL: That is true, of course, for domestic policy. But in foreign policy, if one compares Kennedy's policy with that of Dulles, he was more a man of the left, to the extent that one can apply these concepts.

LIPPMANN: They are bad concepts.

SPIEGEL: They still have some significance, I think. Kennedy's approach to world policy was attractive, however, not only to the left, but also to the war generation, which is neither left nor right. It was new and progressive.

LIPPMANN: That is true, and it is true also in the United States. Here, too, there are many people who are certainly going to support President Johnson but who miss the electric spark that Kennedy possessed.

SPIEGEL: Even Khrushchev seems to miss it.

LIPPMANN: I think Khrushchev was genuinely saddened by Kennedy's death. You know, they had a long correspondence which has never been published.

SPIEGEL: Do you know anything about it?

LIPPMANN: Not much. But I know it was very frank. Khrushchev is not a man who admires flatterers. He admires people who talk to him rather brutally.

SPIEGEL: As you did?

LIPPMANN: The first man who gave me this advice was Dag Hammarskjöld, who was quite a friend of mine. Before I went to see Khrushchev, I asked Hammarskjöld how I should approach him. Hammarskjöld replied: "Whatever you do, don't let him think you agree with him — that bores him. He doesn't want to be bored. You must challenge him and rouse him."

SPIEGEL: Did Kennedy also do that?

LIPPMANN: Of course. And I think Khrushchev respected Kennedy for his performance in the Cuban crisis; I think he felt that was how he would have conducted himself if he had been in Kennedy's place.

SPIEGEL: One did have the feeling, however, that after the first meeting in Vienna, Khrushchev was not very impressed with Kennedy.

LIPPMANN: The meeting in Vienna was a failure, in large part because President Kennedy was in a

great hurry. He wanted to talk for two or three hours and then go on his way. And you can't deal with Khrushchev that way. You have to be prepared to be there all day. On my last visit, I was with him eight hours. He just doesn't understand the American way of being in a hurry.

SPIEGEL: You mentioned Cuba. What is your explanation for Khrushchev's adventure in Cuba?

LIPPMANN: I think it was clear to Khrushchev, perhaps by 1960, that the United States had won the race of armaments in the nuclear field; at least, that we had a clear superiority. The first move he made in response to that situation was to begin testing again. . . .

SPIEGEL: . . . He tested the big bomb. . . .

LIPPMANN: . . . The big bomb and the anti-missile missile. He was looking for the absolute weapon which would change the balance of power. Those tests failed. Our later tests were also a failure in the sense that they didn't produce the absolute weapon. So Khrushchev was faced with the American superiority, and then I think his generals said to him: "If you put missiles in Cuba, you can reverse the situation, because the United States cannot defend itself against such missiles because of the absence of adequate warning time."

SPIEGEL: Then it was a real gamble?

LIPPMANN: It was, and if Khrushchev had won it, the balance of power would have been changed. But from the beginning he was not prepared to risk a great war for this venture.

SPIEGEL: In the case of Cuba, America was apparently ready to take that risk. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that American superiority in the field of nuclear weapons does not solve most other world political problems.

LIPPMANN: It solves the greatest political problem: It removes the danger of war with the Soviet Union. The superiority is of no use in Vietnam or Zanzibar. But the same is true for the Russians. They have nuclear weapons, and they cannot use them against China or against Albania.

SPIEGEL: Cuba was in a certain sense a victory for America. It marked a high point of American power. Since then — at least this is our impression — this power has become weaker.

LIPPMANN: I agree that American power in the world, relative to the power of other nations, has been declining. This had begun while President Kennedy was still alive. It is part of the natural course of events and has nothing to do with the personality of the President.

SPIEGEL: With what is it connected?

LIPPMANN: With nuclear parity, with the recovery of Europe, with the change in the balance of payments in the Western world. Victory in Cuba was a special case, possible because the island lies within the American sphere of influence.

SPIEGEL: You once wrote that fifteen years after a war a development begins which places in doubt all of the results of the war.

LIPPMANN: In the post-war period the United States was not only the protector but the financier of Western Europe. That is why it had supreme leadership. The post-war period has ended; it already began to end under President Eisenhower. Since then we have seen a gradual decline of the post-war position of the United States. And Kennedy inherited this development. At the same time, he inherited several foreign policies which were developed during the time when we did have supreme power. One of them is Vietnam.

SPIEGEL: Vietnam policy originated in the time of Dulles. It is running into more and more difficulty.

LIPPMANN: We were never supreme in Vietnam because it's too far away. But we had the illusion that everything in the world would have to go the way we wanted it to go. We are now learning what every human being has to learn, that everything does not proceed according to his will. One doesn't learn this sort of thing quickly enough. It's going to take a long time for us to learn to live as equals with countries which we have dealt so long with as dependents and clients.

SPIEGEL: America must accept as equals countries which in terms of pure military power are not equal?

LIPPMANN: Military power isn't everything. It is clear that France is militarily weaker than the United States. But French culture, the French language and tradition, all mean a great deal in the world. One should recall Stalin's words about the Pope: "How many divisions has the Pope?"

SPIEGEL: Are you comparing De Gaulle with the Pope?

LIPPMANN: Like the Pope, he is very important.

SPIEGEL: Why are you such an admirer of De Gaulle?

LIPPMANN: I must make a personal confession: I have been an admirer of De Gaulle since June, 1940, and I have known him since 1942 when I visited him in London. I became convinced then that he was one of the great figures of the war from our side, the greatest leader next to Churchill.

SPIEGEL: And that is still your view?

LIPPMANN: Yes. I have the highest respect for any long view that he takes of the problems of European and world affairs, even if I don't always agree with him. He is one of the authentic geniuses of our time, and any man who doesn't listen to him, even if he then disagrees with him, is a fool.

SPIEGEL: But you admire his policies as well.

LIPPMANN: I am sympathetic, with some qualifications. De Gaulle has seen that the post-war period is over, and he has seen it sooner than any other head of government in the West. Neverthe-

less, I think he erred in excluding the British from Europe. He acted on prejudice: the British are today Europeans; they are no longer a global power.

SPIEGEL: And what do you think of the *force de frappe*?

LIPPMANN: I don't have much sympathy with it. It is an unreal gesture which one cannot take very seriously. No American who knows what nuclear power is can take those fifty French bombers seriously. On the other hand, I believe that De Gaulle's attitude toward Russia is not what it appears to be today — that is, that he wants to have nothing to do with the Soviet Union. On the contrary, I believe that he wants to negotiate with Moscow.

SPIEGEL: Does De Gaulle need the *force de frappe* for that purpose? The danger of this combat force is partly that it embodies only the illusion of power.

LIPPMANN: He wanted a nuclear force because the British, who had no better striking force than the French now have, were able to exercise a greater influence on the strategy of the West than he. And then, what was more important, De Gaulle believed that a nation can be fully modern only if it has men who are able to work in nuclear weapons. If we had offered him fifty American nuclear weapons, he would have said, "That isn't what I want."

SPIEGEL: He wants France to be able to produce these weapons itself. But with this old-fashioned nationalism he gives a bad example, not least for Germany.

LIPPMANN: The need to develop the technological ability to produce nuclear weapons is also a problem for Germany. I am of the opinion that this should remain forbidden to the Germans as long as Germany is divided. Germany should not produce atomic weapons before it is reunited.

SPIEGEL: The policies of the French president threaten, however, to destroy NATO and to make impossible the creation of an Atlantic community.

LIPPMANN: In my eyes, the Atlantic community is a much larger matter than NATO. It is a geographic and historic fact which can never be destroyed. No one can say, "I don't like it." But I don't think much of the idea of an Atlantic federation with a parliament. NATO is not a permanent institution; it was extemporized in the post-war period when Europe was defenseless. In that situation it was invaluable.

SPIEGEL: Would you apply what you have said about Atlantic federation to the idea of European federation as well?

LIPPMANN: I have often talked about that with Jean Monnet, who is an old friend of mine, and I've always said to him that one cannot make a federated Europe out of five and two thirds nations. European unity, which is very important, must

include all of Germany; and in most plans no room is left for that. And a unified Europe must also include the rest of Europe, Poland and Czechoslovakia, although this is very complicated.

SPIEGEL: Do you believe that De Gaulle wants to discuss this larger Europe with Khrushchev?

LIPPMANN: I believe that he is convinced that there must be an agreement with Moscow. He is determined that this time when the agreement comes it shall be made by a European, preferably a Frenchman, preferably De Gaulle himself, and not by an American. He has never forgotten Yalta and Teheran, from which he was excluded. De Gaulle doesn't want another settlement in Europe under American auspices.

SPIEGEL: Former Chancellor Adenauer recently warned that if the Federal Republic pursued anti-French policies, there might be a French-Russian understanding at the expense of Germany. Is this in the realm of possibility?

LIPPMANN: As I understand De Gaulle's attitude toward Germany, he has the feeling that Germany must be regarded as an invalid as long as it is divided. And that one must stand close by this invalid for fear that it will do something quite irrational. His attitude toward Germany is benevolent; he is afraid of what might happen as a result of the partition of Germany.

SPIEGEL: Is De Gaulle, as a result of this concern, seeking the reunification of Germany as a part of a settlement with Moscow?

LIPPMANN: Not unreservedly. He is, after all, a Frenchman and surely not enthusiastic in the matter of German unity. He used to say, "Germany is much better divided." He doesn't say that anymore. But I don't think that he is in any hurry about reunification. You know the old saying about reunification — It's like heaven: we all want to go there but not too soon.

SPIEGEL: Whatever De Gaulle may have in mind for individual problems, his present line of policy in Europe, just as much as vis-à-vis Southeast Asia and Latin America, indicates that he has France in mind first of all, and not much else.

LIPPMANN: I don't know. De Gaulle is a man who has an objective but never a very detailed plan. He makes his plans as he goes along. His plan in Algeria was to liquidate the war. How he did that came later.

SPIEGEL: De Gaulle has proposed the neutralization of Vietnam. Is it conceivable that he has a kind of neutrality or neutralization in mind for Europe, for Germany?

LIPPMANN: I do not believe it is conceivable or desirable for either France or the United States to make an agreement with the Soviet Union to neutralize all of Germany. Germany can be reunited only if Europe is not neutralized and also no longer

in danger. In other words, you have to settle the Russian problem with Europe. In that atmosphere it would be safe and possible for Germany to be reunited.

SPIEGEL: Isn't it also necessary to solve the Polish problem — in other words, the problem of Germany's eastern borders? You were in Poland last fall and found there a predilection for Red China.

LIPPMANN: I was fascinated that Gomulka absolutely refused to say anything that was not friendly to the Chinese. I finally came to the conclusion that he wants to have somebody with whom he can defend himself against the Russians, because he is dependent on the Russians for the defense of his new western territories. The Romanians are behaving similarly. Behind these flirtations with the Chinese lies the fear of the Russians.

SPIEGEL: Do you believe that Germany could bring the Poles to reconcile themselves to German reunification if there were a settlement of the problem of the borders?

LIPPMANN: Oh, yes, I think so. It's the frontier that worries the Poles. They have the most to lose from German reunification, and also the most to fear. If the Oder-Neisse line were stabilized as the border by an international guarantee, that would create a new situation.

SPIEGEL: What else can the West do to further the reduction of tensions?

LIPPMANN: We are started on the way. The conscious détente really began last summer, in July. East and West now agree that there will be no nuclear war over Europe. That's a very big thing.

SPIEGEL: You are thinking of the test-ban treaty?

LIPPMANN: Yes, but this treaty was the result of the Cuban crisis. This occurred in October, 1962, and the test-ban treaty was signed in June, 1963. The period between those two dates was a period of gradual reduction of tensions. The Russians accepted the fact that we had nuclear superiority, but they also recognized that we were not dangerous, that we would not exploit this superiority. The test-ban treaty is the result of this recognition.

SPIEGEL: And do you think that disarmament will proceed further?

LIPPMANN: I was speaking of détente, not of disarmament.

SPIEGEL: But disarmament is a part of détente.

LIPPMANN: The détente is more important than disarmament. How much disarmament we shall actually get remains for the future. The need to disarm is greater for Russia than it is for the United States because we can afford the armaments race better than they can.

SPIEGEL: Do the plans for a multilateral nuclear force under NATO hinder the disarmament negotiations?

LIPPMANN: I don't know, but I hope that nothing will come of the MLF. It has no military value and costs a lot of money and awakens fear and suspicion all around the world. If you're going to take risks, you should do it for some real purpose. I think the MLF is frivolous. Nothing could be worse for Germany and ourselves than a German-American military alliance instead of NATO.

SPIEGEL: Such a development would then disrupt not only disarmament but also the détente: Is that your concern?

LIPPMANN: Definitely. The rearmament of Germany is still Khrushchev's greatest worry in Europe. Today he is convinced that the United States is not going to attack him. He thought differently five years ago. At that time, I said to him, "We're not going to attack you," and he said, "But you are allied with the German Hitlerites, and they are smarter than you are, and they will get you into war. We're not afraid of Germany, we're afraid of you, and we're afraid you'll be led into war by the Germans."

SPIEGEL: What is the concrete form of the détente, if it is not disarmament?

LIPPMANN: It is first of all a psychological matter. But there are also other examples: the Russians agreed to let the United Nations try to settle the Cyprus problem, although it was a great temptation for them to get into the situation. I think they are telling Castro to stop landing guns in Venezuela, and Castro would like very much to do that. There are even signs that Castro would like to make peace with us, and I believe that the Russians have influenced him in that direction. Of even greater importance is the opening of the Eastern European countries to the West.

SPIEGEL: The pass agreement in Berlin at Christmas was along this line.

LIPPMANN: That's right. The whole talk about blockading West Berlin has stopped. I think the next great step will be in the matter of trade, and there Germany will play a big part.

SPIEGEL: Are you of the opinion that the Berlin ultimatum has been dropped by the Russians for good?

LIPPMANN: At least for the time being. Of course, Khrushchev has said, "We've got your finger in the door." I don't know what could cause this ultimatum to be revived. Perhaps so dreadful a thing as a full-scale war with China about Vietnam. Then the Russians would certainly do something to help the Chinese. It would be foolish to assume that the Russians could be on our side in such a war.

SPIEGEL: Under the circumstances, wouldn't it be a good idea to find a solution for Berlin so that you could get your fingers out of the door?

LIPPMANN: It would be reasonable, but it isn't easy. As long as the war generation is still alive and

the memories of the war on both sides are so strong, I don't believe that it will come about. The reunification of Germany must precede a settlement in Berlin. As long as there are two Germanys, there will also be two Berlins.

SPIEGEL: We mean a provisional solution for Berlin rather than a final settlement.

LIPPMANN: I, too, would view a *modus vivendi* as a favorable development. In such an agreement, the freedom of West Berlin and access to it should be guaranteed, but on the other hand, Berlin should cease to be a center of espionage and propaganda.

SPIEGEL: That brings me to the question of whether you would like to see a moderate *modus vivendi* between the two Germanys.

LIPPMANN: I would. I think Germany can be reunited only if the German nation itself insists upon it. Unification cannot be brought about by Washington, nor even from Moscow. At the moment it looks as if the Germans are not very interested in unification, and are even afraid of it.

SPIEGEL: That is in part because the Germans, because of the negative stand of the Soviet Union, have the impression that reunification is impossible.

LIPPMANN: I don't believe that it's impossible, but I think that the precondition for it is that negotiations be undertaken by both German states. The Russians will not liquidate the German Democratic Republic, and they will also not allow Bonn to liquidate the G.D.R. But they would permit them to come together as two Germanys wanting to be one Germany.

SPIEGEL: This is just another way of liquidating the G.D.R.

LIPPMANN: That may well be. I may be wrong, but I think that the people in the G.D.R. don't want to be part of a conservative state like the Federal Republic. They would want to be left-wing Social Democrats, I think.

SPIEGEL: We don't believe that. For within European socialism there is a tendency toward the right which would not stop at the borders of the German Democratic Republic.

LIPPMANN: I agree with you. This trend to the right makes it easier for the Social Democrats to enter into coalitions with the Christian Democrats. But there is also a movement to the left among the Christian Democrats. I haven't been in the G.D.R., but in Hungary and Poland there is a movement toward a more bourgeois social order, and with the blessing of Moscow.

SPIEGEL: How do you explain that?

LIPPMANN: Because the same thing is happening in Moscow. The Russians, too, are becoming increasingly bourgeois with the change of generations, with the improvement in the standard of living, with a certain affluence. They are materialistic people like the Germans and the Americans.

SPIEGEL: Have you spoken with Khrushchev about that? Do you know how the old revolutionary feels about this process?

LIPPMANN: I haven't seen Khrushchev since 1961. At that time he spoke of peace — what he called peace and what I call *détente*. He knows what war with thermonuclear weapons would be like, and he realizes that he is one of two men in the world who could produce such a war.

SPIEGEL: Do the Chinese also know what such a war would mean?

LIPPMANN: I can't imagine that a man like Chou En-lai would be any more willing to have a nuclear war than Khrushchev or Lyndon Johnson. He wants nuclear weapons for the same reasons that General de Gaulle wants them. If China had nuclear weapons today, there wouldn't be any question about anti-Chinese governments on the frontiers of China. Countries like Vietnam, Thailand, and Burma would be in the Chinese sphere of influence.

SPIEGEL: What should the West do about that?

LIPPMANN: What can you do? You can't stop a development of that sort. The Russians slowed it up, and that is surely one of the causes of their quarrel with China.

SPIEGEL: What other causes are there?

LIPPMANN: There is a historic rivalry between China and Russia. The longest and most difficult frontier in the whole world is the Chinese-Russian border. And Russia is in the possession of land that the Chinese think belongs to them. That is one of the reasons why the Russians don't want to give the Chinese nuclear weapons.

SPIEGEL: How should the West, how should the United States, conduct itself with relation to China?

LIPPMANN: America must attempt to reach the point of *détente* which we have achieved today with Russia before China disposes of nuclear weapons.

SPIEGEL: Do you consider a change in the anti-Chinese policy of the United States to be possible?

LIPPMANN: Not now or in the next two years. But in ten years, certainly. We are now bound in honor to Chiang Kai-shek. But what will happen when Chiang Kai-shek dies? I am sure that the Chinese then will come to an agreement with each other.

SPIEGEL: To what extent is the conflict with China forcing the Russians to taper off the cold war?

LIPPMANN: The Russians have an old rule of warfare: never fight on two fronts. You recall that they appeased Japan as soon as they got into the war in

Europe. The Asiatic front is more dangerous to them in the long run than the European front. They cannot afford to be the supreme power in Asia against the Chinese and the supreme power in Europe against the Western allies. Economic help, financing, trade — they need a great deal which the West alone can supply and which cannot be had from China.

SPIEGEL: What has the West to gain from a *détente* with the Russians?

LIPPMANN: Only through a *détente* can we achieve the unity of Germany which I regard as an absolutely necessary goal for the coming generation. Germany cannot be left divided. The Germans are one people, and they have been punished enough for the war. They have lost territories which they can't get back. This punishment cannot be increased, certainly not for the future Germans. And the reunification of Germany will bring with it the unity of Europe, which would enable us — Europeans and Americans — to turn our attention to the rest of the world, where the problems are enormous.

SPIEGEL: You are thinking of South America, Asia, and Africa?

LIPPMANN: The United States alone cannot make a decent policy in Latin America. The American empire in Latin America has collapsed. And a part of South America is closer to Europe than to the United States. We are faced with a revolution which goes much deeper than Communism, with the revolution of the submerged peoples. This revolution is going to go on long, long beyond anything that any living man can foresee today. The rest of this century, certainly.

SPIEGEL: So you see a form of class struggle between the nations?

LIPPMANN: Yes, this is the real struggle, this is the real revolution of the twentieth century. Whether the backward peoples sometimes imitate the Communists and are infiltrated, or try to do it with us, is secondary to the fact of the struggle.

SPIEGEL: The world will not be peaceful, and neither Russia nor America can lead it?

LIPPMANN: The post-postwar world has begun, in which there are many centers of power and not merely one or two. The idea of supreme American leadership is a silly idea, and it infected no more than a few generals and bureaucrats here. The American people didn't even want to go into the Second World War until we were pushed into it. We all have to make the attempt to live in this unruly world, to canalize and civilize the revolution. But we must not try to fight it.

THE YOUNG POETS

There is every evidence of an increasing interest in ATLANTIC poetry. As an incentive for writers yet unestablished, twice a year we set aside a number of pages in the ATLANTIC to be devoted to the work of young poets.

RUNNING OUT TO SPRING

BY COBURN FREER

As lovers we can only come to spring
Masked from the eyes up like thrushes,
Unless we want to see our skin
Turn slick as liver from our flushing
And our perspiration's sheen.

Run faceless out to spring and run
Obliquely as the birds that whip
Across the grass; we can careen
As fast, we're all alike: except
For eyeholes we are masked and blind.

See, spring's a masker: bees are black
Around the eyes, and bugs all crunch
Beneath their membranes; even rocks
Lie sunk from winter. Lift and stretch
Your hand — here's mine, behind your neck.

In sun we'll practice waking up,
To feel as all feel all things; and if
A mudfish tries all day to sleep
In sun, he still can feel himself
Go blind while he bellies up.

Come running out to spring, composed
And faceless as a bird, rushing
Lest you blister your heel, poised
With your eyes blinking like a thrush's
When he's still. Everything is ours.

DIMINUTIVE ME

SLEEPS GREEN-

BY GREG KUZMA

Diminutive me sleeps green —

Steeped in the immeasurable dawn bath. . . .

Where the amazing Butterbrook slices down

Throwing up marvelous spray from its cascading

Through the miraculous mountain;

Flowing fabulously to the west at the start of

Terrific day,

Diminutive me sleeps huddled within

My diminutive green tent.

Good-byes are what I sleep,

Since all have gone away,

The days of pretty-soon and come-lately;

Of roses and perfumes,

Of country drives,

Of half-fun and whole-fun,

Those true and not-so-true, friends

Whose names are etched in souvenirs

Upon my desk at home, and

Tucked away within my closeted brow. . . .

From which I recall — awakening,

As a green wind rolls over, sighing,

Rustling my tent flaps and ropes that maintain

It here about me, green;

This is tomorrow, today, now,

Should I sleep longer I would regret the passing shower,

Already I regret too much,

I regret, and love, and . . . that I love,

And I walk, and, they tell me, talk

Nonsense for all my nineteen years,

And, I keep bad hours,

Dream too much,

Am not so much afraid as I should be

Of the sick sad bark from the doghouse;

And I pity life obstinately,

Am clumsy, blush too easily,

Ramble further than is right,

Read not enough,

Say too little,

Think too much,

Write badly,

And wake up

Feeling diminutive and green.

BRIDAL LUNCHEON

BY ROSEMARY DANIELL

We harness up our breasts,
Sling beads upon our ears.
Now with slanted eyes we press
To find how she lured the prey.

She smiles a whiskered smile
That tells of vows she made:
His slaking of desire
Within her curved and clawed embrace;

For this, he gives the stones,
The hut, the beads, forever.
Flashing diamond rings,
We toast the bride: so clever!

The ends of cigarettes glitter
Redly from our fingertips.

FIRST LOVE

BY JEAN VALENTINE

How deep we met in the sea, my love,
My double, my Siamese heart, my whiskery,
Fish-belly, glue-eyed prince, my dearest black nudge,
How flat and reflective my eye reflecting you
Blue, gorgeous in the weaving grasses
I wound round for your crown, how I loved your touch
On my fair, speckled breast, or was it my own turning;
How nobly you spilled yourself across my trembling
Darlings: or was that the pull of the moon,
It was all so dark, and you were green in my eye,
Green above and green below, all dark,
And not a living soul in the parish
Saw you go, hélas!
Gone your feathery nuzzle, or was it mine,
Gone your serpentine
Smile wherein I saw my maidenhood smile,
Gone, gone all your brackish shine,
Your hidden curl, your abandoned kill,
Aping the man, liebchen! my angel, my own!
How deep we met, how dark,
How wet! before the world began.

RIDER

BY ADRIANNE MARCUS

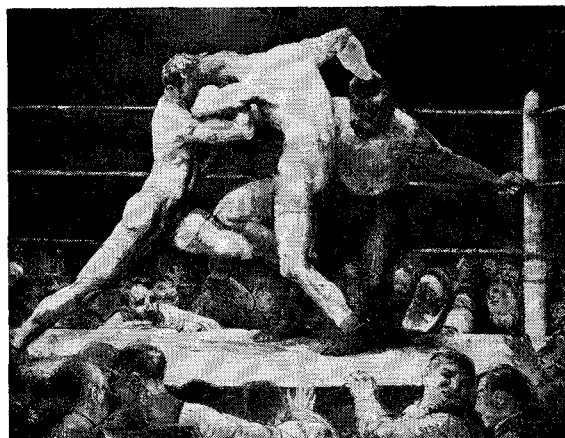
And he rides, he rides like silver
In the arches of the night,
With the smell of sea around
Him and the burning light

Around him. I think I see him
Coming, when I shut my eyes
I hear him, laughing through the
Bed sheets, crawling up my thighs,

Murmuring beside me
Whistling my name,
The narrow eye hangs open
My breastbone cracks again.

He rides, he rides like morning
In the arches of my soul,
The shape, the priest, the answer,
Governing the cold.

BENNY



by Ralph Maloney

Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, RALPH MALONEY graduated from Browne & Nichols and spent the next two years in the Merchant Marine. He entered Harvard in 1947, was drafted in 1950, and after his tour of duty, went to New York to live. His experience in the field of public relations formed the background of his novel, DAILY BREAD, published by Houghton Mifflin in 1960.

BENNY had his first heart attack in the saloon. Another porter, coming in late, found him wrapped around a case of ale he had carried up from the cellar. The porter called the police, and the police took Benny to Bellevue. I didn't visit him in the hospital — he was just another porter to me then — but I sent down money, and in keeping with the image the staff has of me, I sent a bottle.

He had a second attack in his room six months later. He hung out around Eighth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street and had a room somewhere near there. This time his landlady called the police, and the police took Benny not to Bellevue but to the nearest hospital, the French Hospital on Twenty-ninth Street. We were all alarmed when he was missing for several days for the obvious reason that the last time he had been missing for several days he had had a heart attack. I called Bellevue a couple of times to ask for him, and Jimmy Gibbs, the head porter, drove down to Eighth and Twenty-ninth to nose around among the drifters and ask for Benny. Neither of us had any luck. In my case it was because Benny simply wasn't in Bellevue. Jimmy got no information out of the bums because he is a handsome and intelligent Negro, which to a bum means Cop. Jimmy and I were mulling the next step one morning when we were visited by a solemn fat man with a small looseleaf notebook like insurance agents carried in the Depression, and the demeanor of a weeper.

If Jimmy looked like a cop to the bums, this guy looked like a cop to me. I led him to a back booth and we sat. We introduced ourselves, and it turned out he was from the City Department of Labor, which was a relief, for they are cheaper than cops. "This is Gogarty's Restaurant, Inc.," he said.

"Yes."

He opened his looseleaf book and flopped to a

page, heavy as shirt cardboard, that was headed Walsh, Benjamin. "You have an employee here named Benjamin Walsh?"

"Yes. Would you like coffee or something?"

"No, thanks. I had breakfast already. How long has Walsh been employed here?"

"Two years," I said, multiplying by two, a habit I developed giving credit references for bartenders.

"Is he still employed by you?"

"Well, I guess so. If he shows up he's got a job. He disappeared a couple of days ago and we haven't heard from him since and don't know how to get in touch —"

"He is in French Hospital," the Labor man said. "He suffered a coronary attack last Tuesday, his second in six months. What" — he gave me a weepy look at man's inhumanity to man — "were his duties here?"

"Damn few," I said, defensive and annoyed at being put on the defensive. "Since his first attack his duties here have been to arrive at four thirty

Lithograph by George Bellows. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

or so, when the bartenders leave, and stay put until eight, when the working porters arrive."

He didn't believe me. "You mean to tell me he does no work at all. No sweeping, no dishes —"

"Nothing. He's on orders to do nothing. Just sit here and keep warm." That wasn't true, but I was getting a little sore.

"And for that you pay him a full porter's wage," the Labor man stated calmly, not believing a word of it.

The answer was, Of course not, we give him half pay. "We most certainly do," I said.

"May I see your workbook?" he said, dismissing me and the subject at once. The workbook is a piece of rude fiction that restaurant owners are compelled by law to keep on the premises and up to date at all times.

I got up and walked behind the bar. Jimmy Gibbs looked at me the way saloon people look at one another when the police drop by for a conference. "He's from Labor," I said. "He tells me old brother Benny is still with us. He had another attack, all right, but he's in a West Side hospital, which is why we couldn't find him." I rummaged in a drawer full of neckties and old register tapes and bad checks for the book.

"Can't kill old Benny," Jimmy said, and flashed that bright, catchy Negro laughter. "Can't get rid of a good man that easy."

"He'll be back and bitching in a week, Jimmy," I said, and Jimmy and I laughed.

It is important now to speak only for myself and not for Jimmy, who is a nicer guy than I am. I had hoped Benny was dead. I had called Bellevue not to find Benny alive but to ensure him a decent burial. That's not very nice, and I wouldn't say it in public except that I was not alone in the wish. Benny wanted the second attack to be his last, too.

WALSH was not Benny's name. I'd use his straight name, but he is still alive, and all kinds of government agencies would harass him. Between his attacks, because he had little to do but talk, I learned a lot about him. Benny had never paid a tax in his life; he had long ago lost his social security card and forgotten the number, giving his employers a nine-digit number that pleased him; he had never married or voted, never been in the service or registered for the draft. He had never commuted, whelped, sunbathed, conversed, golfed, tipped, or quarreled. He had never owned anything but the clothes on his back, and those I gave him. The only permanent address he might ever have had was jail, and I'm guessing at that. (It's a good guess. His arms were littered with pale monochrome homemade tattoos, jailhouse tattoos

that usually mean a six-month stretch. It takes six months of doing absolutely nothing to get sufficiently bored to submit to an amateur tattoo man.) I discovered Benny's straight name in some clippings he brought me from *Ring* magazine. There was no electric confrontation as with a criminal. I pointed to the name and said "This you?" and he said "Yah." He hadn't changed his name to hide anything, he had just let go of it. Benny was the anticitizen needed to balance out some total citizen in an ordered physical universe. So I'll call him Walsh.

About the clippings from *Ring*: one morning, say about six, Benny joined a discussion on boxers that was going on among the drunken lot of us who had closed Gogarty's at four. He quickly replaced me as resident expert, historian, and arbiter, and nobody likes that, particularly at six in the morning. I challenged his credentials.

"Forty-seven fights," Benny said. "Forty-two wins and a draw."

I was not overwhelmed. In the first place, he would have been fighting in the twenties, when it was not uncommon for a fighter to have a hundred or more fights before retiring, and in the second place, I have never met a drifter over sixty who did not claim forty-odd professional fights in his youth. "Were you ever a contender, Benny?" I asked.

"Well, they didn't have ratings them days, but I fight Dundee twice."

"Johnny Dundee?" a voice asked out of the dark.

"Naw," Benny said to the darkness. "The Italian fella from Baltimore. Joe. Him and his brother was both fighters. I knock him out two minutes of the second round in San Francisco, nineteen twenty-eight. Look it up."

"Joe Dundee was the welterweight champion, wasn't he?" I asked, with what is always called growing respect. I had come suddenly to believe him, and I am impressed by old fighters and baseball players, because the work was much tougher in the old days. For the opposite reason I am not at all impressed by former football greats.

"He win the championship the next year, about a year after I knock him out."

"What happened the second time you fought him?"

"Oh, yah. Like September that year. I knock him out in April, I think. September he beat me ten rounds a decision in the Garden. I got clippings around someplace. I'll bring them in."

He left us then to get the dishes done before the working porters showed up. That was all that they or anybody else asked of him, and he liked to get it done.

Benny finished the story of his second fight with Dundee when he brought me the clippings. "I

coulda took him in the fifth round. I had him goin' in the fourth. But after the round my manager says to me, What am I, crazy? Throwin' away the best payday either of us ever seen? So I let him off the hook, and he goes ten rounds to a decision." As he told me this, I read the clips. I had expected they would be from, say, the San Francisco *Examiner* of the day after the fight, and yellow and fragile and flaking at the edges. I was just learning about Benny. "Friend of mine found these and gave 'em to me," he said. They were two recent obituary columns on a former manager, run in successive issues of *Ring* magazine. Both columns closed by saying that while the dead manager had never handled a champion, he had come that close in 1928 when a boy of his, Benny —, knocked out Joe Dundee in two rounds in San Francisco, and so on. It was then that I learned Benny's straight name.

Long before I saw the clips, in my willingness to believe that I had found a drifter over sixty who actually had been a fighter, I had come to see Benny in a very different way. He was no longer just a slack old man with white hair standing wild all over his head the minute he took off his hat, and with jailhouse tattoos gone the color of his eyes with age. He was the remnant of a tough and not-bright young man who had been thrown in against Dundee (on tour and not training properly), who had given San Francisco ringsiders what they always pay to see and never get: the local boy knocking out the big deal from the East. When I began to see him that way, he started to own me.

FOR different reasons, Benny owned everybody at Gogarty's. From his first day of work, there was always a pile of change on the bar when I came in mornings — coins Benny had found on the floor, sweeping up. It didn't occur to him to pocket the money. He had total access to perhaps four thousand dollars worth of beer and whiskey, but he would wait until I came in to ask permission to have a drink. That kind of honesty is not inconceivable to me, and I was only impressed. But when the bartenders and waiters, thieves and drunkards all, learned of it, they stood in awe akin to shock. They gave him money from their tips and stealing to show he owned them outright.

Jimmy Gibbs is as honest a man as you're going to meet in matters of money or booze, but Jimmy's honesty is not pervading. Like me, he will lie for harmony and put up with people who are not worth putting up with and laugh when nothing is really funny. It's not obsequiousness. It's *schmier* in the truest sense, and is quite civilized in intent at least. Benny had none of that in him. He knew

one way to tell things — the way they happened. He could not and would not abide a fool, even a rich one, and if he saw nothing funny, he didn't laugh. He would even fall into a sulk over some imagined slight from Gordon Stark — the owner of Gogarty's and not only Benny's employer, his benefactor — and refuse to speak to him even on payday, when Gordon was pressing money on him. Out of that kind of honesty, Benny came to own Jimmy Gibbs.

Gordon Stark did not need to be liked, but he enjoyed it. Benny wouldn't give him an inch. Not even, as I have said, on payday, when Gordon was pushing money into his hand. It may have been precisely this refusal to show a shred of gratitude, or it may have been the marvelous arrogance of his sulks. One way or another, Benny's wholly uncivilized and crotchety honesty got to Gordon, and he owned him, too.

When Benny came out of the hospital after his first attack, we kept him on the payroll with strict orders *not* to work. He could do the dishes while he was waiting for the other porters to arrive, but he was not to lay a hand on a broom, and he was never to enter the cellar again. There had been a rash of burglaries in the neighborhood, Gordon explained to me when I asked him just what Benny was supposed to do. Having somebody, anybody, present and visible in the store would discourage prowlers, he said. I nodded. It is bad for a guy like Gordon to know somebody owns him, and I saw no sense rubbing it in.

After his second attack, Benny's grip on everything but our sympathies slackened noticeably. The first attack had been service-incurred, so to speak, and we felt a definite responsibility. The second took place the morning after Andy's day off, and was simply not our fault, or so we reasoned.

Furthermore, there was money. We paid him half pay to do no more than come around and collect once a week. I still respected Benny; Jimmy Gibbs was still kind of in love with him; the night crew still stood in awe of his principle, and whatever hold he had on Gordon had grown rather than diminished. But Benny's pay was just so much money out of somebody else's pocket. He became for us an apartment on which we had unwisely signed a lease, and the rent for which had to be paid, although we had no need to open the door. "I pay enough taxes to support him and a dozen like him." Gordon would rant, with justice, on the days Benny was to be paid. "There are plenty of agencies. Welfare, unemployment insurance, social security, old age pension. The Wagner Act was twenty years ago. He's an old, sick man who can't work anymore. This ain't Dickens. He can eat and live. I pay taxes so he

can eat and live. And me, too, if the same thing happens." Gordon would then brandish Benny's salary before my face, trusting in my abiding fondness for cash, and holler, "You and I could bounce around all night on this money." He had a point.

He had a point, but it was for entirely different reasons that I decided Benny had to go. Not go out and die, of course, or we would have kept him. But go on relief or unemployment or collect the old-age benefits to which he was certainly entitled. Jimmy and I told him repeatedly to register, at least, with the appropriate agencies, and we discovered he had done nothing of the kind. I decided that he hadn't bothered even to register because he had his three hots and a flop from us, that he wouldn't make a move until I cut him off. I was wrong, it turned out, but that is the way I would behave, and none of us has much more to go on than that.

When I had made up my mind that Benny had to go, I said nothing until payday, waiting for Gordon's weekly tirade and planning to agree with him for a change. Perhaps because he was hung over, Gordon ended his discourse on money down the drain on a sad note, which made what I intended to do seem somehow cruel. "He doesn't even like me!" Gordon shouted. "I don't mind the money or the extra work for everybody. Not for somebody who liked me. But he hates me!"

"Well, let's cut him loose," I said. "You pay him, and I'll tell him today's the last day."

Gordon immediately granted a stay of execution and made me look like a rat. "We'll give him another week. I'll tell him today that next week is the last week. Come on, Ralph, where's the old sonofabitch going to go?" That's the way things happened around Benny.

ABOUT the time Gordon and I dropped Benny from the payroll, a bartender named Leigh discovered an apartment that nobody who has ever resided in New York will believe. The fact is it was an eight-room duplex with garden on East Fifty-eighth Street for one hundred and fifty dollars a month. I contracted for half of the rent, and Leigh and I moved Benny into the downstairs of the duplex—a small bedroom and large kitchen. We reserved for ourselves a couple of rooms apiece on the street-level floor. Benny was to be our "man," although we never said so in his hearing or he would have gone bananas. His duties were to empty the ashtrays once in a while and remake the beds if they ever got empty. Leigh liked the idea of the two of us living with our "man" so much that he bought Benny a new bed at Bloomingdale's and a secondhand television set

for the kitchen table. I saw to it that there was plenty of food in the refrigerator.

But we gave him no money. We tried to create a need so that Benny would be compelled to seek federal or state or municipal help. Still he did not apply. Then Leigh hit upon nagging. When he discovered the enormous apartment, I conceded he was resourceful and perhaps bright. When he discovered nagging, I decided he was a genius. Benny couldn't stand being pestered, and Leigh and I hounded him to apply to the agencies which were literally holding money for him. Our nuisance value was enough to make him register, but no money came of it. Rather, we received almost daily a noisy report of Benny's newest clash with some minor figure of authority. "'How do you live now?' he asks me. 'How do I live now?' I says. 'I got friends and I do spot work.' 'What's spot work?' he says. 'You want to know what spot work is?' I says. 'I'll tell you what spot work is. Spot work is you go to the super of a building and you ask him does he want the hall swabbed out or the stairs swept down. Coupla bucks. That's spot work,' I told him." As the words rushed out of him, Benny waved his arms in furious symmetry, like a maniac playing Simon Says. For reasons of his own he was courting defeat. At times he looked and sounded as though to ensure defeat he was perfectly willing to start a fight.

My loyalties were with Benny, but my sympathy went to the people behind the desks Benny was sent to. They were there to help the unemployed, the aged, and the infirm, and before them stood a man who met all three qualifications beautifully, but who wanted to start a fight. "Take it easy, Benny," Leigh or I would say. "Play the game. Be nice to the guy. Once you're approved, all you have to do is roll over once a month so they can put a check in your pocket." (Now that I think about it, it seems half of my conversations with Benny began, "Take it easy, Benny —")

At any rate, Benny got no unemployment because he hadn't applied within six weeks of losing his last job; he got no social security because he didn't have a card and couldn't get a card without a birth certificate, which, of course, he didn't have either. These were all valid obstacles, yes, but they were thrown up in justifiable response to Benny's animosity. They could be removed if Benny would take off his hat and talk sensibly to the officials involved. But that hat wouldn't come off his head, and it annoyed hell out of me. I don't mean to say he should have bent his knee. I didn't want that. I just wanted him to state his case in civil terms and get the money that was coming to him. He wouldn't do it.

My annoyance—and that was all it was—was compounded by the simple fact that Benny

did not keep the apartment even bachelor-clean. If the ashtrays got emptied, it was not because he emptied them; if fresh linen got on the beds, it was because Leigh or I put it there. Leigh wanted to give the place up and take a two-and-a-half and have a maid in once a week for the same money. No New Yorker gives up a big, cheap apartment without considerable mulling, and I decided to have a talk with Benny.

When I got downstairs to talk to Benny, I found him sitting at the kitchen table before the television set, utterly engrossed in the wrestling matches. My annoyance then almost got out of hand. If he had been upstairs emptying the ashtrays, just emptying the lousy ashtrays, he would have had a roof for the winter, and I wouldn't have had to surrender my enormous apartment. I said, "What are you watching those bums for?"

Benny turned to me briefly and said, "It's all fixed, y'know," and turned back to the screen, totally rapt.

"I know it's all fixed. It's all faked, too. You know that better than I do. Why do you bother watching?"

He put his finger on the screen — he was that close — and demonstrated for me that absence of appreciation for the verities of combat that old fighters for some appalling reason share with the ringside haridans on Channel 5. "This guy in the leotard here, the Bruiser, he's a killer. A man ain't the same after he's been in with him."

Months of accumulated annoyance just flushed away. "Leotard! Where in hell did you pick up a word like leotard?"

Benny threw his thumb over his shoulder in a gesture of surprising vehemence. "All Leigh's girls," he said, "they all wear leotards. There's leotards in every room upstairs."

Then I saw something I should have seen long before. "Is that why you don't clean upstairs?"

"You don't know what goes on here afternoons. After you go out — Boy. I don't go upstairs except to go to the bathroom, go out."

I knew precisely what went on upstairs: the same thing, with embellishments, that goes on upstairs everywhere. "What goes on upstairs, Benny?"

"When you ain't around, Leigh's got all his friends in all day and girls and liquor and I'll tell you what." He turned from the wrestling match to face me. "God knows what they're smokin' up there. I went up one time, I thought maybe the carpet was on fire, somethin'. I go up there and ask what's on fire, and they all laugh like hell at me." He turned back to the television, a small hump between his shoulders pulsing with indignation. "I go upstairs to go to the bathroom, go out. That's all."

What I was seeing then that I should have seen

a long time before was the puritan strain in Benny. How pleased his manager must have been, some forty years ago, to have found this kind of fighter. "A good boy," he could tell the other managers in San Francisco's equivalent of the Neutral Corner. "Don't even smoke. I don't have to watch him before a fight, he wouldn't look at a woman anyway." How alarmed that manager must have been in the Garden in September, 1928, when he knew he had sixty seconds to persuade his puritan to let Dundee off the hook.

That conversation was the end of the apartment. Benny could not live in Leigh's sin, and I could not live in dirt. "We're moving out of here in a couple of weeks, Benny," I said. "You'll want to find yourself a pad somewhere, so start looking. You need any money in the meantime, let me know. Right?"

Benny certainly had known something like this was going to happen when he stopped cleaning. He didn't take his eyes off the Bruiser. "OK, Ralph," he said, "thanks for the room." Not a complaint in the world. I don't think he had the mechanisms to complain. Just bitch.

IT WAS a long winter for Benny. His luck and a lot of the people he owned ran out on him. After we surrendered the apartment, Leigh and his entourage took off for Tangiers, then the mecca of the live-it-up set, so there was nothing from them. Furthermore, there is a steady, if not rapid, turnover of bartenders at Gogarty's. With every month, fewer of them knew who the old man was, and they had no idea they were supposed to share their tips and stealing with him. Gordon Stark felt, probably correctly, that he had done more than enough. Benny was left with Jimmy Gibbs and me.

Every two or three days, when I arrived at the saloon, Benny would be standing in the next doorway, bunched shoulders almost touching in the cold. He could have waited inside. He had been inside and been welcomed and fed by Jimmy, but he preferred to wait for me in the next doorway, freezing. (That would be part of the self-immolation that made him a manager's delight. "I don't hafta make him work out, I gotta make him stop. He'd run to Chicago, I told him it was roadwork.") Benny would shuffle a step or two out of the doorway to make sure I saw him as I got out of the cab, and I would walk over to him and give him what he needed or what I could spare, whichever was the lesser. There was never a hard-luck story. His need was too obvious. He'd say, "I could use five if you got it," and I would lay five on him if I had it. That was the sum of the conversation.

For an old drifter, winter in New York is a death of a harsh kind. On the Bowery, prowling cars drive slowly in December because there's always some bum trying to throw himself under the wheels so he can spend Christmas indoors. Whenever I saw Benny I gave him money, but I was in town only three or four days a week that winter, and the old man got into pretty shocking shape. He contracted pneumonia, which is not surprising, and survived it, which is miraculous, because he cultivated the pneumococcus every way he knew and had no desire to survive it.

I have said that when he disappeared the second time, with what we later learned was a second heart attack, I had wished Benny dead. If it is at all possible to have decent motives in wishing a man dead, I had them. It is all right to divorce yourself from the world, to make concessions to nobody, when you are twenty-nine and knock out Joe Dundee. It is also all right to be the anti-citizen when you are of simple habits and can make all the money you need sweeping out bars. It is another thing entirely to be sixty-two, broke, and the veteran of two coronaries, and try to remain angry and right. The sad fact is it can't be done. I knew it and wished him dead. Benny knew it, too, and worked on his pneumonia all winter, to no avail.

AROUND the first of the year a curious thing happened. Jimmy Gibbs and two of his aunts bought a house somewhere on western Long Island. Jimmy was to move his wife and three kids up from Pittsburgh, and the aunts were to move down from Harlem, and everybody was to live in matriarchal contention in the new house. It was all a trap set by the family for Jimmy, to make him go back to his wife and settle down. The curious bit is that Jimmy invited Benny to move in with the lot of them for as long as he wanted to stay. Just to move in and be their guest. If that doesn't strike you as curious, you have been out of the country a long time. Benny never declined the invitation, but he never moved in, either. Jimmy said nothing about it to me, but I think he was a little hurt. He may have thought Benny's lack of acceptance had something to do with color. Well, it didn't. Benny wanted no connection with people, and it made no difference to him what color they were. If he had moved in with the Gibbses he would then have been part of something; they would learn his habits and he theirs; he would share their lives and they would share his. Benny preferred to die in the street. That he would necessarily do all alone and therefore perhaps do quite well.

The last, or almost the last, that any of us saw of

Benny was a morning visit he had with Jimmy Gibbs. I was on my way to the country for a few days and stopped at Gogarty's for a couple of free drinks for the trip. Jimmy had finished his work and was having *his* couple of free drinks before driving to his new home. We sat together at the end of the bar.

"Benny was here this morning," Jimmy said, ready to laugh, almost strangling on a bubble of glee.

I smiled, waited for the rest of it. "He come in like he comes in most mornings. You know, shufflin' along, and he goes straight to the kitchen. Most mornings he asks me is it all right for him to make coffee and do I want some. Not this morning. He goes straight to the kitchen." Jimmy gave a quick burst of laughter at what was to come, and I laughed with him for no reason at all. "This morning he goes right ahead and makes himself some coffee and he makes some for me and he sets the cups and the sugar and all on the table and says, 'Jimmy, come on over here and sit down.'" Here Jimmy gave another burst of laughter at the thought of old Benny bossing him. "So I went over and sat down real politely and he says, 'Have some coffee.' I figure OK and I have some coffee and Benny says to me, '*You* work, Jimmy. Work your ass off. I quit!'" At this Jimmy went into gales and took me with him. When he got his wind he went on, quoting Benny. "'I ain't never workin' another day in my life. I ain't raisin' a hand. Worked all my life it got me no place. *You* work. I quit!'"

"So I said, 'That's real nice, Benny'" — again Jimmy went off into that catchy gleeful laughter, taking me with him — "'That's *real* nice,' I said. 'What do you figure to do? Maybe I'll quit and do it with you,' and Benny throws a check on the table with holes in it and I pick it up and it's made out to Benny for three hundred forty-two dollars and change."

"Somebody downtown liked him," I said.

"Hell, no. He bitched enough he got himself shut off everywhere. Couldn't get a cent. Then some old bum buddy of his told him to try the Legal Aid Society. Legal Aid lawyer took Benny to social security and they're out of there in twenty minutes. Couple days later Benny gets his check for almost four months back payments. Since he registered."

It is altogether possible that I was getting a little stiff, because I was almost in pain at the news. I mopped at a juicy eye and said, "Beautiful. Benny with three bills in his pocket. What's he going to do with all that money?"

Jimmy mimicked Benny. "I'm gonna sleep all mornin', go to the pitcher show every afternoon and the fights at the Garden every Saturday

night.” It was Benny exactly, and we both laughed for a long time.

“Whoa!” I said finally, wiping both eyes. “When are we going to see him again?”

“He’ll be back. He said he’d be dropping in from time to time to see how the *lay-boring* class was making out.” And Jimmy and I both laughed some more, which proves beyond doubt that both of us were stiff.

I NEVER SAW Benny again. When I got back to town there was a Western Union money order waiting for me for fifty dollars, a sum Benny and I had decided upon weeks before. It was less than I had given him and more than I had ever expected to get from him. I had set a figure because I was sure that if I told him to forget the whole thing his pride would get to him and he’d starve or freeze before he asked for more. I cashed the money order at once so that Benny would reckon we were even and would know the door was open if he got hung up again. I also cashed the money order at once because I have never known a day when I couldn’t use an extra fifty bucks.

Weeks passed, and months, and I had pretty much forgotten Benny. It was easy enough. Nobody spoke of him to me, and he no longer shuffled out of the next doorway to greet me on arrival. Jimmy brought him back to mind. I overheard him make a mildly bitter reference to Benny as he and his men sat at lunch. “What kind of talk is that about old Benny?” I said.

A porter at Jimmy’s side who knew Benny well waved a piece of bread at me and said, “Benny who, Benny what?”

“Hasn’t he been around?” I asked. I had assumed Benny still visited once in a while, but that he came around early in the morning, when I do my sleeping.

Jimmy looked at me evenly, as though I were somehow to blame, being white. “He ain’t been back here since the morning I told you about. Morning he made coffee and showed me his check. Not one time. Not to say hello or go to hell.”

“Jesus,” I said, “I hope he’s not dead. Not now that he’s got some money and can enjoy himself for a change.”

“He ain’t dead,” Jimmy said.

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure,” Jimmy said, and bent quickly to his food, as though he had said more than he wanted to. “I’ll talk to you about it later,” he added, to show we were still friends.

He never did talk to me about it later, although we often spoke of Benny. It’s my guess that Jimmy got worried about Benny and drove over to Twenty-ninth and Eighth only to find Benny sunning himself on a bench or shuffling out of a doorway. Instead of being relieved that Benny was alive, Jimmy was sore he hadn’t visited. I don’t blame him. I’m a little sore myself. All this is a guess, of course. I’ve never asked Jimmy how he knew Benny was alive and I’m not going to. But I’m curious, and I’m waiting for him to volunteer the information. Perhaps one day when he looks like Uncle Tom and I look like Barry Fitzgerald he will tell me. Until then it’s his business.

When we talk about Benny, Jimmy grills me. He assumes that I have some responsibility for the man’s behavior, or that I will know some of the answers, because I am white. Over and over again I say I don’t know, which is my favorite answer always and particularly appropriate here. But the fact is I know all the answers and I don’t like to talk about it.

Jimmy is wrong in thinking that Benny belongs to the white race. Uncle Sam is wrong in thinking he belongs to the United States. He doesn’t belong to Gordon, who pressed money on him he could not afford, or to the bartenders who shared tips and stealing with him, or to Leigh, who bought him a television set and a bed. He doesn’t belong to Jimmy, who fed him and offered him his home. He doesn’t even belong to the family that raised him and whose name he simply let go of without cheer or remorse. He doesn’t belong to you, which is OK, and he doesn’t belong to me, which is not OK at all.

That’s the part that hurts, of course, and why I never explain all this to Jimmy. Because I am an independent sort myself, because I am a fight buff, because I am vain, I thought the old sonofabitch belonged to me. He doesn’t, so when Jimmy asks me how Benny could duck out on us like that, expecting some answer from me because I am similarly abandoned, and more, because I am white like Benny, I just say I don’t know.



Sheila Burnford

SHEILA BURNFORD is a Canadian doctor's wife whose tale of three animals, entitled THE INCREDIBLE JOURNEY, has become a classic of its kind. This is the second of two essays taken from her new book, THE FIELDS OF NOON, which will be published this month by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

WALKING

OF ALL the precepts instilled into me from early childhood in Scotland, none has remained as firmly to this day as come rain or shine, hell or high water, no able-bodied person should spend all day indoors; if not actually immoral, it was a very close thing. Once outside, if not otherwise actively engaged, one should go for a good walk. This attitude was, of course, endorsed to the hilt by the canine elders of the family. One graduated, therefore, from being taken for one's good daily walks, accompanied by these despots, to accompanying them on their walks by one's self. There would be a wholesale emigration of North American dogs to Scotland if they knew the conditions that exist there for them: wonderful walks, at least twice a day, in a damp, smell-enhancing climate; three or four miles, up hill and down dale, uncollared, unleashed — for I have no reason to believe that the gumbooted feet of Scotland's young are not still kicking their way through the puddles and squelching across the moors for the good of their souls and the pleasure of the family dogs. Those gumboots — My children, looking at my photographs one day, remarked that we never seemed to wear anything else, and did we even wear them in bed? For they had come across a photograph of me standing on a hillside in pajamas, with the ubiquitous gumboots on my feet. When I explained that I was on my way to the beck, or creek, and that when we stayed with my cousins in Cumberland we used to immerse our-

selves in it before breakfast, they looked at me as though I had partaken in some strange prehistoric rite.

Some families enjoyed walking together, or in pairs; not ours. My brother, having first found out what direction I was going in, would take his share of dogs and go off in the opposite; my father took his friend the Sheriff for what he called a "tramp"; where they tramped to nobody knew. The Sheriff always seemed to be hurrying to catch up from his two paces to the rear, and it was generally supposed that my father snapped his fingers and said "Heel, sir!" every now and then to encourage him. My mother said that if she could count nothing but the miles she had walked to and from church in her childhood, they would take her halfway around the globe, and she flatly refused to walk anywhere nowadays except around the golf course with her favorite caddy, Dugald, trotting at her heels. Except on Sunday, when the golf course was not open, and then my heretic mother, the only true Scot among us, would put her shameless, unwalking feet up and settle for the afternoon with a novel and some close study of next week's racing form while the rest of Scotland poured out for the traditional Sunday walk. Brought up in the strictest Presbyterian household, where Sunday was a joyless day spent listening to ministers of the yawning-abyss, wrath, and gloom school and the lightest literature allowed was Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, she reveled in the com-

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paratively sybaritic Sundays that were hers now through marriage into the Church of England. "There but for the grace of your father go I," she said happily one day in the West Highlands, watching the long procession in its Sabbath black straggling over the hill to the uncompromising varnished deal interior of the local church, and the uncompromising oratory of its minister, who held little hope for the eternal prospects of the human race as he found it in this congregation and who considered all pleasure a sin.

But my mother's emancipation did not extend to her children: she had duly served her walking time; we must serve ours. Wet days, dry days, muddy days, blizzard days we walked; and all over Scotland the pattern was the same, particularly on Sunday, when the ranks were swelled by the heads of the households and the weekend visitors — doors opening and the walkers walking forth before the cooling memories of after-church roast beef. (How strange it must have looked from some celestial viewpoint — like an indeterminate ant colony; or what a fascinating picture it would make for one of those motion studies — lines zigzagging to and fro, up and down, in some pointless abstract pattern.) The purists, the weekend walkers, set forth with heads and hearts up and chests out, knobbly ash walking sticks clenched in swinging hands; the Sunday strollers, to-the-cemetery-and-back or to-tea-with-Aunt-Agnes, went in groups, their furled umbrellas suspended from a wrist strap over their respectable black gloves; then came the dour, pre-occupied whippet-walkers, their minds on next Saturday's race, stickless save for a possible twig between the teeth, their wide-collared dogs slipping along like medieval wraiths on six inches of lead. Then there were the eccentrics, like the jogtrotting Colonel of the Dandie Dinmonts and malacca sword stick, the loping Games Mistress in lacrosse boots, pushing her bicycle in the basket of which sat a panting pug, or some of the hairier kilted ones, with shepherds' crooks and city voices. And then, of course, there were the day-in-day-outers — the children, the gumbooted habitués, who twirled, dangled, or dragged their walking sticks, and it mattered not what kind of stick as long as it had a curved handle.

We could not possibly walk without curved handles to our sticks, invaluable for hooking around the necks of recalcitrant dogs, pulling down branches, rattling along the palings of St. Bride's, prodding; one could practice golf strokes, or ice hockey when the river froze; one could, one supposed, brandish the stick menacingly should a menacing situation arise — or thrust it through an enemy's bicycle spokes. Once mine fended off the vicious wing blows of a swan being rescued from the frozen backwaters; another time I hurled it

like a boomerang at a stoat intent upon a nerveless rabbit — but, being me, of course I hit the rabbit instead and knocked it out cold. Fortunately the stoat was so amazed at this performance that I was able to pick the rabbit up without incident.

WE WALKED, *how* we walked — so conditioned by custom were we that when we grew out of childhood and gumboots we continued to walk in adulthood and stout brogues (there were no teen-agers then, just children and responsible adults) — through the bracken and heather of the West Highland hills, and over the Galloway moors, and miles along the white sweep of beaches at low tide. I remember the Cotswolds in early spring: out of the whipping wind and into the still sanctuary of the medieval "wool" churches, those exquisite Gothic tributes raised by the munificence and devotion of men who made their fortunes from the fleece of the Cotswold sheep, their native limestone mellowed sometimes to a pale gold, holding and yet reflecting light. We took rubbings from the brasses set into the flagstones: the wool merchants with their long pointed shoes and pious hands, side by side with their wimpled wives, attended often by a devout kneeling staircase of their many children. Then out from the church into the thin, clear Whitsun sunshine, to sit on a bench outside the inn with a tankard of beer and sweet Spanish onions on bread and cheese, and on across the green rolling country by bridle path and right of way and Roman road to the next church, perhaps Saxon or Norman this time, with a leper's squint or an especially interesting tympanum. Twelve miles was a pleasant day's stroll. That I found such pursuits wholly absorbing and satisfying is a complete mystery to my daughters today. At times I think they think we walked simply because the wheel had not been invented.

Sometimes, as in the Black Mountains in Wales, we combined walking with mild climbing, and then we promoted ourselves to climbing boots. These were rather special: they came from a shop in London that outfitted explorers and mountaineers, and even to look at them made one feel intrepid and Outward Bound. We prepared them for the assault by wearing them with the normal quota of socks, then standing in a tub of water. After that we clacked briskly and soggly around Kensington Gardens on their half-inch studs. A few days of this treatment, plenty of Dubbin, and they were molded forever into the most perfect foot-fitting contours. I have mine yet. They took me over the Black Mountains and later the Grampians, over the crags of Cumberland following fellhounds, and I never had a blister. Though I must in all honesty confess I never had a blister either when we fol-

lowed those same hounds as children, wearing, naturally, gumboots — what else?

Following these fox (mountain fox) hounds was the supreme test of a walking childhood: it might have been the goal for which one trained from infancy. This was the same rock-clad mountainous country over which that view halloo that “would awaken the dead” rang; and John Peel hunted his heterogeneous pack on shanks’ mare then as we did now, for it is no country for horses. It was a businesslike pack and hunted not for pleasure but for purpose, since there are hungry cubs as well during the lambing season, and foxes will turn to lamb-worrying when for some cyclic reason there is a lack of the small game that normally satisfies them.

When we children were there during the Easter holidays, we used to stuff a hunk of gingerbread and a couple of apples in our pockets and follow all day (and if any Olympic trainers are interested I can heartily recommend soggy gingerbread for staying power: it seems to glue body and soul together most comfortably), straight up the hillside to the towering crags and down over the other side, walking, jogtrotting, walking, trotting, clutching our thumbs in clenched hands to keep the “stitch” at bay; short legs trying to keep up with the long tireless strides of the hill farmers and shepherds who made up the bulk of the field. The policy was to reach a vantage point on some peak and watch how events were shaping; and too often one reached that peak only to find that the pack was streaming over the next one and out of sight. I remember shivering in the rain, and the mist clinging like spiders’ webs to our sodden jerseys as we tried to find our bearings on part of the Roman Way that runs die-straight across the crest of the range, and from somewhere in the thick mist beyond the eerie echoing clamor of hounds, on one side the yapping of the terriers, and from another the huntsman shouting to someone — all confused and cross-echoing, so that one was surrounded by meaningless sound in a nightmare vacuum. And at the end of the day the long light-headed walk back across the fells, until we slid down the last screes to Mardale, and the ancient cottage that my cousins used for holidays, with its foot-thick walls, crouched against a fold of the hills above the lake; and if it was Saturday night old Hannah might have caldrons of water on the kitchen range for a bath in the tin tub that hung in the barn and doubled sometimes as a punt on the lake. It was set up in the slate-tiled pantry, and we children bathed two at a time in order of precedence.

The fish swim through the cottage now, and waterweeds rise from the belfry of the tiny church nearby, for the lake level was raised by a great new dam to supply the North of England. The church was one of the smallest in England, if not

the smallest: I know that on a Sunday our two families filled it. Uncle Dick, when he was there, played the harmonium for the service. He was Irish to the core, and it was rhythmically impossible for him to stick to strict dirge rhythm in the hymns: our Christian soldiers marched onward as though bound for Phil the Fluter’s ball, and it was difficult to keep one’s feet from tapping as we cheerfully roared our hosannas in jig time. When there was no one available for the harmonium there was a Gramophone, so ancient that it lacked only the white terrier at its gigantic horn. I think we were allowed our choice of the few records, and I vividly remember the panic one Easter with everybody down on hands and knees searching for the one and only needle, dropped by the rector’s old shaky fingers.

WALKING on the Continent was an economical form of holiday, with students’ cuts on the fares and friendly farmers with hospitable barns. I walked in the Black Forest, but the masses of other walkers there disenchanted me; and I found the lederhosened, dirndled *Wandervögel* rather tiresome in their muscular exuberance and vocal folksiness. I walked and climbed the Dinaric Alps of Yugoslavia in a trance of young love, on the other hand, and treasured every inch. I remember being astonished when someone said those hills were stony and arid; my memories were of halcyon heights, over which one trod, light-footed, on a carpet of asphodel (and the *raison d’être* for my state of mind was a German, which must prove something).

The most memorable walking of all was on the High Pyrenees in that long golden summer of 1939. I think we all knew somehow that it would be the last summer of the carefree years, and that soon we would be scattered; and we filled every hour of each day, unconsciously storing up memories, like squirrels hoarding nuts before the onslaught of winter. Jill, my companion of many miles of walking, and I based ourselves in the inn on the summit of the Col d’Aubisque; the altitude was about 5600 feet, so we were above the tree line and into the high pastureland where the thin, clear air was spiced and fragrant with the profusion of flowers that grew there, nothing exotic, just sweet, common country flowers, rare only in their abundance on the heights and their enhanced fragrance: iris, poppies, campanula, coltsfoot and lady’s-smock, carpets of genista and the golden fire of gorse — all the flowers, in fact, of country childhood. The only sounds, carried for miles in the high stillness, were the ice-cold torrents and waterfalls, the melodic tinkling of the sheep bells, and the sleepy noontime clicking of the cicadas; and the only other human beings we met were the tall,

lean Pyrenean shepherds, with their woven blankets slung across one shoulder and the long traditional crooks.

We had been young and foolish enough, before we left, to take a bet that we would not cross over into Spain. Madrid had fallen at last, only a few weeks before, and foreigners were hardly welcome in that chaotic land; however, after a long and devious struggle, we secured visas which filled two pages in our passports and seemed to consist mainly of "*no autorizado para*" this and that. The issued numbers on them were so low that we must have been lucky to get them at all. I had a beautiful contour map from the French Alpine Club that showed the mule tracks that zigzagged between the contour lines of the French Pyrenees and across the frontier into Spain. We decided to cross from Gavarnie; the track wiggled along above the course of the Gave des Tourettes, then down into Spanish Bujaruelo. The walk would be about four or five hours with an easy ascent of about 3000 feet over the Port de Gavarnie, and the only thing to worry about was the vagaries of the mountain weather, which can suddenly produce a blizzard or a dense mist out of a clear blue sky. But we were lucky — the only mist rolled back before us in the early morning, and when we crossed the highest point it lay cradled in clouds in the valley far below, so that as we stood there an eagle flew out of it below us; and then, as a wisp of cloud drifted away, the heads of a string of grazing horses suddenly emerged, disembodied, surrealist, on the rim of the great bowl below. It was pleasant walking; canvas and rope-soled espadrilles were just right, except where the snow still lay in drifts; the light winds were cool from the Gabietou and Taillon glaciers above, the glaciers that fed the marrow-chilling mountain streams.

Sometimes we saw a soleless boot or worn-out espadrilles, or other mute evidences of the republican refugees who had poured over the frontiers after the agony of Catalonia only a few weeks before — the cold must have been cruel beyond endurance then. We ate our lunch unhurriedly, looking down into Spain from our aerie on a crag, then traversed the last steep slopes, well pleased with ourselves, and crossed the little bridge over the Ara into Bujaruelo, which consisted of about three hovels. Two barefoot scarecrow *carabinieri*, the only inhabitants apparently, popped out of the nearest hovel and brandished rifles at us. I remember the closeness of the air down there after our rarefied altitudes, and the squalor of the onetime *posada*, now the guardhouse, the scrawny chickens scratching on the dirt floor, the utter poverty.

We spoke kindergarten Spanish, and the guards no English. We showed them our visas, and indicated that we wanted to walk on to Torla, another

two hours away, where there should be an inn. Our visas meant nothing: we could cross at Roncesvalles possibly, not here; we must return whence we came. We pointed to the bastionlike range we had just come over, the thousands of feet we must climb again to reach the track: it is dangerous, we said, trying to look like frail Ingleez misses, for we are already tired, and the sun will sink; we might lose our way — wolves, mist, starvation. They shrugged indifferently. Take us to your leader, at once, we said, switching to not-to-be-trifled-with British lionesses. They shrugged again: their leader *might* return within a week, if we cared to await his decision . . . and they indicated the flea-ridden hovel with an unmistakable leer; but to Torla, no, *non, niente, nein*. A night on the bare mountain in a blizzard with genuine wolves would be preferable, we decided. I had the forethought to get one of them to sign the map as evidence for our bet; and then, after we had drunk a tiny glass of thick yellow, indescribably potent liquid, we set out groggily for the return ascent, which looked by now about as inviting as the north face of Everest. The Guardia escorted us up to the first ridge, their rifles slung over their shoulders — at my urgent request, for I had not fancied their initial horsing around with playful pointings and merry imitations of clicking triggers, and they had complied with extraordinary meekness. We climbed on by ourselves, after shaking hands all around, and I have a vivid picture of them still in my mind, leaning on their rifles in the almost identical pose of the shepherds with their crooks, dwindling below us as we in turn dwindled to crawling flies above them, until at last they were hidden from sight. It was a long, rough, weary haul back, but so buoyant is youth that I remember little of it, only the welcome lights of the little town of Gavarnie and trying to keep awake over a particularly superb dinner in a wooden, half-decked room that hung out over the rushing torrent of the river. And I daresay we were up early next morning and on our way to Turon.

THE habit of daily walking has been instilled too deeply now ever to be broken. Today the temperature is ten degrees, and the winds at twenty-five from the northwest, hardly ideal conditions, yet I know only too well that by three o'clock my conscience will begin to gnaw, and the dog will contribute to its unease by constant supplication and pacings to and from the door. Sooner or later, a brainwashed robot, I will be in the car with Raimie on the front seat beside me, heading down to the lake to walk out across the ice to the lighthouse and watch the iceboats. Or, and more likely, we will drive up to the bluffs behind Current River on

the city boundary, where we have found wonderful winter walking territory: constant sleigh runners have packed the snow hard enough to walk on the surface without snowshoes or skis. This is essential, for Raimie is large and heavy and he is not young anymore; he has had one broken shoulder, and this winter dislocated another, so floundering around in deep snow is too hard on him. Even in deepest winter there is always something to see or hear — paw prints, strange wind sculptures of snow, and only now can one appreciate the delicate intricacies of the long curved grasses etched against the snow, and the perfect austerity of the bare trees. Vivid colors by their very scarceness take on a new depth and value: the rich rose of pine grosbeaks in a mountain ash against the perfect whiteness of snow stained scarlet with downcast berry flecks; the flashing brilliance of a blue jay against the dark green of spruce; or the subtle glowing pinkness of birchbark in the low winter sun.

I love the sounds of winter too: the sudden crack of a branch like a pistol shot, the deep sonic booming far under the ice roads on the lake, and the soft brushing of heavy snow-laden spruce branches; but the most exciting sound of all is heard when one puts one's ear to the ice above a bend in the river that is normally deep and turbulent with currents: the liquid chuckling notes, rushing and sighing in the ice caverns below, sound like distant music played behind closed marble doors. And if anyone wants to hear this music, I recommend a scarf or something laid on the ice first. I always forget and freeze my ear.

The first year I came to Canada I froze my feet — always I seem to come back to footwear — and spent years trying to find adequate winter boots for this northland country. I tried everything: fur linings, fiber glass insulation, vacuum insulation, chemically treated insoles with exciting exclamation marks of heat radiating from them in the mail-order catalogue — everything, and always there was the excruciating pain of returning circulation, appreciated only to the full exquisite refinements of its torture by those who have had feet or hands frozen. Then one year I bought some of the rough, unadorned moccasins from the Swampy Crees in northern Saskatchewan — tanned deer or moose hide; the edges of the long split cuff fold across one another and are held there by crisscrossed hide thongs. One pair of felt insoles, one pair of thin socks, and my feet have never lost touch with me since. The only drawback of the moccasins is that the snow must be powder-dry; and some ultrafastidious people complain of their kippery smell if I wear them in the house. I suppose that the secret is in having the bones and ligaments of the feet unrestricted and always in contacting movement with the ground through the soft, supple soles. Pleistocene

man shod himself similarly, and we have not produced better winter footwear since. Or better clothing either, for the warmest clothing I know in twenty or thirty degrees below zero includes a deer-skin jacket somewhere in the layers. I envy Raimie his warm, practical coat with its long water- and snow-repellent flat hairs and the thick cozy underfur, the sensible arrangement of his folded self-warming ears, the utilitarian furry feet with the snowshoe webbing between the toes.

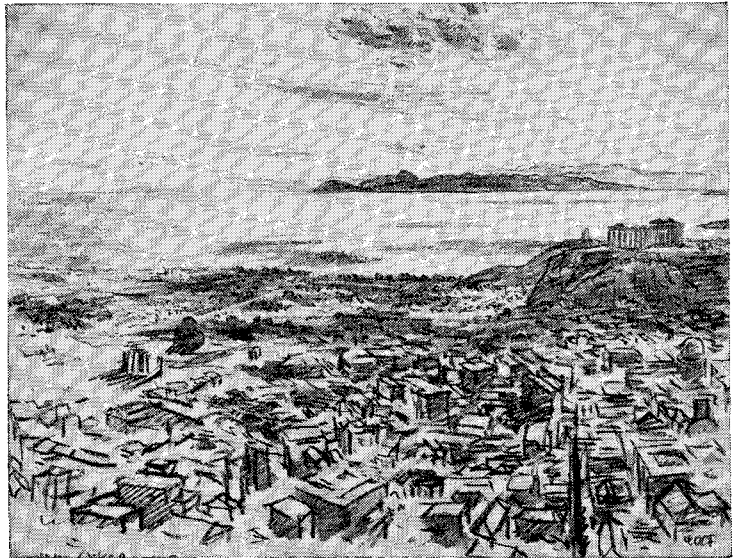
Above all I envy him his uncluttered appearance when walking. One day last fall I drove into the bush along a corduroy track, and eventually left the car by an impassable creek. Raimie jumped out, all ready to go, his nose, his only necessary equipment, already twitching. Then I followed, and it took me nearly ten minutes to assemble all the necessary gear for an afternoon's walking in the bush and stow it in the pockets of my jacket, around my waist, and over my shoulders. Into the pockets went shells, insect repellent, chocolate, cigarettes, matches, silk scarf, pencil, notebook, and a tired hunk of garlic sausage; attached to my belt were a knife for mushrooms and a small prospector's pick (geology); over my shoulders were slung a camera for photographing mushrooms and field glasses (distant birds?); I carried in one hand a gun (partridge for dinner), and in the other a chip basket (rocks and mushrooms). I looked like a mobile Christmas tree. But which of my beloved toys could I leave behind? I had already left the blackened pie plate which a prospector had told me I should never be without (any rusty deposits, under uprooted trees, should be panned in the nearest creek), my bottle of Dimethyl-something-oxane for nickel testing, and a trowel. I was stripped down to the barest essentials. If anyone should be a list checker, as I am, and notice a lack, I should say that Kleenex, string, several plastic bags, a safety pin, and a screwdriver were already in my pockets (I have no idea what the screwdriver was there for), and I never carry a compass: its quivering undermines my confidence, and I cannot believe that anything so abject will not change its mind as often as I change direction. Raimie's nose holds a far steadier assurance: I just tell it that we are "going back to the car," then follow.

What has happened to me since the days when all I needed was my walking stick with the curved handle and my gumboots? Is it some deep manifestation of the increasing years, this frantic desire to seize the day in both hands, lose no minute of the wonders that one has so idiotically passed by and left unexplored? I see myself, increasingly hung about with impedimenta, trudging on automatically through the years, until at last I reach senility, and revert, tottering, into unhampered childhood walking.

A Rough Map of Greece: ATHENS by Moonlight

by Phoebe-Lou Adams

A resourceful traveler, with a love for antiquity, PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS, a member of the ATLANTIC staff, conducted a one-woman exploration of the Greek Islands and the mainland in the spring of the year. We published four of her papers in 1963, and this completes a new quartet.



THE airport bus, packed with passengers, leaned slightly to one side because everybody was trying to see the acropolis. There were murmurs of apprehension. Athens is a good-sized modern city, sprawling from the docks at Piraeus across a shallow scoop of plain and into the hills north and east of the harbor. Would the acropolis look trivial in the midst of this metropolis?

It's the metropolis that looks trivial, a muddle of buildings stretched like a faded rug below the great upthrust of rock. The acropolis strongly resembles a mesa, and one of highly respectable size. The Parthenon stands on the highest point of this plateau, scaled to the rock itself rather than to its human builders, an immense sand-gold crown which dwarfs all the modern city. Even the new Hilton hotel, a lump of a thing rising higher than the Athenian building code allows, remains insignificant.

The impulse to rush off at once to the Parthenon is almost irresistible but should be restrained. The night of a full moon is the time to make acquaintance with the place. In the meantime, there lies modern Athens, a bustling mixture of the old, the new, the beautiful, and the unexpected. It is not dependent on the wanderings of Selene for its style, since it cannot afford to cultivate any in the shadow of the glorious past.

I never learned how Athenians figure directions. Visitors base everything on Syntagma Square. This

Constitution Square is a small rectangular park with benches, fountains, and rose trees ten feet tall. The roses smell sweet in spite of the fumes of traffic, which clanks and wheezes around the square twenty-four hours a day. The park slopes down to the west from the front of the old palace, now the parliament building, a solid, ugly structure which would look perfectly at home in any middle-sized American city. The nineteenth century seems to have indulged an international style in public buildings, producing contraptions as graceful as a corset and of invincible durability. Athens is well supplied with them.

On its three nonparliamentary sides, Syntagma Square is surrounded by hotels, airline offices, and sidewalk cafés. I settled in a sidewalk café on the shady side and ordered lemonade, which comes broken down — a pitcher of water, a pitcher of lemon juice, a dish of sugar, a bowl of ice, several spoons, and three glasses. It is possible to kill nearly an hour mixing the drink to taste and pouring it from one container to another in search of the ultimate chill.

While I messed about with the lemonade, I was approached by sponge peddlers, little boys selling chewing gum, older boys selling the English newspaper, and a raffish fellow with a handful of cards. Surely not naughty pictures? No. He was drumming for a fur shop, and the cards carried exuberant

Lithograph by Gustave Wolf. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

promises of dirt cheap mink. He was the first of a procession, for fur salesmen are almost as thick around the square as tourists.

The furs, when I went to look at them, were well sewn. Greece is still a very poor country, and there are plenty of people willing to do the slow, monotonous work of fur sewing for distressingly little money. But the pelts, on the whole, lacked the silky, live gloss that such things should have. It was perfectly true, however, that mink was a bargain if one didn't hold out for an American complexion on it.

The side streets around the square abound in shops catering to the fancies of tourists, who can buy anything from evening dresses at the local branch of a Paris couturier to miniature caryatids made of compressed marble dust. These dust gadgets are hideous little things and a steady gall to the government agency which works to build up an export trade in Greek arts and crafts. A woman official groaned at the thought of them. "But you know," she said, "people buy them. They really do buy a great many, and there's quite a respectable, regular foreign trade in the things. We can't ask this business to shut down when it's making money producing goods that really sell."

Like everything else I asked about in Athens, the government campaign to improve and export the products of local Greek crafts was described in extreme, and opposite, terms. I was told that it is useless nonsense, the economic salvation of Greece, the work of dedicated idealists, and the concoction of thieving politicians. Moderate middle-ground opinions are not usual in Greece, possibly because they don't make for lively discussion and despite the fact that discussion of alleged deficiencies of the government is carried on in whispers and only after casing the neighborhood for snoopers.

Meanwhile, the National Organization of Hellenic Handicrafts, which is the official name of the operation, was holding a show in an airy, attractive gallery on Metropoleos Street, just west of Syntagma Square. There was a certain amount of trumpery lurking in the gallery, but much of the work was impressively handsome. The rugs, handwoven textiles, and sports clothes in a combination of knitting and fur were particularly appealing. Buying them was out of the question; these were display pieces for the representatives, it was hoped, of New York department stores, who would, it was hoped again, order by the gross. As a private individual, I would have to hunt down item by item through the shops of Athens.

MOST of the metal work, jewelry, and pottery was easily located; dozens of tourist shops around the square carry these things. Rugs and bedspreads lie farther afield, and the pursuit of the fluffy, long-

fleeced rugs called *flokati* took me into the district known as the *plaka*.

The *plaka* is the old part of Athens, circling east to north around the base of the acropolis. On the east side is a residential district of square, fortresslike houses with heavily carved doors and windows set high above the street, Turkish fashion. Somewhere in this maze of streets is the house where young Byron stayed; I never saw it because one-way signs led inexorably right out of the district, but the building is reputedly easy to reach on foot. North of the acropolis, the *plaka* becomes a careless, unpredictable mixture of small houses, small businesses, curio shops, restaurants, and wholesalers of various kinds. Here, opposite a row of shops heavily stocked with Hellenistic coins and retired feuding irons, I found the fluffy-rug merchants. There were a number of them, their premises packed from floor to ceiling with rugs folded into cubical parcels. The colors ranged from the soft, irregular beige of the natural wool to the fiercest reds and purples ever dyed. The rugs were sold by the kilo, so that one chosen for size and color was weighed up, like beans, and priced accordingly. This system presumably takes fair account of any variations in the pile, for three inches of plushy shag are the glory of these rugs.

Variations are characteristic of handicrafts anywhere and naturally flourish in Greece. Elena Lorenzatos, who operates a handweaving shop that turns out enchantingly sophisticated and original materials, described her dealings with the export-encouragement people. They wanted some fourteen hundred skirts, all exactly alike, to sell in the States. "So I asked, 'What do you mean, all exactly alike?' And it turned out that was exactly what they meant. *All*" — her voice took on a note of stunned horror — "*exactly alike*, a thing you can't possibly do with handweaving. Besides, it's dull. My girls don't want to work so long on the same pattern."

Since Mrs. Lorenzatos likes to make amusing wall hangings of a loose mesh into which she introduces reeds, tassels, tufts of wool, bits of rope, shells, grasses, and leather scraps from the bootmaker's trash basket, she is perhaps a poorer candidate than most for standardization. She was nevertheless working on a fluffy rug in several shades of violet.

The rug, Mrs. Lorenzatos explained, was an experiment. She hoped to sell it in Sweden, where similar fluffy rugs are an old and treasured institution. But Sweden now has an international reputation for fine handweaving, and Swedish fluffy rugs sell abroad for so much money that nobody can afford them at home. The Greeks are therefore selling not only rugs but other handwoven goods to Scandinavians, who pay for them with the money they have acquired by selling their own handweaving in America.

This information left me economically bewildered and feeling considerable sympathy for the problems of the National Organization of Hellenic Handicrafts, which is trying to move into a field that other countries have occupied for thirty or forty years. Mrs. Lorenzatos, who weaves for love of color and texture and is not dependent for a living on profits from her shop, can afford to view the situation with detachment. She summed it up with cool logic. Italy and Germany have their own established craftsmen making similar things. France will buy nothing that isn't French and preferably urban. (England was left out of the account.) There remains Scandinavia, where some Greek products do reasonably well, and the United States. Duties and shipping charges to the United States are high; then the retailer makes the standard 100 percent markup. Result: a Greek skirt costs about sixty dollars in a Miami shop, although it sells for about ten in Athens. Mrs. Lorenzatos shrugged ruefully and said that that was too much for anybody's homespun.

Along with old coins and spiked pistols, the shops in the *plaka* made much display of icons. It's impossible not to look at icons in a Greek curio shop without shaking the proprietor's faith in the laws of nature. I complained of this, mildly, to a Greek friend. He cried in obvious anguish, "You bought one?" Uncertain of the right answer, I told the truth: no — I don't like the things. Great relief on the part of the Greek. Never buy an icon, he warned, except under the supervision of a reliably disinterested expert; "The manufacture of antique icons is one of our most flourishing modern industries." As far as I could see, the Hellenic Handicrafts people ignore this rather promising enterprise.

The dangerous itch for icons can be relieved simply and pleasantly by a visit to the Benaki Museum on Koumbari Street. The National Museum, that dizzying treasure-house over by the university, contains Mycenaean goldwork, Iron Age weapons, archaic, classical, and Hellenistic statuary, jewelry and pottery of all these eras. Everything else is housed in the Benaki, which glitters with Byzantine robes and jewels, blue Persian tiles, Chinese ceramics, swords from Damascus, silks, embroideries, Arabic manuscripts, silver water jugs, and glass with the oily, opalescent surface of extreme old age. Of course, there are icons; large, small, plain, or embossed with delicate gold ornament, they line the walls with a procession of grave, dusky, unhuman faces. These are the real thing, and a careful look at them should put an end to any yearning for the dubious specimens in the *plaka*.

Aside from the risk of buying a bogus antique, which is no greater in the *plaka* than in similar districts in any country, the area is a constant source of amusement for the prowler. Businesses

operate on the sidewalk and sometimes in the street, thereby causing animated debate on whether the bicycle repairman, in situ, or the pushcart peddler, in transit, has first claim to the pavement. Alleys lead into obscure, miniature courts where there is usually some sort of tree and a tiny shop selling ouzo and beer. Buildings have crawled up the slanting base of the acropolis to such an extent that streets turn into staircases and terraces. During the day, the inhabitants of the *plaka* are entirely male on the street level, but women lean out the upper windows to water plants, which flourish on every shelf and balcony, or watch the traffic, or gossip from house to house. After sundown the place is fairly well populated with females — old women selling flowers enticingly bedewed with cold water and young girls strolling in groups. It was my impression that most of these girls were discreetly tailed by some sort of *duenna*.

WORKING west through the *plaka*, one drifts eventually into the past. The streets all debouch into the agora, which has been cleared by years of digging and stretches out, dry stone and sandy paths, to where the Theseion rises severely at the edge of the green park beyond. The Theseion, which got its name before excavation revealed that it must actually have been a temple to Hephaestus, is exceptionally well preserved because it was long used as a Christian church. It also lies on the flat and was therefore never subjected to the bombardment that so pitifully damaged the Parthenon during the various Greco-Turkish struggles, in which both sides found the acropolis a natural fortress too defensible to ignore.

Excavations around the Theseion, which is a sturdy Doric building somewhat older than the Parthenon, have turned up the holes in which ornamental trees were originally planted. These trees have been replaced, and their light, airy, circular shapes contrast with and soften the rather heavy vertical lines of the temple. The stoa on the other side of the agora, reconstructed by the American School of Archaeology in uncompromising cement, suffers badly from the lack of any greenery to break its stiff facade.

The whole agora must have been sprinkled with trees in classical times. Records mention them, and in any case it is hard to imagine Greeks of any period tolerating a town without growing plants. Even in the busy cement and macadam center of modern Athens, it is obvious that a Greek, given a square foot of ground, plants a rosebush; given a square yard, he plants a tree.

As the best-preserved Doric temple in Greece and the site of a Latin epitaph composed by Byron for a

friend unlucky enough to die in Athens, the Theseion attracts a steady procession of visitors. The building is not as large as it looks from across the agora, and the traffic problem is considerable, producing a stream of minor collisions, apologies, and photographs of startled strangers. The photographs are inevitable. Everyone sooner or later comes around a corner at the wrong moment. The collisions are the fault of the building. Not much of the sculpture of the Theseion has survived, but enough remains in place, along with traces of the paint and gilding that made the temple in its heyday little short of gaudy, to cause people to ramble around gazing straight up. They regularly bump into each other, and the air rings with cries of sorry, excuse me, and look out.

This is the condition which, along with plain sentimental romanticism, makes it desirable to visit the Parthenon for the first time by moonlight. The acropolis is a spectacular arrangement at any time, but under the full moon it becomes a frost palace, the light reflecting off the marble in a silver glow and throwing shadows like black velvet. The long climb up the cliff, first by a winding path and then by the shallow steps of the propylaea, worn to a gentle irregularity by years of usage, is well lighted by the moon, but beyond the heavy bar of shadow cast by the gateway, all footing disappears. There are enough low walls and buildings to cut off most of the light from the ground, which is, besides, extremely irregular. The only clear object ahead is the Parthenon, its immense columns, silvery white and weightless, seeming to hang against the violet sky rather than to rise from the rock. A pale-green star flickers between the columns like a ship's riding light.

The flat impossibility of taking pictures — flash bulbs are forbidden — and the obvious possibility of a broken ankle have a beneficial effect on the conduct of visitors. Everyone moves slowly, sliding the feet cautiously over loose stones and cracks and grasping at rocks still warm from the afternoon sun. This occupation cuts down conversation, and the silence quickly becomes a bewitchment too strong to break. Shadows move back and forth across the open spaces, ghosts float quietly along the colonnades. By daylight, the trio lounging on the steps would be garrulous, camera-hung, guidebook-flourishing businessmen from Hamburg, but in that cool half light they pass for Pericles and friends. The occasional whispered words could be the wind or a rolling pebble. The noises of Athens never seem to rise to the top of the acropolis, but its lights waver at the base of the rock like phosphorescence in the sea, brighten toward the hotel district to the northeast, and fade away among the trees on Mount Lykabettos.

Promptly at midnight the spell is broken. Guards

arrive and chase everyone out of the place, but no good Athenian is willing to quit at this early hour. I found myself at a party which ended, at three in the morning, with a clutch of coffee cups cascading from a fifth-floor balcony. They made a pretty, crystalline tinkle in their death, but the host was somewhat alarmed. We could, he said, all be arrested for "teddyboyismos."

What on earth is "teddyboyismos?" The invention of an Athenian chief of police. This gentleman, observing certain youths loitering about the streets to no visible purpose, foresaw a wave of juvenile vandalism of the sort reported from London and New York. Borrowing from the English, he named it teddyboyism and established it as a misdemeanor with an indefinite character (one Greek defined it as anything that worries a policeman) and a most definite penalty: headshaving. Greek youths take great pride in their thick, wavy, carefully combed topknots. Teddyboyismos has remained almost unknown in Athens.

AUGUST

BY DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

A canary-pale bird went
piping by, or rather a buttercup
yellow bird, dipping into
the vacancy of blue,
hastening to the rim
of nothing at the horizon.

I sit listening primly
for an ultimate intimation,
a Wordsworth matter, wondering
why my kneecaps feel like
cat skulls beneath my fingers,
and smell the dusty simplicity
of yarrow, the muddy presence
of a toad, hay odors in my
sunburned hair, and there come
old emanations from another
pollen-saturated year in August,
as implacable as a water buffalo,
which I have never encountered,
but to wit could and will,
any time when summer stands
still and staring like this.



Robert Russell

ROBERT RUSSELL, who was blinded in an accident at the age of six, received his bachelor's and master's degrees from Yale and a B.Litt. from Oxford, which he attended on a scholarship. An associate professor of English at Franklin and Marshall College, he is currently spending his sabbatical in England, where he is engaged in writing. His autobiography, *TO CATCH AN ANGEL*, was published by Vanguard.

Pike Fishing by Bell

EVERY river, pond, or stream challenges a fisherman. But despite the seductiveness of all water, each fisherman has his own special spot. For me that place is a patch of water lying off the southwestern shore of Hay Island, in the Admiralty group of the Thousand Islands, about two miles off the Canadian mainland. I bought a cottage on Hay a few years ago. We are on a passage connecting the Canadian Middle with the Northern, or Bateau, Channel. The water isn't deep enough for the freighters or other big ships on the Seaway, six miles to the south, but we get a lot of traffic: Sailfish and schooners; outboards droning home with a load of groceries; cruisers from New York or Toronto, Florida or Nova Scotia, carrying children in orange life preservers or women reclining with highballs; and an endless cavalcade of rowboats, skiffs, and launches. The tour boats out of Clayton or Alexandria Bay pass five or six times a day on their way into Gananoque.

Sitting on our front porch in midsummer, you can watch the world go by — that is, if you can see. I can't. I have been blind since I was six years old. But one day while I could still see, my brother Bud, who was twenty, took me with him for a morning's trout fishing on a stream near our home in southern New York state. When we reached the

creek, he plucked and trimmed a small branch, tied a four-foot piece of line to one end, and making a noose at the other, he slipped in a worm, drew the knot tight, and handed me the branch.

"What do I do with this?" I asked.

"You fish," he said, and started along the bank. I shouldered my outfit and trudged behind him. For a few minutes I imitated his every move, but then I saw a bright-green creature leap from a log, saying "*Kgunk!*" before he disappeared.

"Hey, Bud, what was that?"

"A frog."

"Are there any more?"

"Sure, lots, but you've got to look for them. Come on!" he urged.

I shouldered my rod and started down the bank. In my haste, I overturned a large stone, and out from under it scuttled the strangest creature. He was covered with a shell the color of peanut brittle, had about six legs and a big flat tail that he used to scramble backward. As he did so, he waved two big claws in front of what ought to have been his nose, and he kept making fists with them.

"Hey, Bud!" I cried. "What's this?"

"What's what?" he said, a little irritably. "Oh, that! That's just a crawdad. Don't touch him. You've got to pick them up in a special way,

"Canada River," etching by Frank W. Benson. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

or they'll nip you." He stooped and picked up the crawdad by the back between his thumb and forefinger. "Get me that old coffee can over there with some water."

I picked up the rusty can, dipped it half full, and held it beneath the crawdad. Bud dropped him in. I spent the rest of the morning peering into the can to watch his quivering antennae and the way he could kind of scrunch himself along backward all huddled up in an armored ball with those big claws clip-clipping out in front.

We didn't get any fish, but I came home a fisherman for life.

A few months later, an accident cost me my sight, so I had to learn to fish without it. For years my only equipment was a package of eagle-claw hooks and an old bowed nine-foot bamboo fly rod. I learned early to string my rod, to bait my hook, to scale and clean fish. The only other things I needed were a stretch of water and a friend to fish with, and I had both. With one of these friends and his family, I took my rod for a week's fishing on the St. Lawrence. When I came home I resolved that someday I would spend my summers within the sound of those waves and with that big, soft, fresh wind blowing over me.

THE years passed, and eventually I became a professor of literature at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. During my first summer there, my wife and I and our four children piled into the car and headed north. We found a place on Hay Island, borrowed the money to buy it, and settled in.

My old bamboo fly rod hangs there on the wall now, waiting for one of my own boys to take it down. I have moved on to a spinning outfit, a light glass rod, and a Mitchell Garcia 300 loaded with four-pound test monofilament. With a box of snap swivels and small lures, I am all set.

I don't despise worms and live bait; they're just not available. The soil on my island is shallow. Thornbushes, pines, and wild raspberries do very well, but not worms. Occasionally a school of minnows and shiners passes along the shoal out in front of the cottage, and sometimes we pick up a few with a little umbrella net. But not very often. If we want bait, we have to go into Gananoque, and islanders don't like going to town.

So I stick my box of lures in my pocket, take my rod, and go down to the shoal which drops off sheer into sixteen feet of water. My predecessors looked upon this spot as a convenient dumping ground for old bedsprings, the broken porch glider, and discarded kerosene stoves, so I have lost more than my share of lures. Often, when I would hook a

good fish, he would dive down into this jungle, twist the line around a piece of jagged iron, give a couple of yanks, and swim off about his business.

Of course, we tried family fishing excursions. Elisabeth and I snapped our four children into life jackets and put them into our sixteen-foot outboard. Before starting the motor, I delivered my strict lecture on sitting still. Then, after several pulls, the old Johnson coughed, spluttered, and finally consented. With three-month-old Miranda on her lap, Elisabeth slid into the stern, and I moved to the middle seat. Before we had cleared the dock, Richie, six, started flailing an old casting rod. The tip buzzed past my ear, and I cried, "Richie! What are you doing?"

"Fishing!" he shouted.

"Give me that rod!"

"Bob!" called Elisabeth. "Make Mark sit down. He's leaning over the side at the bow."

With the casting rod in my hand, I worked my way forward, kicking over the bought worms, to where Mark, four, was hanging over the side, trailing his hand in the water. I yanked him back with my free hand, then put down the rod and smacked him. Over the sound of the motor and his howls, I launched again into my lecture about sitting still.

Whack! The tip of my spinning rod, with which Richie was now "fishing," hit the back of my neck.

"This is good enough," I shouted to Elisabeth. "Cut the motor."

When the engine died, Elisabeth said, "What's the matter with the motor?"

"Nothing. Nothing. This is fine. We'll try it here. Richie, pick up the worms."

"Daddy," whined Mark, "my line is tangled. Can you fix it?" I started to work on the rat's nest he handed me.

"Will you bait my hook?" called Richie from the bottom of the boat.

"James!" cried Elisabeth. "James! Stop playing with the oar. James! Come here and sit down beside me." James, two, dropped the oar and began playing with the worms.

These short trips were not at all the sort of thing that comes to mind when one thinks of a quiet afternoon on the river.

I had to figure out some way of getting out on the river alone.

The answer came from an unexpected quarter and on a very unlikely occasion — graduation day at the college. The faculty was lining up in the hall of the liberal arts building in full academic regalia for the procession down to the football field to swelter through another of those grim ceremonies. Durrell Enck, the chairman of the physics department, whom I knew only slightly,

came up and said, "Hi, Bob. How about being my partner in the procession? English and physics make a good combination."

"Thanks, Durrell," I answered. As we entered the field and made our way toward the seats of honor, I said, "I hope you don't have to stay in Lancaster all summer. If you do, you'll be done to a crisp by fall."

"Yes, I'm going to be here. I'm teaching summer school. What about you?"

"Not me. I'd rather starve on my island in the St. Lawrence." We reached our seats and sat down.

"You lucky dog!" he murmured. "I bet it's nice up there. Any fishing?"

"Pike and bass. Mostly pike, northerns."

"Get any big ones?"

"Sure. Why don't you come up after summer school and try your luck? Then I can show you my problem."

"What's your problem?"

"Well, somehow I've got to get out on the river by myself. I need a way of keeping in touch with my dock — a radio transmitter or something like that."

He was silent for a couple of minutes while the commencement speaker ground along.

"Have you got electricity?"

"Yes."

"Well, what about a bell?"

"That's the idea, but I can't have a bell ringing solidly while I'm out fishing. I would be going out around five in the morning, and I have a neighbor nearby."

"Suppose it rang just once in a while — maybe every twenty seconds?"

"That would really do the trick. Do you think you could work out something?"

"Tell you what. Come over to the lab late this afternoon, and we'll see what we can rig up."

At four thirty I found Durrell in the lab working with a small electric motor the size of a fat pocket watch. It was enclosed except for one shaft, which it turned at the rate of one revolution a minute. To this shaft he had attached an ordinary radio knob, but instead of leaving it circular, he had cut the sides into a square. He was mounting the motor with its revolving square knob in a little wooden box.

"What I'm going to do, you see," he said, "is put a set of flexible metal contacts right beside the motor so that each point of the square knob will press the contacts together for a second. They'll spring back, breaking the circuit when the point passes. When the contacts are touching, they will let the current go through to this big old bell, and it will ring."

"Will it work?" I asked.

"It will before I get through," he said, and it did.

The next day I took Durrell's invention up to

Hay Island. I mounted the bell on a post at the end of the dock, ran two hundred feet of lamp cord up to the cottage, where I had installed his box according to instructions, hooked it up, pushed in the plug, and started for the dock. Halfway there, I heard the chime of the bell.

I found the first mooring ring, cast off the stern line, and stepped into the twelve-foot dinghy. Pulling the boat along the dock with my hands, I came to the ring where the bowline was tied. I cast it off, sat down on the middle thwart, and pushed free of the dock. I glided out to the *ding-ding* of the bell. Bare feet thudded along the dock, and Richie's voice called, "Hey, Dad, where are you going?"

"Oh, just out for a little row." I pulled gently on the oars, and the boat slid out toward the channel.

"Can you go out by yourself, Dad?"

"Sure."

"Will you take me for a little ride?"

"Yep! Hang on." I backwatered till the stern bumped gently against the dock. He climbed in. We had our ride, and I docked again easily.

The gate out onto the river had swung open for me.

THE next morning I slipped out of bed at five, dressed quietly, crept downstairs, took my box of lures and spinning outfit, and started for the river. I was in the boat before I remembered I hadn't plugged in the cord. This done, I picked up the oars and pushed off over the still water away from the sleep-filled house. Every fifteen seconds, as each corner of that square knob closed the contacts, the bell spoke, telling me all I needed to know. I pulled strongly for the southern tip of the island.

The catbirds, yellow warblers, song sparrows, and whitethroats were waking, and as they tuned up they sang that the shore was about fifty yards to my right. I rowed softly on through the silent water along the line of their singing, keeping the sound of my bell astern and slightly to the right. The gulls began to cry and complain over the river. Far behind me and to the left from somewhere out on the Forty Acre Shoals came the fluting of a loon. Perhaps a mile to my left an outboard started up and whined off toward Gananoque. Minutes later its wash passed and slapped up on the rocks, confirming my position. The sun had risen high enough to send a warm beam to my right cheek, and a light southwesterly breeze sprang up at my back.

The bell, which had unchained me from my dock, was now far astern, and its quiet *ding-ding* had almost blended into the other morning sounds. I pulled hard on my right oar, sending the bow further out into the channel. I coasted for a moment, enjoying my freedom and the morning. Then I released the anchor line, and the little pulley

squeaked and rumbled as twenty feet ran over it. I let out ten feet of slack, secured it, and lit my pipe.

I snapped an eighth-ounce abu onto my swivel and started casting. With each toss I let the lure sink to the bottom and then brought it back in short two- or three-foot runs. On the third cast I got my strike, a firm, solid tug. I set the hook, and the reel buzzed. I hadn't even moved him. Slowly I cranked the reel, and the weight at the other end came gradually up and in. Then the rod suddenly bent and the reel screamed as the fish, realizing that he had been hooked, dived for the bottom. A pike, and a big one, too! When he stopped his dive, I started gently pumping the rod. With a big pike on four-pound test, I couldn't afford to take chances, and I wanted this one.

He gave ground slowly, but when he was up four or five feet he plunged again. The rod doubled, and the reel buzzed. This time he wasn't going to move. For three minutes he lay there, stubbornly resisting. Then suddenly he rushed toward the surface. I cranked furiously to keep up with him. The line came taut again with that same logy heaviness. I led him gradually toward the boat. When he was about five feet from the tip of my rod he caught sight of me, and with a great wallow and thrash he set my reel shrieking as he sounded again. I let him go and when he had finished began urging him up gently. I couldn't rush him, not only because of my light line but also because I wanted him really played out for landing.

You can't net a fish you can't see. Landing a perch, a bass, or even an eel is easy. I play them out, pass the butt of the rod along till I come to the tip, then feel down the line until I reach the fish, grab him by the gills, and pick him up. But pike have teeth, big ones, like needles. Their mouths are large enough to take a man's hand comfortably. I had hooked a big one, so I wanted him tired out by the time I began reaching around for his gills.

Gradually he came up, then dived again. He repeated this four times. Finally he was through fighting and seemed to lie near the surface, daring me to finish the job. By raising the end of my rod, I could tell he had only three or four feet of line. It was time.

Easily, so as not to upset him, I passed the butt of the rod to the stern till I reached the tip. Holding the hair-thin monofilament between the thumb and index finger of my right hand, I worked my left hand down about twelve inches. He would explode if I touched him, so I moved the line from side to side, trying to judge how far away he was. He drifted toward me. I thought I had about another foot. I released my right hand and pinched the line just above my left, then moved my left down another six inches. He was close now. I was leaning far over the gunwale. I moved my right hand down

to my left, pinched the thread again, and let go with my left.

Moving the line back and forth and raising it a couple of inches, I knew he was very near. There was no give to the line, and the arc in which I had to move it was very sharp. I would have to make my grab now, before he started thrashing. But was his tail toward the bow or the stern?

I moved my left hand down the gunwale about eighteen inches toward the stern, reached out as far as I dared, and, fingers spread, I plunged my hand into the water as deep as I could and scooped back to the boat. He was beneath the boat. My fingers slipped along the underside of his lower jaw. I had missed, but so had he.

Instantly, I pulled in about a foot of line with my right hand and made another grab. My fingers closed on his throat just behind his gills. I pressed him against the side of the boat and slipped my fingers into the gill slits. When I had a firm grip, I hoisted him out and into the boat.

When he hit the boards, he spit the lure and began to thrash. I held him with my left hand while I reached under my seat to get the sawed-off stub of an oar. Holding his head slightly off the bottom, I gave him three solid whacks on the forehead. His great body quivered and was still.

I made sure he was through before I began hunting around in my pockets for my Braille tape measure. Thirty-two inches he was, and by the feel of him he would go about eight pounds — eight and a half, as it turned out.

I dropped him back onto the floorboards and straightened up. It took me four matches to get my pipe going again. Then I sat there, calming down and slowly rejoining the rest of the world.

Far behind me, I heard the day's first tour boat. It was coming right down the channel. Its engines would drown out the sound of my bell, so I would have to wait till it had passed before starting for home. The tour boat swung out to my left to avoid swamping me with its wash. When it drew abreast, I reached down, picked up my pike, and held it high over my head for as long as I thought they might be interested, then laid him down.

"Hey," called a voice from the deck far above me, "hold him up again, will you? I didn't get my picture yet."

I held him up.

"Thanks," he shouted.

The thunder of the big boat faded, leaving the river and the morning to me, and in the distance astern came the soft, regular *ding-ding* of my bell. As I rowed back along that thin, clear thread of sound, I had the wetness of the great St. Lawrence on my palms, its sounds in my ears, its smells in my nostrils, its joy on my tongue, and, at my feet, an ingot from its inexhaustible treasure-house.



PABLO PICASSO'S LOVE:

La Femme-Fleur

BY FRANÇOISE GILOT and CARLTON LAKE

The love affair between Pablo Picasso, aged 61, and Françoise Gilot, 21, began in Paris in the spring of 1943 during the German occupation of France. She was a student of art, the only child of a domineering father who brought her up as if she had been his son. In her mood of rebellion she found in Picasso a gentleness and a depth of understanding she had not known in any other man. They were to live together for the next ten years; she was to bear him two children. Their relationship forms the substance of a new book, LIFE WITH PICASSO, to be published this winter by McGraw-Hill. This excerpt is taken from the opening part.



I MET Pablo Picasso in May, 1943, during the German occupation of France. I was twenty-one, and I felt already that painting was my whole life. At that time I had as houseguest an old school friend named Geneviève, who had come up from her home near Montpellier, in the south of France, to spend a month with me. With her and the actor Alain Cuny, I went to have dinner one Wednesday at a small restaurant then much frequented by painters and writers. It was called Le Catalan and was in the Rue des Grands-Augustins on the Left Bank, near Notre Dame.

When we got there that evening and were seated, I saw Picasso for the first time. He was at the next table with a group of friends: a man, whom I didn't recognize, and two women. One of the women I knew to be Marie-Laure, Vicomtesse de Noailles, the owner of an important collection of paintings, who is now something of a painter herself. At that time, though, she had not yet taken up painting — at least publicly — but she had written a poetic little book called *The Tower of Babel*. She had a long, narrow, somewhat decadent-looking face framed by an ornate coiffure that reminded me of Rigaud's portrait of Louis XIV in the Louvre.

The other woman, Alain Cuny whispered to me,

was Dora Maar, a Yugoslav photographer and painter, who, as everyone knew, had been Picasso's companion since 1936. Even without his help I would have had no trouble identifying her, because I knew Picasso's work well enough to recognize that this was the woman who was shown in the *Portrait of D . . . M . . .* in its many forms and variants. She had a beautiful oval face but a heavy jaw, which is a characteristic trait of almost all the portraits Picasso has made of her. Her hair was black and pulled back in a severe, starkly dramatic coiffure. I noticed her intense bronze-green eyes, and her slender hands with their long, tapering fingers. The most remarkable thing about her was her extraordinary immobility. She talked little, made no gestures at all, and there was something in her bearing that was more than dignity — a certain rigidity. There is a French expression that is very apt: she carried herself like the holy sacrament.

I was a little surprised at Picasso's appearance. My impression of what he ought to look like had been founded on the photograph by Man Ray in the special Picasso number of the art review *Cahiers d'Art* published in 1936: dark hair, bright, flashing eyes, very squarely built, rugged — a handsome animal. When I saw him now, with his hair graying

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to white, and with an absent look — either distracted or bored — he had a withdrawn, oriental appearance that reminded me of the statue of the Egyptian scribe in the Louvre. There was nothing sculptural or fixed in his manner of moving, however; he gesticulated, he twisted and turned, he got up, he moved rapidly back and forth.

As the meal went on I noticed Picasso watching us, and from time to time acting a bit for our benefit. It was evident that he recognized Cuny, and he made remarks that we were obviously supposed to overhear. Whenever he said something particularly amusing, he smiled at us rather than just at his dinner companions. Finally he got up and came over to our table. He brought with him a bowl of cherries and offered some to all of us, in his strong Spanish accent calling them *cerisses*, with a soft, double-s sound.

Geneviève was a very beautiful girl, of French Catalan ancestry but a Grecian type, with a nose that was a direct prolongation of her forehead. It was a head, Picasso later told me, that he felt he had already painted in his work of the Ingresque or Roman period. She often accentuated that Grecian quality, as she did that evening, by wearing a flowing, pleated dress.

"Well, Cuny," Picasso said. "Are you going to introduce me to your friends?" Cuny introduced us and then said, "Françoise is the intelligent one." Pointing to Geneviève, he said, "She's the beautiful one. Isn't she just like an Attic marble?"

Picasso shrugged. "You talk like an actor," he said. "How would you characterize the intelligent one?"

That evening I was wearing a green and brown turban that covered much of my brow and my cheeks. Geneviève answered his question.

"Françoise is a Florentine virgin," she said.

"But not the usual kind," Cuny said. "A secularized virgin." Everybody laughed.

"All the more interesting if she's not the ordinary kind," Picasso said. "But what do they do, your two refugees from the history of art?"

"We're painters," Geneviève answered.

Picasso burst out laughing. "That's the funniest thing I've heard all day. Girls who look like that can't be painters." I told him that Geneviève was only on holiday in Paris and that she was a pupil of Maillol in Banyuls, and that although I wasn't anybody's pupil, I was very much a painter. In fact, I said, we were having a joint exhibition of paintings and drawings right at the moment in a gallery in the Rue Boissy d'Anglas, behind the Place de la Concorde.

Picasso looked down at us in mock surprise. "Well, I'm a painter, too," he said. "You must come to my studio and see some of my paintings."

"When?" I asked him.

"Tomorrow. The next day. When you want to."

Geneviève and I compared notes. We told him we'd come not tomorrow, not the next day, but perhaps the first of the next week. Picasso bowed. "As you wish," he said. He shook hands all around, picked up his bowl of cherries, and went back to his table.

THE following Monday morning, about eleven o'clock, Geneviève and I climbed a dark, narrow, winding staircase hidden away in a corner of the cobblestone courtyard at 7 Rue des Grands-Augustins and knocked on the door of Picasso's apartment. After a long wait it was opened about three or four inches, and the pointed nose of his secretary, Jaime Sabartés, came through. We had never seen him before, but we knew who he was. We had seen reproductions of drawings Picasso had made of him, and Cuny had told us that Sabartés would be the one who received us. He looked at us rather suspiciously and asked, "Do you have an appointment?" I said we did. He let us in. He looked anxious as he peered out from behind his thick-lensed glasses.

We entered an anteroom where there were many plants and birds: turtledoves and a number of exotic species in wicker cages. The plants were not pretty; they were the spiky green ones you see frequently in copper pots in a concierge's loge. Here they were arranged more appealingly, though, and in front of the high open window they made a rather pleasing effect. I had seen one of those plants a month before in a recent portrait of Dora Maar that was hung — in spite of the Nazi ban on Picasso's work — in an out-of-the-way alcove of the Louise Leiris gallery in the Rue d'Astorg. It was a magnificent portrait, in pink and gray. In the background of the picture there was a framework of panels like the panes of the large antique window I now saw, a cage of birds, and one of those spiky plants.

From that room we followed Sabartés into a second one, which was very long. I saw several old Louis XIII sofas and chairs and, spread out on them, guitars, mandolins, and other musical instruments which, I supposed, Picasso must have used in his painting during the Cubist period. He later told me that he had bought them after he painted the pictures, not before, and kept them there now as a kind of remembrance of his Cubist days. The room had noble proportions, but everything was at sixes and sevens. The long table that stretched out before us and two long carpenter's tables, one after the other against the right-hand wall, were covered with an accumulation of books, magazines, newspapers, photographs, hats, and miscellaneous clutter. On top of one of these tables

was a rough piece of amethyst crystal, about the size of a human head. In the center of it was a small, totally enclosed cavity filled with what appeared to be water. On a shelf underneath it I saw several men's suits folded up and three or four pairs of old shoes.

As we walked past the long table in the center of the room, I noticed that Sabartés moved out around a dull brownish object lying on the floor, near the door that led into the next room. When I came closer to it, I saw that it was a sculpture of a skull cast in bronze.

The next room we went into was a studio almost entirely filled with sculptures. I saw *The Man With the Sheep*, now cast in bronze and standing in the square at Vallauris, but at that time simply in plaster. Then there were a number of large heads of women that Picasso had done at Boisgeloup in 1932. There was a wild disorder of bicycle handlebars, rolls of canvas, a fifteenth-century Spanish polychromed wooden Christ, and a weird and spindly sculpture of a woman holding an apple in one hand and what looked like a hot-water bottle in the other arm.

What hit me hardest, though, was a glowing canvas by Matisse, a still life of 1912, with a bowl of oranges on a pink tablecloth against a light ultramarine and brighter pink background. I remember also a Vuillard, a Douanier Rousseau, and a Modigliani, but above all, in that shadowy studio, the glow of color of the Matisse was particularly striking among the sculptures. I couldn't prevent myself from saying, "Oh, what a beautiful Matisse." Sabartés turned around and said austere, "Here there is only Picasso."

BY ANOTHER little winding staircase, on the far side of the room, we climbed to the second floor of Picasso's apartments. Upstairs the ceiling was much lower. We passed into a large studio. On the other side of the room I saw Picasso, surrounded by a group of six or eight. He was dressed in an old pair of trousers that hung loosely from his hips, and a blue-striped sailor's jersey. When he saw us, his face lighted up in a pleasant smile. He left the group and came over to us. Sabartés muttered something about our having an appointment and then went downstairs.

"Would you like me to show you around?" Picasso asked. We said we would indeed. We hoped he would show us some of his paintings, but we didn't dare ask. He took us back downstairs into the sculpture studio.

"Before I came here," he said, "this lower floor was used as a workshop by a weaver, and the upper floor was an actor's studio — Jean-Louis

Barrault's. It was here, in this very room, that I painted *Guernica*." He settled back onto one of the Louis XIII tables in front of a pair of windows that looked out onto an interior courtyard. "Other than that, though, I hardly ever work in this room. I did *L'Homme au Mouton* here," he said, pointing to the large plaster sculpture of the man holding the sheep in his arms, "but I do my painting upstairs, and I generally work on my sculpture in another studio I have a little way up the street.

"That covered spiral stairway you walked up to get here," he said, "is the one the young painter in Balzac's *Le Chef-d'oeuvre inconnu* climbed when he came to see old Pourbus, the friend of Poussin who painted pictures nobody understood. Oh, the whole place is full of historical and literary ghosts. Well, let's get back upstairs," he said. He slid off the table, and we followed him up the winding staircase. He took us through the big studio, around the group of people, none of whom looked up at us as we passed through, and into a small room in the far corner.

"This is where I do my engraving," he said. "And look here." He walked over to a sink and turned on a faucet. After a while the water became steamy. "Isn't it marvelous," he said. "In spite of the war, I have hot water. In fact," he added, "you could come here and have a hot bath any time you liked."

About one o'clock the group around us broke up, and everyone started to leave. The thing that struck me as most curious that first day was the fact that Sabartés was obviously a kind of monk of the Picasso religion, and all the people who were there had the air of being completely immersed in that religion except the one to whom it was addressed. He seemed to be taking it all for granted but not attaching any importance to it, as if he were trying to show us that he didn't have any desire to be the central figure in a cult.

As we turned to go, Picasso said, "If you want to come back again, by all means come. But if you do come, don't come like pilgrims to Mecca. Come because you like me, because you find my company interesting, and because you want to have a simple, direct relationship with me. If you only want to see my paintings, you'd better go to a museum."

I didn't take that remark of his too seriously. In the first place, there were almost no paintings of his to be seen in any of the Paris museums at that time. Then, too, since he was on the Nazi list of proscribed painters, no private gallery was able to show his work openly or in quantity. And looking at another painter's work in a book of reproductions is no satisfaction for a painter. So if anyone wanted to see more of his work — as I did — there was almost nowhere to go except 7 Rue des Grands-Augustins.

A few days after that first visit I dropped in at the gallery where Geneviève and I were having our exhibition. The woman who ran it told me excitedly that a little earlier a short man with piercing dark eyes, wearing a blue-and-white-striped sailor's jersey, had come in. She had realized, after the first shock, that he was Picasso. He had studied the paintings intently and then walked out without saying anything, she told me. When I got home, I told Geneviève about his visit. I said he had probably gone to see how bad our paintings were and prove to himself the truth of what he had said when he met us at Le Catalan: "Girls who look like that can't be painters."

Geneviève took a more idealistic view of it. "I think it's a nice human touch," she said. "It shows he takes a real interest in young artists' work."

I wasn't convinced. At best it was curiosity, I felt. "He just wanted to see what we had inside — if anything."

"Oh, you're so cynical," she said. "He seemed to me very kind, open-minded, and simple."

I told her I thought he perhaps wanted to appear simple, but I had looked into those eyes of his and seen something quite different. It hadn't frightened me, though. In fact it made me want to go back. I temporized for about another week and then, one morning, with Geneviève in tow, returned to the Rue des Grands-Augustins. It was Sabartés, of course, who opened the door for us again, sticking his head outside like a little sand fox. This time he admitted us without comment.

Remembering from our first visit the very pleasant entrance with its many plants and exotic birds in wicker cages lighted by the high window, we had decided to add a little color to the greenery, and so we arrived carrying a pot of cineraria. When Picasso saw us he laughed.

"Nobody brings flowers to an old gent," he said. Then he noticed that my dress was the same color as the blossoms, or vice versa. "You think of everything, I can see that," he said. I pushed Geneviève in front of me. "Here's beauty, followed by intelligence," I reminded him.

He looked us over carefully, then said, "That remains to be seen. What I see now are simply two very different types of beauty: archaic Greece and Jean Goujon."

On our first visit he had shown us only a few pictures. This time he made up for it. He piled them up almost like a scaffolding. There was a painting on the easel; he stuck another on top of that, one on each side, piled others on top of those, until it seemed like a highly skilled balancing act of the human-pyramid kind. As I found out later, he used to arrange them that way almost every day. They always held together by some kind of miracle, but as soon as anyone else touched them, they came

tumbling down. That morning there were cocks, a buffet of Le Catalan with cherries against a background of brown, black, and white; small still lifes, some with lemon and many with glasses, a cup, and a coffeepot, or with fruit, against a checked tablecloth. He seemed to be playing with colors as he sorted them out and tossed them up onto the scaffolding. There was a large nude, a three-quarter rear view that one saw at the same time front view, in earth tones, very close to the palette of the Cubist period. There were also scenes of the Vert Galant, that little tip of the Ile de la Cité on the other side of the Pont Neuf. In these paintings there were trees on which each branch was made out of separate spots of paint, much in the manner of van Gogh. There were several showing mothers with enormous children whose heads reached the very top of the canvas, somewhat in the spirit of the Catalan primitives.

Many of the paintings he showed us that morning had a culinary basis: skinned rabbits, or pigeons with peas, a kind of reflection of the hard time most people were having to get food. There were others almost like *papiers collés*, with a sausage stuck onto an otherwise carefully composed background; or portraits of women wearing hats topped with forks or fishes and other kinds of food. Finally he showed us a group of portraits of Dora Maar, very tortured in form, which he had painted over the past two years. They are among the finest paintings he has ever done, I believe.

Suddenly he decided he had shown us enough. He walked away from his pyramid. "I saw your exhibition," he said, looking at me. I didn't have the courage to ask him what he thought of it, so I just looked surprised. "You're very gifted for drawing," he went on. "I think you should keep on working — hard — every day. I'll be curious to see how your work develops. I hope you'll show me other things from time to time." Then he added, to Geneviève, "I think you've found the right teacher in Maillol. One good Catalan deserves another."

Little else he said that morning registered very deeply with me. I left the Rue des Grands-Augustins feeling very buoyant, impatient to get back to my studio and go to work.

Soon after that second visit, Geneviève went back to the Midi. I wanted to return to the Rue des Grands-Augustins by myself, but I felt it was a little early to show Picasso any new work, even though he had been more than cordial in his invitation to come see him as often as I wanted to. I wondered more than once whether, if he had met me alone, he would even have noticed me. Meeting me with Geneviève, he saw a theme that runs

through his entire work and was particularly marked during the 1930s: two women together, one fair and the other dark, the one all curves and the other externalizing her internal conflicts, with a personality that goes beyond the pictorial; one, the kind of woman who has a purely aesthetic and plastic life with him; the other, the type whose nature is reflected in dramatic expression. When he saw the two of us that morning, he saw in Geneviève a version of formal perfection, and in me, who lacked that formal perfection, a quality of unquiet which was actually an echo of his own nature. That created an image for him, I'm sure. He even said, "I'm meeting beings I painted twenty years ago." It was certainly one of the original causes of the interest he showed.

When I did go back to see him, it wasn't long before he began to make very clear another side of the nature of his interest in me.

There were always quite a few people waiting to see him, some in the long room on the lower floor, where Sabartés held forth, others in the large painting atelier on the floor above. Picasso, I soon noticed, was always looking for some excuse to get me off into another room where he could be alone with me for a few minutes. The first time, I remember, the pretext was some tubes of paint he wanted to give me. Having an idea that there was more involved than just paints, I asked him why he didn't bring them to me. Sabartés, never very far away, said, "Yes, Pablo, you should bring them to her."

"Why?" Picasso asked. "If I'm going to give her a gift, the least she can do is make the effort to go after it."

Another morning, I had gone there on my bicycle, since that was the only way one could get around conveniently at that period. En route it had started to rain, and my hair was soaking wet. "Just look at the poor girl," Picasso said to Sabartés. "We can't leave her in that state." He took me by the arm. "You come with me into the bathroom and let me dry your hair," he said.

"Look, Pablo," Sabartés said, "perhaps I should get Inès to do it. She'll do it better."

"You leave Inès where she is," Picasso said. "She's got her own work to do." He guided me into the bathroom and carefully dried my hair for me.

Of course, Picasso didn't have a situation like that handed to him every time. He had to manufacture his own. And so the next time it might be some special drawing paper he had uncovered in one of the countless dusty corners of the atelier. But whatever the pretext, it was quite clear that he was trying to discover to what degree I might be receptive to his attentions. I had no desire to give him grounds to make up his mind, one way or the other. I was having too much fun watching him try to figure it all out.

One day he said to me, "I want to show you my museum." He took me into a small room adjoining the sculpture studio. Against the left-hand wall was a glass case about seven feet high, five feet wide, and a foot deep. It had four or five shelves and held many different kinds of art objects.

"These are my treasures," he said. He led me over to the center of the vitrine and pointed to a very striking wooden foot on one of the shelves. "That's Old Kingdom," he said. "There's all of Egypt in that foot. With a fragment like that, I don't need the rest of the statue."

Ranged across the top shelf were about ten very slender sculptures of women, from a foot to a foot and a half high, cast in bronze. "Those I carved in wood in 1931," he said. "And look over here." He pushed me very gently toward the end of the case and tapped on the glass in front of a group of small stones incised with female profiles, the head of a bull and of a faun. "I did those with this," he said, and fished out of his pocket a small jackknife, labeled "Opinel," with a single folding blade. On another shelf, and next to a wooden hand and forearm that were recognizably Easter Island, I noticed a small flat piece of bone about three inches long. On its long sides were painted parallel lines imitating the teeth of a comb. In the center, between the two strips of "teeth," was a cartouche showing two bugs meeting in head-on combat, one about to swallow up the other. I asked Picasso what that was. "That's a comb for lice," he said. "I'd give it to you but I don't imagine you'd have any use for it." He ran his fingers through my hair and parted it at the roots here and there. "No," he said, "you seem to be all right in that department."

I moved back to the center of the vitrine. There was a cast of his sculpture *A Glass of Absinthe*, about nine inches high, with a hole cut into the front of the glass and a real spoon on top, bearing a simulated lump of sugar. "I did that long before you were born," he said. "Back in 1914. I modeled it in wax and added a real spoon and had six of them cast in bronze, then painted each one differently. Here, this will amuse you." He put his arm around me and sidled over to another part of the case, drawing me along with him. I saw a small matchbox on which he had painted the head of a woman in a post-Cubist manner. I asked him when he had done that.

"Oh, two or three years ago," he said. "These, too." He pointed to a group of cigarette boxes on which he had painted women seated in armchairs. Three of them, I noticed, were dated 1940. "You see, I built them up in relief by pasting other bits of cardboard in various places," he said. He pointed to the one in the center. "For that one, I sewed on the panel that makes the central part of the torso. Notice the hair. It's pretty close to *being* hair — it's

string. These things are midway between sculpture and painting, I suppose."

On the opposite side of the room from the vitrine was a table covered with tools. I walked over to it. Picasso followed me. "These I use in finishing my sculpture," he said. He picked up a file. "This is something I use all the time." He tossed it back and picked up another. "This one is for finer surfaces." One after another he handled a plane, pincers, nails of all kinds — "for engraving on plaster" — a hammer, and with each one he came closer to me. When he dropped the last piece back onto the table he turned abruptly and kissed me, full on the mouth. I let him. He looked at me in surprise.

"You don't mind?" he asked. I said no — should I? He seemed shocked. "That's disgusting," he said. "At least you could have pushed me away. Otherwise I might get the idea I could do anything I wanted to." I smiled and told him to go ahead. By now he was thrown completely off the track. I knew very well he didn't know what he wanted to do, or even whether, and I had an idea that by saying, placidly, yes, I would discourage him from doing anything at all, so I said, "I'm at your disposition." He looked at me cautiously, then asked, "Are you in love with me?" I said I couldn't guarantee that, but at least I liked him and I felt very much at ease with him, and I saw no reason for setting up in advance any limits to our relationship. Again he said, "That's disgusting. How do you expect me to seduce anyone under conditions like that? If you're not going to resist — well, then it's out of the question. I'll have to think it over." And he walked back into the sculpture studio to join the others.

A FEW days later he brought up the question in a similar manner. I told him I could promise him nothing in advance, but he could always try and see for himself. That nettled him. "In spite of your youth," he said, "I get the impression that you've had a lot of experience in that sort of thing." I said no, not really. "Well, then, I don't understand you," he said. "It doesn't make sense, the way you act." I said I couldn't help that. That's the way it was, sense or nonsense. Besides, I wasn't afraid of him, so I couldn't very well act as though I were. "You're too complicated for me," he said. That slowed him down for a while longer.

A week or so later, I went to see him. Using the by now familiar technique, he managed to maneuver me into his bedroom. He picked up a book from a pile on a chair near his bed. "Have you read the Marquis de Sade?" he asked me. I told him no. "Aha! I shock you, don't I?" he said, looking very proud of himself. I said no. I told him that although I hadn't read Sade, I had no objection to it.

And I *had* read Choderlos de Laclos and Restif de la Bretonne. As for Sade, I could make out without it, but perhaps he couldn't, I suggested. In any case, I told him, the principle of the victim and the executioner didn't interest me. I didn't think either one of those roles suited me very well.

"No, no, I didn't mean that," he said. "I just wondered if that might shock you." He seemed a little disappointed. "You're more English than French, I think," he told me. "You've got that English kind of reserve."

After that his campaign slacked off. He was no less friendly whenever I dropped in mornings, but since I hadn't encouraged his early approaches, he was clearly hesitant about attempting further advances. I was just as well pleased.

One morning toward the end of June, he told me he wanted to show me the view from the "forest." In French that word is used to refer to the framework of beams that come together to form the support for the roof. He took me into the hallway outside his painting studio on the upper floor. There, at an angle against the wall, was a miller's ladder leading up to a small door about three feet above our heads. He bowed gallantly. "You go first," he said. I had some qualms about it, but it seemed awkward to argue the point, so I climbed the ladder and he followed right behind. At the top I pushed open the door and stepped into a small room, about twelve feet by twenty, under the eaves. On the other side of the room was a small open window, almost to the floor. I walked over to it and looked out on a kind of Cubist pattern formed by the roofs and chimney pots of the Left Bank. Picasso came up behind me and put his arms around me. "I'd better hold onto you," he said. "I wouldn't like to have you fall out and give the house a bad name." It had grown warmer in the last few days, and he was wearing what seemed to be his usual warm-weather outfit for receiving his friends in the morning: a pair of white shorts and his slippers.

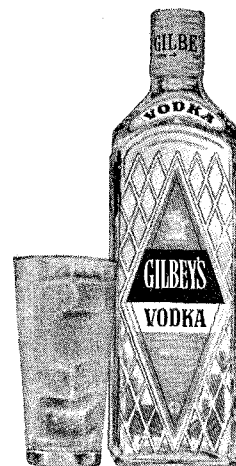
"That's nice, the roofs of Paris," he said. "One could make paintings of that." I continued to look out the window. Opposite us, a little to the right, across a courtyard, an empty building was being remodeled. On one of the outside walls, a workman had drawn in whitewash an enormous phallus, about seven feet long, with very baroque subsidiary decoration. Picasso went on talking about the view and the handsome old roofs against the light gray-blue of the sky. He moved his hands up and lightly cupped them over my breasts. I didn't move. Finally, a bit too innocently I thought, he said, "*Tiens!* That drawing in whitewash on the wall over there — what do you suppose that represents?" Trying to sound as offhand as he had, I said I didn't know. It didn't seem to me to be at all figurative, I told him.



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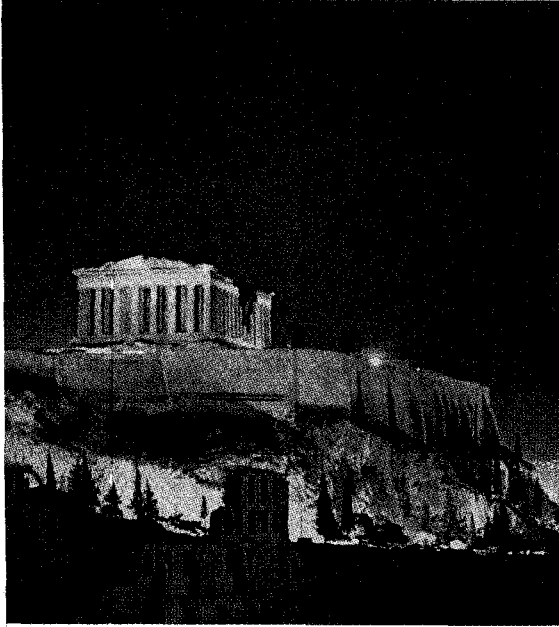
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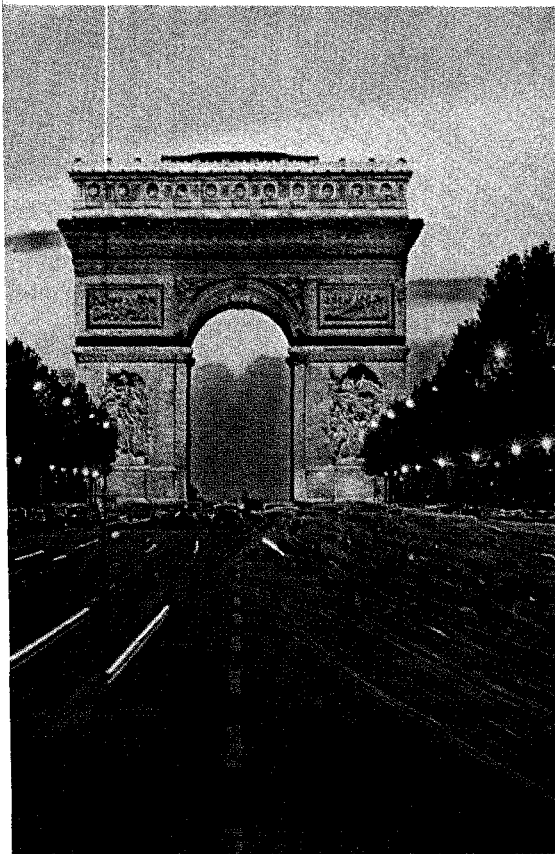


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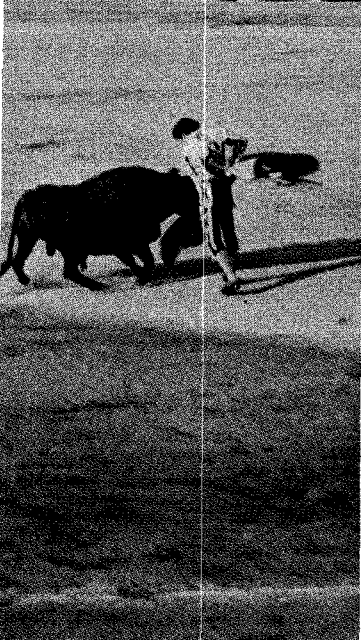
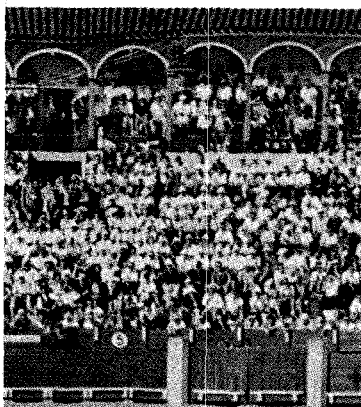
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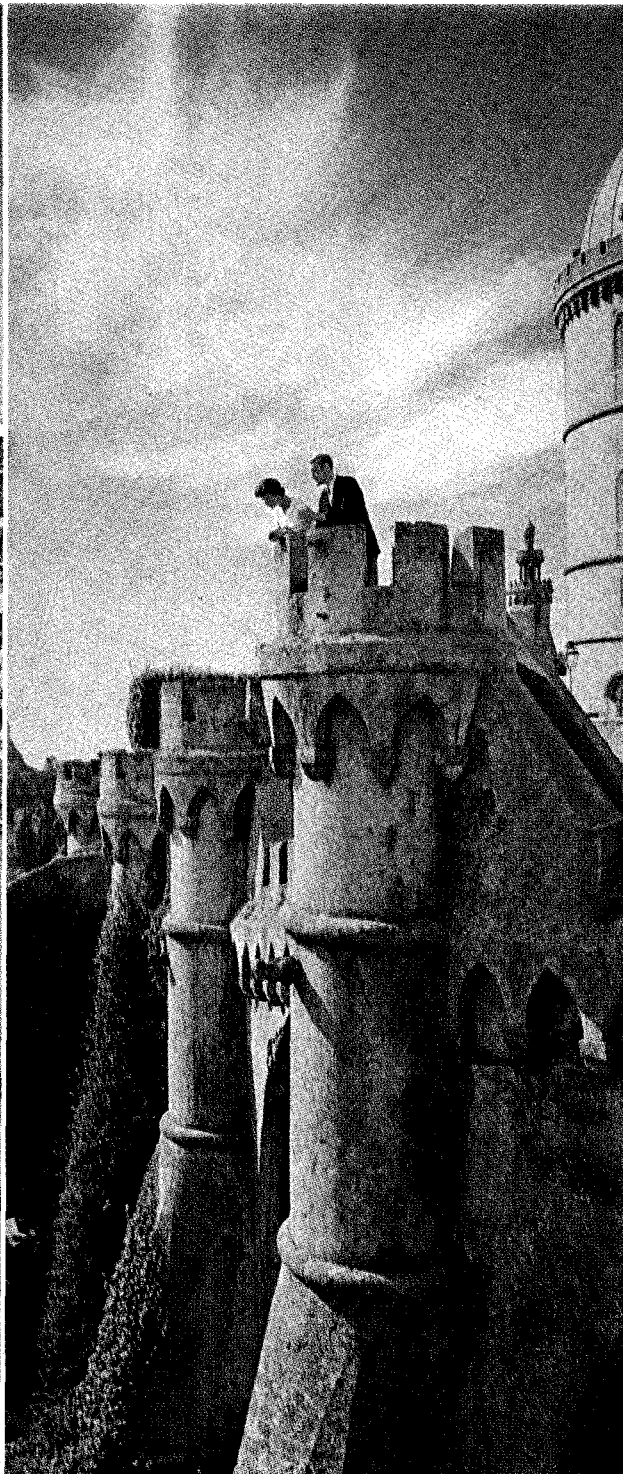
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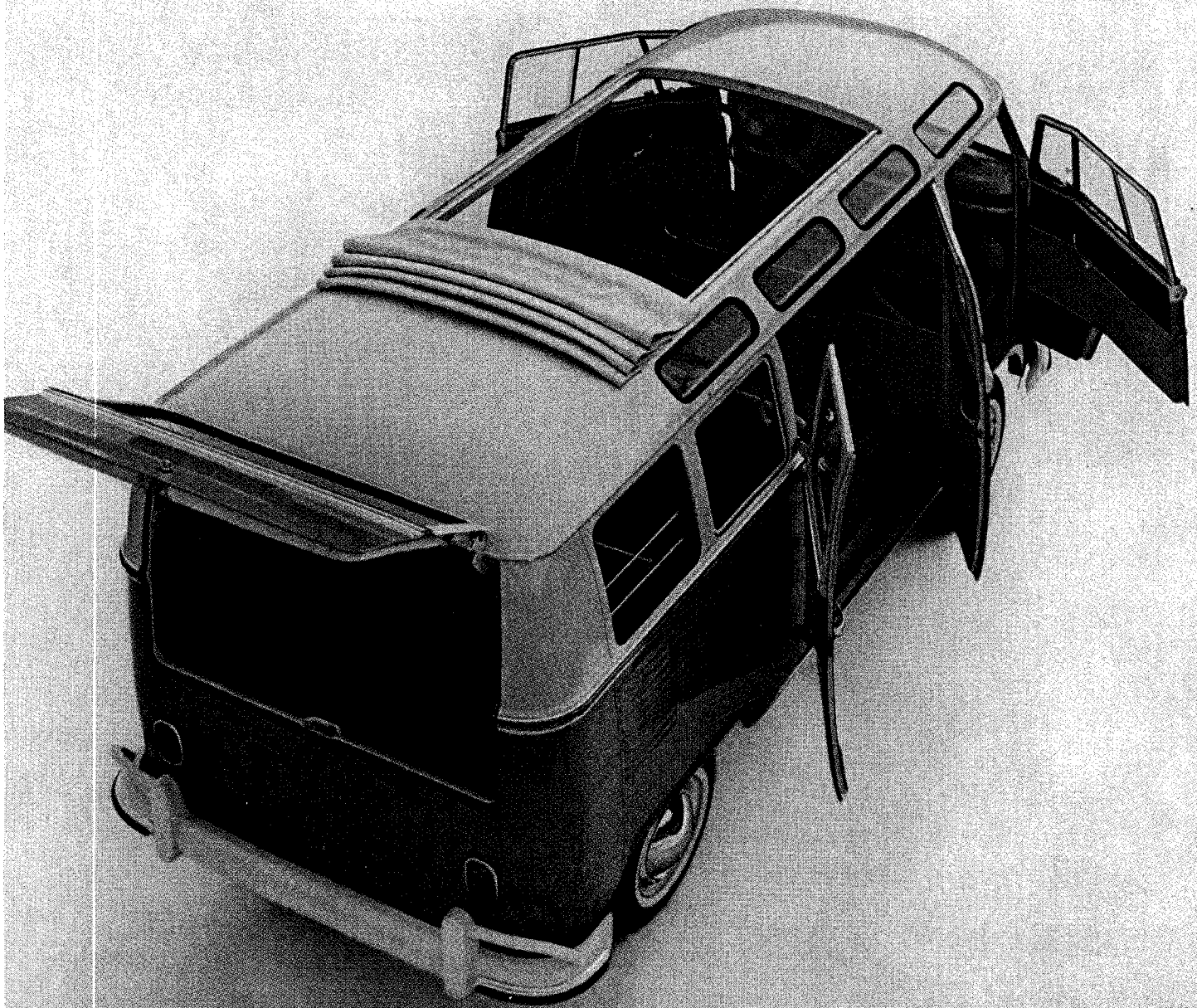
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He took his hands away. I turned and faced him. He was slightly flushed, and he looked pleased. I had the feeling he was glad I hadn't committed myself, either to draw away or to fall too easily. He guided me gently by the arm out of the "forest" and helped me onto the ladder. I went down in the prescribed fashion, he following, and we joined the group in the painting atelier. Everyone talked animatedly as if neither our departure nor our return had been noticed.

THAT summer I went to a little village called Fontès, near Montpellier, which was then in the Free Zone (not occupied by the Germans) to spend my vacation with Geneviève. While I was there, I passed through one of those crises young people sometimes experience in the process of growing up. Picasso wasn't the cause of it. It had been building up for some time before I met him.

Ever since early childhood I had suffered from insomnia and had used my nights more for reading than for sleeping. And since I was a rapid reader, I had managed to work my way through a very considerable number of books. My father had encouraged this bent in me. He was, by training, an agronomical engineer and had built up several manufacturing businesses in chemicals. But he was also a man with a passionate interest in literature, and his large library was never closed to me. By the time I was twelve he had read me enormous chunks of the works of Joinville, Villon, Rabelais, Poe, and Baudelaire, and by the age of fourteen, all of Jarry. By the time I was seventeen I was rather proud of my attainments and fond of imagining that I knew what life was all about, even though whatever I did know came out of books.

My physical appearance didn't seem extraordinary to me; on the other hand, I didn't consider it a handicap. I felt afraid of nothing, objective and detached in all my judgments and serenely free from the various illusions inexperience confers on youth. In short, I saw myself a seasoned philosopher disguised as a young girl.

My father tried to wake me up by telling me, "You're floating on air. You'd better put on some lead-soled shoes and get down to earth. Otherwise you're in for a rude awakening." That awakening came when I decided to become a painter. For the first time I got a sense of my own limitations. No matter how single-mindedly I gave myself over to it, I gradually came to realize there were things I couldn't bring off. I had difficulties of all kinds, conceptual as well as technical. For a long time I felt I was up against a wall. Then suddenly it occurred to me that, at bottom, a good part of my difficulty came from my lack of the experience of

living. I had an intellectual grasp of many things, but as far as firsthand experience went, I was pretty close to being a total ignoramus.

I had started to paint at the age of seventeen. For the past two years I had been working under the guidance of a Hungarian painter named Rozsda. At the same time, I was studying for my *licence* in literature at the Sorbonne (roughly the equivalent of an A.B. degree in an American or English university) and on a law degree as well. My father wouldn't have allowed me to drop out of the university and devote all my time to painting, but I used to cut my morning classes and go to Rozsda's studio to paint.

Rozsda had come to Paris from Budapest in 1938. He was Jewish on his mother's side. Under occupation law, he should have worn a yellow Star of David to identify him as a Jew. Not wearing one, he had greater freedom of movement but at a very considerable risk. In addition to that, since Hungary was a German satellite, Rozsda should have been doing military service for the Nazis. That made him not only an undeclared Jew but, in their eyes, a deserter as well. He was, then, doubly liable for early shipment to the gas chamber. He had worked with the Resistance in France, but his strong foreign accent made him less useful there than he would have been in his own country. He was in danger of being picked up from day to day. My father, who could be as hard as nails when his will was frustrated, could also be very generous when he wanted to be. When I told him about Rozsda's situation, he helped him to get the papers that would take him safely back to Budapest via Berlin, Vienna, and other dangerous way stations.

When he left, in February, 1943, I saw him off at the Gare de l'Est. I was very sad to see him go because he had been a good friend to me. I was unhappy, also, to think that the progress I had been making in my painting might be threatened. I told him I didn't know what I was going to do about that, or whom I could work with. The train started up. He hopped aboard and called out, "Don't worry about that. In three months' time, you may know Picasso." He was right, almost to the day.

My problems with painting weren't my only source of frustration. During the two or three years leading up to my meeting with Picasso, most of my male friends were men about ten years older than I. Many of them were active in the Resistance in one way or another, and I think they all looked upon me as a child.

Between the ages of seventeen and twenty I had been very much in love with a boy my own age. He was going through the same growing pains that I was having. Every time I felt it would be all right to give myself to him, he would feel very inhibited, and when he felt more adventurous, it was always

at a time when I was having my doubts. Then he fell ill with pleurisy, and during that time my parents tried to break up our friendship. When he returned from convalescence I made the decision to burst the bonds. I had worked myself up to the feeling that I *must* get beyond that barrier called virginity. I must have been so aggressive that I frightened him out of his wits. He told me he didn't really love me, and that I might as well leave him out of my plans.

Like many other young people, instead of realizing that I had a lifetime before me, I felt that time was running short, and I suppose I dramatized this first rejection to a degree that made me think, well, after that, what else matters? Rozsda, my teacher, had gone. The boy I wanted had thrown me over. I had nothing more to lose. It was just at that time that I met Picasso. And after our brief skirmishes of May and June, I was still all stirred up by everything that had taken place before I met him. In my eyes the villains were my parents. They had done their best to make things fall apart between my boyfriend and me by watching us ever so carefully, admonishing us constantly, and, every time we returned the least bit late from an evening together, accusing us of the worst. So my general conclusion that summer was: They've ruined my life so far. From now on I'll take over.

I DECIDED to drop off everything I didn't believe in. The first step, it seemed to me, was to face up to my father and tell him I had decided to be a painter, and in order to give myself over completely to that, I would need to stop my other studies. Knowing how strong-willed he was, I realized that an announcement like that would probably lead to a break between us. But I sensed that by accepting the consequences, I would find myself on the other side of the wall that now separated me from everything I wanted.

In October I wrote my father a letter in which I tried to explain all this. His answer was to send my mother, who, like me, had always been completely under his domination, to bring me back to Paris at once. When we reached home he was waiting for us, seething with anger. My attitude was scandalous, he said, and I must be out of my mind. If I persisted, he would know I was seriously ill, and he would have me committed, he threatened. He gave me a half hour to change my mind and went out to do an errand. I knew I had to act quickly. I left the house without saying anything to my mother and ran to my grandmother's house, which was not far from ours. My grandmother wasn't home. I decided to wait for her to return. In a few minutes my father and mother arrived. I think that by now

my mother, too, was convinced that I was out of my mind. Until now I had always obeyed, even though it was painful. Suddenly, at twenty-one, I was as inflexible as my father.

When I saw them coming, I ran up to the top floor. Knowing the mood my father was in, I was certain he would try to drag me out of the house and take me back home, and I thought he might have a harder time of it if I was as far away from the front door as possible. He followed me upstairs. I had never seen him in such a rage. He had always been a very violent man and was in the habit of having everyone — at home, among the rest of the family, in his factories, in the world at large — obey him immediately. He asked me if I would return home. I told him no. I said I had made up my mind that if he wouldn't agree to my terms, I would leave home. I told him that from now on I intended to live my life as I saw fit.

He began to beat me — my head, shoulders, face, and back — with all his might. He was so much bigger and stronger than I, I knew I could never hold out against him if he continued like that. I sat down on the stairway and managed to slip my legs between the balusters. I put my arms through them and joined my hands together. In that way he couldn't hit me on my face anymore. My face was bleeding badly, and the blood was running down the white balusters onto my knees. I could feel one eye swelling. He tried to pull me away, but I held on tight.

At that point I heard the front door open below us, and my grandmother walked in. She came upstairs as quickly as she could and asked my father what was going on. He told her that whatever she saw, I had done to myself. I told her this was not true. She said she was in no position to make up her mind about that, but it was obvious that I was in very bad shape, and she was putting me to bed and calling a doctor at once. "We'll see about the rest tomorrow," she said.

My grandmother was seventy-five at the time. After the death of my grandfather four years before, she had had a nervous breakdown. She had spent nearly three years in a rest home and had been back in her own home, well again, for about a year. She was my mother's mother. She had her own fortune and was not dependent on my father. As it happened, though, her money was managed by a lawyer who was a friend of my father's and, like most everyone else in my father's entourage, a bit under his thumb. My father took advantage of this situation to include her in his threats. "I'll have you both committed," he said. "You're both crazy. Furthermore, you may discover, both of you, that money won't be quite so easy to come by from now on. We'll see how you like that."

My grandmother stood right up to him. "Go

ahead," she told him. "And by all means try to have us put away. I'd like to see you get away with that. From now on, Françoise will stay with me if she wants to."

IT WAS November before I had a chance to visit Picasso again. Now that I was living with my grandmother, I had money problems, since my father had always been the source of my money. And he soon arranged things with his friend the lawyer, so that my grandmother, too, began to feel the pinch. The only clothes I had were the ones I was wearing the day I ran to my grandmother's. It was impossible, of course, to get anything out of my father's house.

His house was just outside the entrance to the Bois de Boulogne, and I had always done a great deal of horseback riding in the Bois. I went to see my old riding master and told him I needed a job. He put me to work giving lessons to beginners. Some days I had to go to Maisons-Laffitte, a racing and riding center about twelve miles outside Paris. That kept me pretty busy.

But as soon as I did see Picasso again, one thing stood out very clearly: the ease with which I could communicate with him. With my father, there had been no communication for years. Even my relations with the one boy I thought I loved were often difficult and complicated, almost negative. Now all of a sudden with someone who was three times as old as I was, there was from the start an ease of understanding that made it possible to talk of anything. It seemed miraculous.

Seeing him after an absence of four or five months and across the filter of my summer's experiences, I had the impression I was rejoining a friend whose nature was not very far from my own. Often during my adolescence I had felt like a solitary traveler crossing a desert. In spite of my intellectual smugness, socially I was timid, and I often used to remain silent even among my friends. The contrast was very striking: now I was completely at ease with someone I hardly knew. So the mornings I didn't have riding lessons to give — perhaps two or three days a week — I spent at the Rue des Grands-Augustins. Most of the people I saw there were people who came nearly every day. If Picasso felt like showing them some paintings, they would look at them. If he didn't, they would just sit around, not saying very much, and then, at lunchtime, go their separate ways. They were people who were somehow connected with Picasso's life, past or present, like Christian Zervos, the editor of *Cahiers d'Art*, who was publishing the catalogue of Picasso's work and often brought his photographer to take pictures of recent drawings and paintings.

Another man who came a great deal at that time was André Dubois, who later on became Prefect of Police and is now with the magazine *Match*. At that time he worked in the Ministry of the Interior, and since the Germans were finding little ways of bothering Picasso and might well have bothered him a great deal more, André Dubois came almost every day to see that everything was all right. Jean-Paul Sartre came frequently, and Simone de Beauvoir, and the poet Pierre Reverdy. Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir talked mostly to each other. Whenever Sartre had anything to say in my presence, I found it generally so dogmatic or indigestible that I formed the habit of talking with others, such as the poet Jacques Prévert. At a time when most people weren't joking much, Prévert generally managed to find something funny. Picasso had had a sculpture of his own hand cast in bronze. One day Prévert amused himself and the rest of us by sticking the bronze hand into his sleeve and shaking hands with the others, then walking away, leaving the bronze hand in theirs.

One morning that winter I went to the Rue des Grands-Augustins with several paintings I had just finished and wanted to show to Picasso. I noticed that a number of the regulars I often saw in the painting studio upstairs were in the long room on the lower floor where Sabartés worked. Sabartés looked very conspiratorial. He signaled to me to follow him. When we were out of the room he whispered, "He said I could take *you* upstairs, but he's not seeing anyone else today. You're going to see someone who'll give you a shock."

When we reached the painting studio I saw Picasso talking with a thin, dark, intense man who, I must admit, did give me somewhat of a shock. It was André Malraux, who more than anyone else at that time was the idol of our generation. We had all devoured his books — *The Conquerors*, *Man's Fate*, *Man's Hope* — and been excited not only by them but by the exploits of Malraux himself, in China, in Indochina, in Spain, and now as one of the leaders of the Corrèze Maquis in the Resistance.

Picasso introduced me to Malraux and asked me to show my paintings to both of them. Feeling very intimidated, I did. I referred to something in one of them as having arisen from the memory of a trip I had made to Les Baux the previous summer. That reminded Picasso that he and Malraux had met there on Christmas Day about five years before. "There's an otherworldly atmosphere you feel as you stand there looking down on the Val d'Enfer that makes me think of Dante," Picasso said.

"It should," Malraux replied. "During Dante's exile from Florence, he went there in his wanderings through France and wrote that setting into *L'Inferno*."

After Malraux had gone, Picasso said, "I hope

you appreciate the gift I just made you." I asked him what gift. "Letting you talk to Malraux," he said. "After all, no one should have seen him here. It's too dangerous. He just slipped in from the Maquis."

Not all of Picasso's visitors were welcome ones. The Germans, of course, had forbidden anyone to exhibit his painting. In their eyes, he was a "degenerate" artist and, worse still, an enemy of the Franco government. They were always looking for pretexts to make more trouble for him. Every week or two a group of uniformed Germans would come and with a very ominous air ask, "This is where Monsieur Lipchitz lives, isn't it?"

"No," Sabartés would say. "This is Monsieur Picasso."

"Oh, no. We know it's Monsieur Lipchitz's apartment."

"But, no," Sabartés would insist. "This is Monsieur Picasso."

"Monsieur Picasso isn't a Jew, by any chance?"

"Of course not," said Sabartés. And since one's Aryan or non-Aryan status was established on the basis of one's grandparents' baptismal certificates, no one could say Picasso was Jewish. But they used to come, anyway, and say they were looking for the sculptor Lipchitz, knowing very well that he was in America at that moment and that he had never lived there in the first place. But they would pretend they had to satisfy themselves that he wasn't there, so they'd say, "We want to be sure. We're coming in and search for papers." Three or four of them would come in, with an extremely polite officer who spoke French. The disorder everywhere was an invitation to them, and they would look around and behind everything.

Picasso had had another brush with the Germans before I knew him, and he told me about it one day with considerable satisfaction. One of the first things the Germans did in 1940, right after the armistice, was to inventory the contents of all safe-deposit vaults in banks. The property of Jews was confiscated. That of the others was set down in the record to be available if needed. Foreign stocks and bonds, gold, jewelry, and valuable works of art were what interested the Germans most.

As soon as the inventorying started, most people who were away from Paris rushed back in order to be present when their boxes or vaults were opened. Everyone realized that at the start, before the "technicians" arrived from Germany, things would be handled somewhat haphazardly by the occupying soldiers and they might, therefore, have more of a chance of protecting their valuables. That was what my family did and, as I learned

later, Picasso too. And in taking care of his own vaults, Picasso had looked after Matisse's as well.

Matisse had had a very serious abdominal operation and had gone to live in the south of France. His paintings were stored in a vault of a bank, adjacent to Picasso's vaults. When Picasso's vaults were opened, he made it a point to be there. There were three large rooms full of paintings down in the basement of the bank: two for him and one for Matisse. The manager of the bank was a friend of both of them.

Because Picasso is Spanish, it would have been difficult for the Germans to touch his property if his papers had been in order, but since he was persona non grata with the Franco regime, his situation was precarious. And since both he and Matisse were classified by the Nazis as "degenerate" artists, there was all the more reason to be apprehensive. The inspectors were two German soldiers, very well disciplined but not very bright, he told me. He got them so confused, he said, rushing them from one room into the next, pulling out canvases, inspecting them, shoving them back in again, leading the soldiers around corners, making wrong turns, that in the end they were all at sea. And since they were not at all familiar with his work or with Matisse's either, they didn't know what they were looking at, no matter which room they were in. He wound up by inventorying only one third of his paintings, and when it came to Matisse's, he said, "Oh, we've seen these." Then they asked him what all those things were worth. He told them 8000 francs — about \$1600 in today's money — for all his paintings and the same for Matisse's. They took his word for it. None of his things or Matisse's were taken away. It must not have seemed worth the trouble.

There was a Kafkaesque uncertainty surrounding some of the people who drifted in and out of Picasso's studio at that time, among them a rather mystifying art historian, and a photographer who came from time to time on some vague mission. Picasso thought they were spies, but there was no way of proving they were and no basis on which to refuse to let them in. What he feared most was that one day one of these dubious Germans — the photographer, for example, who came more often than any of the others — would plant some incriminating papers so that the next time the Gestapo came to search, they *would* find something.

It took a good deal of courage for him to stay there during the war, since his paintings had been denounced by Hitler and since the occupation authorities took such a dim view of intellectuals. Many artists and writers — Léger, André Breton, Max Ernst, André Masson, Zadkine, and others — had gone off to America before the Germans arrived. It must have seemed wiser to many not to run the

risk of staying. One day I asked Pablo why he had.

"Oh, I'm not looking for risks to take," he said, "but in a sort of passive way I don't care to yield to either force or terror. I want to stay here because I'm here. The only kind of force that could make me leave would be the desire to leave. Staying on isn't really a manifestation of courage; it's just a form of inertia. I suppose it's simply that I prefer to be here. So I'll stay, whatever the cost."

As I continued to turn up regularly at the Rue des Grands-Augustins mornings, Sabartés grew more and more glum in my presence. One morning when only he and Picasso and I were in the painting studio, he apparently decided he had been diplomatic long enough. I suspected they had been talking about me before I arrived that morning because I hadn't been there but a few minutes when Sabartés said, almost as though he were simply contributing an opinion to a conversation that had been under way for some time already, "All this looks pretty bad to me, Pablo. And it will end badly. You see, I know you. Furthermore she has too many changes of clothing, and that's not a good sign." A week or two earlier my mother had had a change of heart and had smuggled some of my clothes out of the house and brought them to my grandmother's. I suppose I had been making the most of them after weeks of wearing the same outfit every day.

"You mind your business, Sabartés," Picasso said. "You don't understand anything. You haven't got the intelligence to realize this girl is walking a tightrope — and sound asleep, at that. You want to wake her up? You want her to fall down? You just don't understand us somnambulists. And what you don't understand, either, is the fact that I *like* this girl. I'd like her just as much if she were a boy. In fact, she's a little like Rimbaud. So keep your gloomy, evil thoughts to yourself."

Sabartés looked unconvinced. He sighed heavily and went downstairs. Picasso shook his head.

"What a treasure of incomprehension," he said. "In life you throw a ball. You hope it will reach a wall and bounce back so you can throw it again. You hope your friends will provide that wall. Well, they're almost never a wall. They're like old wet bedsheets, and that ball you throw, when it strikes those wet sheets, just falls. It almost never comes back." Then, looking at me out of the corner of his eye, he said, "I guess I'll die without ever having loved." I laughed and said, "No point in making up your mind now. You haven't got there yet." Picasso grew quiet for a moment and then said, "Do you remember the time we went up the miller's ladder into the 'forest,' where we could look out

over the rooftops?" I told him I did. "There's one thing I'd like very much," he said, "and that is if you would stay here, beginning right now, up in the forest; just disappear completely so that no one would ever know you were here. I'd bring you food twice a day. You could work up there in tranquillity, and I'd have a secret in my life that no one could take away from me. At night we could go out together, wandering wherever we wanted to, and you, who don't like crowds of people, you'd be completely happy, because you wouldn't have to worry about the rest of the world, just about me." I said I thought that was a very good idea. But then he began to think it over, and he said, "Well, I don't know whether it's such a good idea or not because it's binding on me, too. If you're agreeable to having no more liberty, that means I wouldn't have any more either."

I could see it was hard for him to let go of the idea, all the same. "It would be nice, though," he went on. "You'd live here without seeing anyone else in the world but me, either writing or painting, and I'd give you all the materials you needed for your work, and we'd have that secret to share. We'd go out only after dark and only in quarters where we wouldn't run into anyone we knew."

I must admit that, at least poetically, the idea had a strong appeal for me at that moment. Living up there alone would have cut me off from all the people I would have preferred to avoid and left me in contact with one person who interested me enormously and who would have been quite sufficient for me at that time. I knew it wasn't yet a question of love, but I knew there was a very strong mutual attraction, a need to be together.

When I left that morning, Picasso said, "I'm as tired as you must be of listening to Sabartés grumbling about finding you here mornings. Since he's never here after lunch, why don't you come see me afternoons from now on?" I said I'd like that, but not to count on me for the forest right now. Since it was February, I had an idea I'd find it rather cold up there under the eaves.

"I agree," he said. "Besides, I've got a better idea for February. Since nobody is allowed in here afternoons and I don't even answer the telephone if it rings, we'll be completely undisturbed, and I'll give you lessons in engraving. Would you like that?" I told him I believed I would.

BEFORE my first afternoon visit to the Rue des Grands-Augustins, I telephoned to Picasso in the morning to make an appointment. I arrived on time, wearing a black velvet dress with a high white lace collar, my dark-red hair done up in a coiffure I had taken from a painting of the Infanta by

Velasquez. Picasso let me in. His mouth dropped open. "Is that the kind of costume you put on to learn engraving?" he finally asked.

Certainly not, I told him. But since I was sure he hadn't the slightest intention of teaching me engraving, I had put on the costume that seemed most appropriate to the real circumstances. In other words, I was simply trying to look beautiful, I said.

He threw up his hands. "Good God! What a nerve! You do everything you can to make things difficult for me. Couldn't you at least *pretend* to be taken in, the way women generally do? If you don't fall in with my subterfuges, how are we ever going to get together?" He stopped. He seemed to be reconsidering his criticism. Then he said, more slowly, "You're right, really. It's better that way, with the eyes open. But you realize, don't you, that if you don't want anything but the truth — no subterfuges — you're asking to be spared nothing. Broad daylight is pretty harsh." He paused, as though he felt unsure. "Well," he said, "we've got plenty of time. We'll see."

I followed him into the long room where Sabartés worked mornings. The room was empty now, except for its usual clutter. Picasso left the room and came back in a few minutes with a large album. He pushed aside some of the piles of papers and books on the long table in the center of the room and set it down. He untied the cover and folded it back. Inside was a thick pile of prints.

"You see, we're going to get around to the subject of engraving, after all," he said. "This is a series of etchings, a hundred of them, that I made for Vollard in the 1930s."

On top of the pile were three etched portrait heads, two of them with aquatint, of the picture dealer Ambroise Vollard. Picasso laughed. "The most beautiful woman who ever lived never had her portrait painted, drawn, or engraved any oftener than Vollard — by Cézanne, Renoir, Rouault, Bonnard, Forain; almost everybody, in fact. I think they all did him through a sense of competition, each one wanting to do him better than the others. He had the vanity of a woman, that man. Renoir did him as a toreador, stealing *my* stuff, really. But my Cubist portrait of him is the best one of them all."

He turned to a print that showed a fair-haired seated nude wearing a flower-covered picture hat. Opposite her was a standing nude with dark hair and eyes, partly draped. He pointed to the one who was standing. "There you are. That's you. You see it, don't you? You know, I've always been haunted by a certain few faces, and yours is one of them." He turned to another print that showed another partially draped nude standing beside a curious-looking male figure who held her by the

hand — a painter, apparently, because he seemed to be holding in his other hand a palette and brushes. He was a very hairy fellow, wearing a ruff and a crumpled hat. "You see this truculent character here, with the curly hair and mustache? That's Rembrandt," Picasso said. "Or maybe it's Balzac, I'm not sure. It's a compromise, I suppose. It doesn't really matter. They're only two of the people that haunt me. Every human being is a whole colony, you know."

He turned over several more of the prints. They were filled with bearded and clean-shaven men, with minotaurs, centaurs, faunlike figures, and all kinds of women. Everyone was nude or nearly so, and they seemed to be playing out some kind of drama from Greek mythology.

He turned to another plate that showed a minotaur down on his knees, a male gladiator giving him the coup de grace with a dagger. A crowd of faces, mostly women's, peered down on them from behind a barrier. "We're taught that Theseus came and killed the minotaur, but he was only one of many. It happened every Sunday: a young Attic Greek came over from the mainland, and when he killed the minotaur, he made all the women happy, especially the old ones. A minotaur keeps his women lavishly, but he reigns by terror, and they're glad to see him killed."

Picasso was speaking very quietly now. "A minotaur can't be loved for himself," he said. "At least he doesn't think he can. It just doesn't seem reasonable to him, somehow. Perhaps that's why he goes in for orgies." He turned to another print, a minotaur watching over a sleeping woman. "He's studying her, trying to read her thoughts," he said, "trying to decide whether she loves him *because* he's a monster." He looked up at me. "Women are odd enough for that, you know." He looked down at the etching again. "It's hard to say whether he wants to wake her or kill her," he said.

He turned to another plate. "The painters are a little out of contact with reality. Look at this one: someone brings him a girl and what does he draw? A line. He's a nonfigurative. But at least the painters live a more orderly life than the sculptors. You'll notice that wherever there are orgies, there are beards. That's the sculptors: warm flesh in one hand, cool champagne in the other. No doubt about it, the sculptors are very much in contact with reality."

He turned over several more prints. He came to a fair-haired nude in the arms of a sculptor. On a plinth beside them was a female head in profile that resembled several pieces of his that I had seen in his sculpture studio. "The sculptor's a little mixed up, too, you see," he said. "He's not sure of which way he wants to work. Of course, if you note all the different shapes, sizes, and colors

of models he works from, you can understand his confusion. He doesn't know what he wants. No wonder his style is so ambiguous. It's like God's. God is really only another artist. He invented the giraffe, the elephant, and the cat. He has no real style. He just keeps on trying other things. The same with this sculptor. First he works from nature, then he tries abstraction. Finally he winds up lying around caressing his models."

He turned to the next sheet. A sculptor worked at a portrait head, looking very pleased with himself. Rays emanated from the head. "While he's working on it, he's sure it's pure genius, you see." He turned to another. The sculptor sat before his work, the model standing between him and the sculpture. "She's telling him, 'I never looked like that.'" He took another look at the sheet, then looked at me. "But of course, that's you again, that model. If I had to do your eyes right now, I'd do them just that way."

The next print showed a darkly bearded Rembrandt-like figure facing a young painter wearing a Phrygian cap. Picasso sighed. "Every painter takes himself for Rembrandt," he said. "Even this one, and you can tell from his cap he flourished at least three thousand years before Rembrandt came along. Everybody has the same delusions."

In the next plate a nude model was bending over a reclining sculptor. The weight and curve of her body were defined in a few slender lines. "He's got a very serene look on his face, hasn't he?" Picasso said. "When he succeeds in doing something with one pure line, he's sure then that he's found something. If sculpture is well done — and you pour water from a pitcher held over the head, after it's run down, the whole sculpture ought to be wet."

He turned to another print. A partially draped model stood beside another one seated in front of a painting that looked like a bouquet of flowers in ebullition. "The one sitting down looks like a model of Matisse's who had decided to try another painter, and now that she's seen the results, she's wishing she'd stayed home — it's all too confusing. The other one's telling her, 'He's a genius. Do you *have* to understand what it's all about?'"

He looked over at me. "What *is* it all about, anyway? Do *you* know?" I told him I wasn't altogether certain, but I had the beginnings of an idea.

"In that case you've seen enough, then. Enough for today." He closed the album. "Let's go upstairs," he said. "I'd like to get an idea about something, too."

WE CLIMBED the winding stairs to the floor above. Picasso linked his arm through mine and guided me

into the bedroom. In the middle of the room he stopped and turned to me. "I told you I wanted to get an idea about something," he said. "What I really want is to see if the idea I already have is right." I asked him what that idea was.

"I want to see if your body corresponds to the mental image I have of it. Also, I want to see how it relates to your head." I stood there and he undressed me. When he had finished, he put my clothes on a chair, stood back near the bed, nine or ten feet from me, and began to study me. After a while he said, "You know, it's incredible the degree to which I had prefigured your form."

I must have seemed a little unsure of myself standing there in the middle of the room. He sat down on the bed and told me to come to him. I walked over to him, and he pulled me down onto his knees. I think he saw that I was embarrassed and that I would certainly have done whatever he asked me to, not because I really wanted to, but because I had made up my mind to. He must have sensed that and realized I was still, in a measure, undecided and had no real desire, because he began to reassure me. He told me that what he wanted was to have me there beside him, but that he didn't feel the consummation of our relationship was irrevocably fixed, like the striking of a clock, to take place at a predetermined moment. He said that whatever there was between us, or whatever was to be, was surely a wonderful thing, and that we must both feel completely free, that whatever was to happen should happen only because we both wanted it.

I had said I would come to see him, and I knew what that would lead to. I was willing to accept the consequences, but I really didn't want to. Whatever I might have done, I would have done to please him, but not wholeheartedly. He understood the difference. From the moment he undressed me and studied me as I stood there in the middle of the room, my whole point of view had begun to change, because his doing that had produced a kind of shock. I suddenly felt that I could trust him completely, and that I was beginning to live the beginning of my life.

He stretched me out on the bed and lay down beside me. He looked at me minutely, more tenderly, moving his hand lightly over my body like a sculptor working over his sculpture to assure himself that the forms were as they should be. He was very gentle, and that is the impression that remains with me to this day — his extraordinary gentleness.

He told me that from then on, everything I did and everything he did would be of the utmost importance: any word spoken, the slightest gesture, would take on meaning, and everything that happened between us would change us continually. "For that reason," he said, "I wish I were able to

suspend time at this moment and keep things exactly at this point, because I feel that this instant is a true beginning. We have a definite but unknown quantity of experience at our disposal. As soon as the hourglass is turned, the sand will begin to run out, and once it starts, it can't stop until it's all gone. That's why I wish I could hold it back at the start. We should make a minimum of gestures, pronounce a minimum of words, even see each other as seldom as possible, if that would prolong things. We don't know how much of everything we have ahead of us, so we have to take the greatest precautions not to destroy the beauty of what we have. Everything exists in limited quantity — especially happiness. If a love is to come into being, it is all written down somewhere, and also its duration and content. If you could arrive at a complete intensity the first day, it would be ended the first day. And so if it's something you want so much that you'd like to have it prolonged in time, you must be extremely careful not to make the slightest excessive demand that might prevent it from developing to the greatest extent over the longest period."

I lay there in his arms as he explained his point of view, completely happy without feeling the necessity of anything beyond just being together. Finally he finished talking. We continued to lie there, without saying a word, and I felt that it was the beginning of something very marvelous, in the true, root sense of the word. I knew he wasn't pretending. He didn't say he loved me. You can't tell a person you love him so soon. He said it, and showed it, but weeks later. If he had taken possession of me then by the power of his body or unleashed a torrent of sentiment in declaring his love, I wouldn't have believed in either one. But as it was, I believed in him completely.

Until then he had been, for me, the great painter that everyone knew about and admired, a very intelligent, witty man but, in a sense, impersonal. From then on he became a person. Until then he had aroused my interest and engaged my mind. Now my emotions and affections were involved. I hadn't thought before then that it would ever be a question of my loving him. Now I knew it could be no other way. He was obviously someone who was capable of sidestepping all stereotyped formulas, in his human relations just as completely as in his art. One recognizes the stereotypes even if one hasn't experienced them all. He took command of the situation by stopping the intellectual game, sidestepping the erotic one, and putting our relationship on the basis it needed to be on in order to be significant for him and — as I even now realized — for me as well.

Finally I knew it was time to go and I told him. He said, "We mustn't see each other too often. If

the wings of the butterfly are to keep their sheen, you mustn't touch them. We mustn't abuse something which is to bring light into both our lives. Everything else in my life only weighs me down and shuts out the light. This thing with you seems to me like a window that is opening up. I want it to remain open. We must see each other but not too often. When you want to see me, you call me and tell me so."

When I left there that day, I knew that whatever came to pass — however wonderful or painful it might be, or both of them mixed together — it would be tremendously important, not a superficial thing or a game on one side or the other. For six months we had been walking all around each other in an ironic sort of way, and now, in the space of an hour, in our first real face-to-face meeting, the irony had been taken out of it, and it had become very serious, a kind of revelation.

It was a cold, gray February day, but my recollection of it is filled with midsummer sunlight.

BEGINNING in 1945 there were several periods when I completely stopped seeing Pablo — for a week, two weeks, or as much as two months. In spite of my feeling for him and his desire to have me with him, I had learned fairly early that there was a real conflict between our temperaments. For one thing, he was very moody: one day brilliant sunshine, the next day thunder and lightning.

In his conversations with me he gave me plenty of rein, encouraged me to speak about everything that went through my head. He stimulated me enormously. At the same time I sensed that the interest he had in me was something that didn't suit him completely. I realized very well that although I amused him and interested him, the deeper feelings that came into play troubled him, at least periodically, and that he was saying to himself at such times, "I mustn't get too involved with her." There was the attraction, and then, to counterbalance it, the disturbance this attraction stirred up.

In our lovemaking, whenever he let himself go too far and became especially tender and childlike, the next time we were together he would invariably be hard and brutal. Obviously Pablo felt he could permit himself everything with everyone, and I have always been someone who accepts "everything" with great difficulty.

From time to time he said to me, "You mustn't think that I would ever get permanently attached to you."

That bothered me a little because at the start I hadn't expected that he would. I felt that since I wasn't asking for anything in particular, he had no reason to defend himself against me. I didn't want

him to burden himself with me. He was the one, I realized, who wanted that. I suppose that was why periodically he told me that he didn't. He wasn't struggling against me but against the effect I was making on him. But since he was struggling with the effect, he found it necessary to struggle with me too.

After a while when he said such things as "Don't think you mean anything to me; I like my independence," I learned to say, "I do, too," and then stay away for a week or two. He would be all smiles when I returned.

One afternoon he said, "I don't know why I told you to come. It would be more fun to go to a brothel." I asked him why he didn't, in that case.

"That's just it," he burst out. "On account of you I don't even have any desire to go. You're spoiling my life."

Of course I knew he wasn't all that fond of "public" girls. I think he wanted to sound very rakish, to give himself a romantic halo. One day he told me he had picked up a girl on the Boulevard des Capucines. "I took her into a bar," he said, "and told her about all the trouble I have on account of women. She was very nice to me, and she told me I have too strong a sense of duty. She's a realist, you see. She understood. That's probably the only kind of woman I could get comfort from." I told him to go right ahead. I understood.

"But it doesn't amuse me," he said. "It bores me." Having admitted that much, he then went on the defensive by tossing off one of his favorite quips, "There's nothing so similar to one poodle dog as another poodle dog, and that goes for women, too." He was rather fond, also, of saying, "For me, there are only two kinds of women — goddesses and doormats." And whenever he thought I might be feeling too much like a goddess, he did his best to turn me into a doormat. One day when I went to see him, we were looking at the dust dancing in a ray of sunlight that slanted in through one of the high windows. He said to me, "Nobody has any real importance for me. As far as I'm concerned, other people are like those little grains of dust floating in the sunlight. It takes only a push of the broom and out they go."

I told him I had often noticed in his dealings with others that he considered the rest of the world only little grains of dust. But, I said, as it happened, I was a little grain of dust who was gifted with autonomous movement and who didn't, therefore, need any broom. I could go out by myself. And I did. I didn't return for three months. It wasn't that I didn't admire his greatness; it was, rather, that I didn't enjoy seeing it cheapened by a kind of imperialism which, in my opinion, was incompatible with true greatness. I could admire him tremendously as an artist, but that didn't mean I

wanted to become his victim or a martyr. The examples of those who had were all around us.

IN FEBRUARY, 1946, although the war had been over for a year and a half, electricity was still being rationed. Late one afternoon, while the current was off, I fell on the stairway of my grandmother's house and broke my arm. They had to operate on my elbow, and I spent ten days in the hospital. One afternoon while I was there, a delivery boy came with an enormous package: a giant azalea with bright red flowers, covered with little bows of pink and blue ribbon. It was truly hideous; enough to set your teeth on edge. At the same time it struck me so funny I couldn't help laughing. In it was a note from Pablo saying that he had been driving along in his car and seen this plant in a shop window. It had seemed to him in such bad taste that he had found it irresistible. He hoped I would appreciate his intention at its true value. I think the prettiest bouquet in the world couldn't have had the effect of that absurd assemblage of colors. I understood very well in what frame of mind he sent it. One bouquet more or less, what difference did that make? But this monstrous thing was something one couldn't forget.

When I came out of the hospital, I decided to go down to the Midi with my grandmother. Pablo gave me the address of his old friend Louis Fort, who lived at Golfe-Juan and who still had his handpresses and copperplates and everything necessary to make etchings. Since I had to go for a rest anyway, he said, I might as well go there and perhaps learn something, too. I left my grandmother in Antibes, where she had been in the habit of going, and then went over to Golfe-Juan to stay at Monsieur Fort's.

Pablo had rented the two upper floors of Monsieur Fort's house for me, and I had arranged for Geneviève to come over from Montpellier and stay with me. Monsieur Fort was a very thin man, over eighty at the time, with a red face, white hair, blue eyes, and a very long nose. He wore a *béret basque* and leaned into the wind, whether he stood or walked. After years of bending over his copperplates he could no longer stand up straight.

By trade he was an artisan-engraver, and he had printed the illustrations for many of Ambroise Vollard's editions, including Pablo's famous series of etchings and drypoints, *Les Saltimbanques*. He taught me the rudiments of the techniques of engraving and etching. I learned how to use varnish, how to do soft-ground etching, how you bite into the copperplate with acid, and all about the various tools — the etching needle, the scraper, the burnisher. At the end of a week, I found it all so in-

interesting that I wrote to Pablo, since he had said he might come to see me for a while, and told him I was working very well and that there was no point in his taking the trouble to come down. I was astonished, two days later, to see Pablo and Marcel, the chauffeur, drive up. I asked him why he had come, since I was getting along fine by myself.

"Exactly," he said. "I don't know what you think you are, but how could you write me that you're happy without me?" That, of course, wasn't what I had meant. He said, "I had an idea that since you didn't want to see me, I'd better get here as quickly as I could." The next day he was already in a bad mood just because he was there.

Geneviève had arrived from Montpellier only the day before, a week late. Pablo's first act was to pack her off to stay at the little hotel-restaurant, Chez Marcel, down the street. I tried to protest, but he didn't want any company, not even a pretty girl like Geneviève. From the start it was apparent that they couldn't get along. Pablo's ribbing, which he spared no one, didn't go down with Geneviève. She had been rather strictly brought up, had a somewhat limited sense of humor, and I think Pablo found her a bit stiff-necked.

AFTER Geneviève had left, Pablo became relatively agreeable. A day or two later he said, "Since we're down here, let's go see Matisse. You put on your mauve blouse and those willow-green slacks; they're two colors Matisse likes very much."

At that time Matisse was living in a house he had rented, before the end of the occupation, in Vence, close to where his chapel is now. When we got there, he was in bed, since he could get up for only an hour or two a day as a result of his operation. He looked very benevolent, almost like a Buddha. He was cutting out forms, with a large pair of scissors, from very handsome papers that had been painted with gouache according to his directions. "I call this drawing with scissors," he said. He told us that often he worked by having paper attached to the ceiling and drawing on it, as he lay in bed, with charcoal tied to the end of a bamboo stick. When he had finished his cutouts, Lydia, his secretary, attached them to the wall on a background paper on which Matisse had drawn, with his bamboo and charcoal, marks indicating where they should be pasted down. First she pinned the papers in place, and then changed them around until he had settled on their exact position and the relationship they should have to one another.

That day we saw several of a series of paintings he had been working on; among them, there were variations on two women in an interior. One was a nude, rather naturalistic and painted in blue. It

didn't seem entirely in balance. Pablo said to Matisse, "It seems to me that in a composition like that the color can't be blue because the color that kind of drawing suggests is pink. In a more transposed drawing, perhaps, the local color of the nude could be blue, but here the drawing is still that of a pink nude." Matisse thought that was quite true and said he would change it. Then he turned to me and said, laughing, "Well, in any case, if I made a portrait of Françoise, I would make her hair green."

Pablo said, "But why would you make a portrait of her?"

"Because she has a head that interests me," Matisse said, "with her eyebrows sticking up like circumflex accents."

"You're not fooling me," Pablo said. "If you made her hair green, you'd make it that way to go with the Oriental carpet in the painting."

"And you'd make the body blue to go with the red-tile kitchen floor," Matisse answered.

Up to that time Pablo had painted only two small gray-and-white portraits of me, but when we got back into the car, all of a sudden a proprietary instinct took possession of him.

"Really, that's going pretty far," he said. "Do I make portraits of Lydia?" I said I didn't see any connection between the two things. "Well, in any case," he said, "now I know how I should make your portrait."

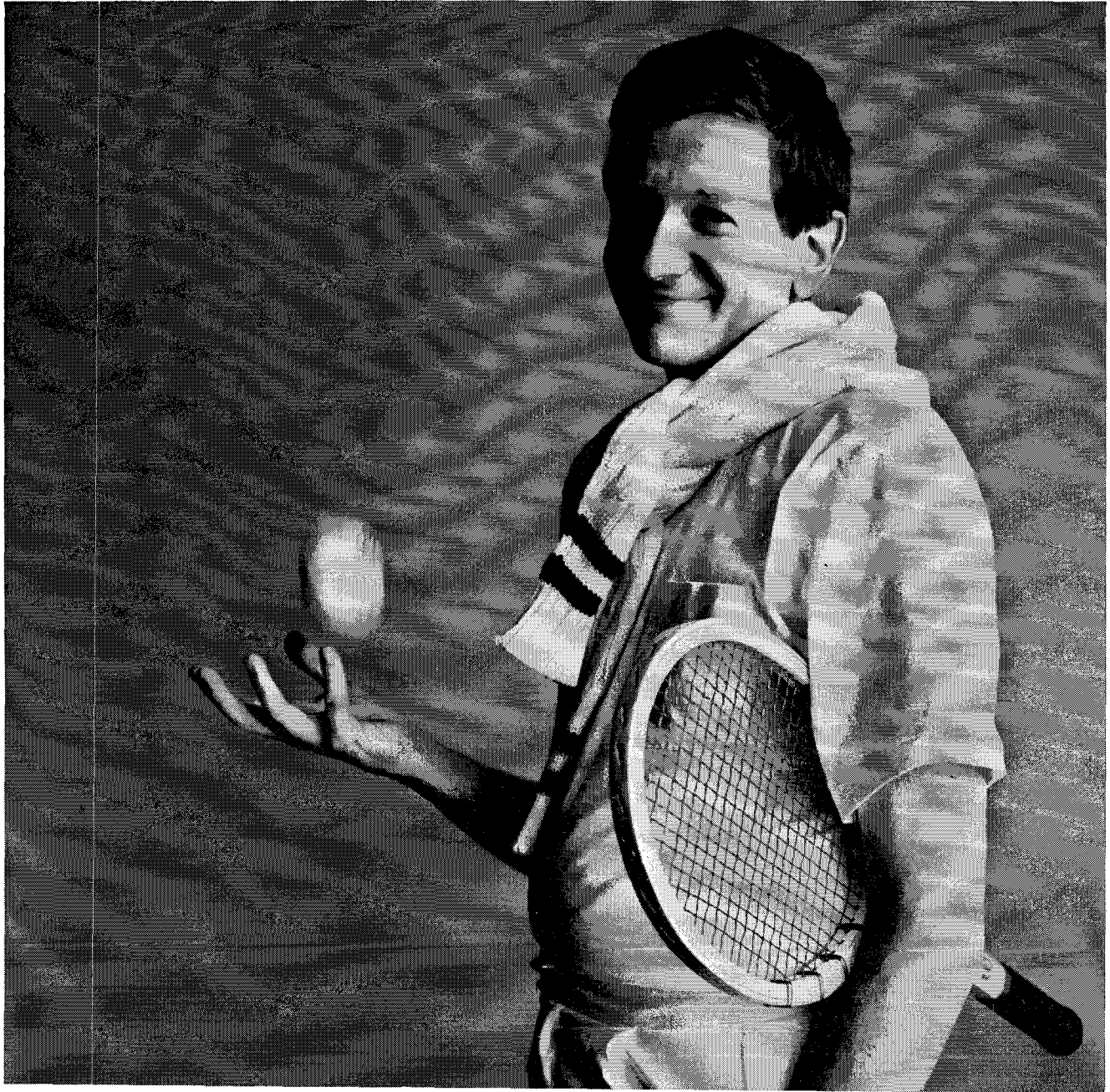
A few days after our visit to Matisse, I told Pablo I was ready to go back to Paris.

"When we return I want you to come live with me," he said bluntly. He had skirted that idea before, mostly in a semi-serious vein, but I had turned his suggestion aside each time. My grandmother was giving me whatever liberty I needed. Furthermore, I found the idea of abandoning her unpleasant, since in what was a very difficult period for me she had not abandoned me. I told Pablo that even if I wanted to, it would be impossible for me to make her understand such a move.

"That's true," he said, "so you just come, without giving her any warning. Your grandmother needs you less than I do." I told him I was very attached to him, but I wasn't ready for such a step.

"It may cost a terrible price to act in this way," he said, "but there are moments in life when we don't have a choice. If there is one necessity which for you dominates all others, then necessarily you must act badly in some respect. We are always in the midst of a mixture of good and evil, right and wrong, and the elements of any situation are always hopelessly tangled. One person's good is antagonistic to another's. To choose one person is always, in a measure, to kill someone else. And so one has to have the courage of the surgeon or the murderer, if you will, and to accept the share of guilt which

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that gives, and to attempt, later on, to be as decent about it as possible. In certain situations one can't be an angel."

I told him that a primitive person could face up to that idea much more easily than someone who thought in terms of principles of good and evil and who tried to act on the basis of them.

"Never mind your theories," he said. "You must realize that there is a price on everything in life. Anything of great value — creation, a new idea — carries its shadow zone with it. You have to accept it that way. Otherwise there is only the stagnation of inaction. But every action has an implicit share of negativity. There is no escaping it. Every positive value has its price in negative terms, and you never see anything very great which is not at the same time horrible in some respect. The genius of Einstein led to Hiroshima."

I told him I had often thought he was the devil, and now I knew it. His eyes narrowed.

"And you — you're an angel," he said scornfully, "but an angel from the hot place. Since I'm the devil, that makes you one of my subjects."

He took the cigarette he was smoking and touched it to my right cheek and held it there. He must have expected me to pull away, but I was determined not to give him the satisfaction. After what seemed a long time, he took it away. "No," he said, "that's not a very good idea. After all, I may still want to look at you."

We started back to Paris the next day. Pablo never liked to ride in the back seat, so we sat in front with the chauffeur. Pablo sat in the middle. Marcel entered freely into the conversation. From time to time Pablo would begin again to argue with me about coming to live with him. Marcel would look over and smile, occasionally putting in something such as, "I think she's right there. Let her go home now. Give her some time to think it over." And Pablo always listened to Marcel. So when we reached Paris, I went back to my grandmother's house with no further comments from Pablo. But from that moment on, since he had launched in earnest the idea that I must come live with him, he worked every day toward moving me in that direction.

I WAS bothered by a number of things, but my feeling for Pablo had deepened to the point where it was stronger than any of the warning signals. It is difficult to explain on any logical basis why this should have been true, but perhaps I can make it at least a little clearer by dropping back, briefly, a dozen or so years to my childhood.

My father had four sisters, and his mother had been widowed when he was fifteen. He must have had his fill of women. When he married, my

mother bore him only one child. He often reproached me for not being a boy. I was dressed in a boyish fashion, with short hair, at a time when that wasn't done in our milieu. He supervised my studies and insisted that I be active in athletics. I had to pass tests as well as any boy and run and jump as well as any boy. He saw to it that I did.

In the summer he used to take me sailing. He taught me to love the sea. Once the shoreline had disappeared and we were all alone on a sailboat with only the sky to witness, then and only then could my father and I manage to get along. He was a very solitary man, and the Brittany coastline, which was wild and rugged, suited him to a T. As a result I grew up liking solitude and wild places. Whenever we were in that kind of place, he smiled frequently, which he never did at home, and he talked easily about everything with me. But as soon as we were back in Paris, we clashed constantly.

In winter my father used to take me hunting to La Brière, a marshy country at the mouth of the Loire, just below Brittany. There are almost no trees there, and the landscape is made up of small islands and peninsulas. Everything, even the water and the reeds, is in pearly tones of greenish-gray. We would go far out into the marshes in a flat-bottomed boat. There were hundreds of birds of all kinds — wild ducks, teal, curlews, wild geese, cranes, and herons — that came in from the sea in the evening to sleep on those ponds. I used to get up at five o'clock to see the dawn and watch the birds fly back to the sea against that cold, sad landscape. I think I gained from that experience a vision that served as the basis of my painting: subtle mutations of shifting light against those pale gray-green stretches.

When I was very young I was afraid of everything, particularly of the sight of blood. If I had a cut that bled freely, I would faint. I remember, also, being afraid of the dark and of high places. My father reacted against that in vigorous fashion. He used to make me climb up onto high rocks and then jump down. It was frightening enough to have to climb up, but jumping down was a nightmare. At first I howled, but if my father had made up his mind that I was to do something, I could protest for hours, but in the end I had to do it. And as soon as I had accomplished one thing, he forced me to do something else even harder. I felt powerless in the face of his will. The only possible reaction to that was anger. And the anger grew to such proportions there was no room left for fear. But since I couldn't show my anger, I began to nourish an inner resentment.

He wanted me to learn to swim, but I was afraid of the water. He forced me to learn, and once I had learned, he made me swim faster and faster

and always for greater distances than the week before. By the time I was eight, I was afraid of nothing; in fact, my nature had changed to the point that I sought out difficulty and danger. I had become another person, really. He had made me fearless and stoical, but in the end it boomeranged against him. If there was something I wanted to do that I knew he would disapprove of, I would figure out in advance what his reaction would be, the kind of punishment he would mete out, and thus prepare myself for it. I would do it, but, prepared as I was, my father's reaction didn't bother me at all, and even the punishment seemed less unpleasant.

Later on, that psychology worked against me, too. As I was growing up, whenever anything frightened me in any degree, it fascinated me at the same time. I felt the need of going too far simply to prove to myself that I was capable of it. And when I met Pablo, I knew that here was something larger than life, something to match myself against, and even if the prospect sometimes seemed overpowering, fear itself can be a delicious sensation. And so I had the feeling that even though the struggle between us was so disproportionate that I ran the risk of a resounding failure, it was a challenge I could not turn down.

There was another reason, more specific and immediate: I knew by now that although Pablo had been receiving the world's adulation for at least thirty years before I met him, he was the most solitary of men within that inner world that shut him off from the army of admirers and sycophants that surrounded him.

"Of course, people like me; they even love me," he complained one afternoon when I was trying to break the spell of pessimism I found engulfing him when I arrived. "But in the same way they like chicken. Because I nourish them. But who nourishes me?" I never told him so, but I thought that I could. I knew I couldn't carry the full burden of that solitude, which at times seemed crushing to him, but I felt I could lighten it through my presence.

The thing that troubled me most was the thought of leaving my grandmother, of breaking the confidence she had in me. I couldn't explain to her what Pablo wanted me to do because she would have said to me, "Don't do anything as foolish as that. Do what you want to as long as you don't leave. Don't go live completely with that man; it would certainly be a mistake."

Whether she sensed the dilemma that was troubling me, I don't know, but just a little while earlier she had said to me, "Love flows naturally from one generation on down to the next. You are doing just the reverse. You're trying to swim upstream against the current. What is there about

the natural flow of the river of life that has shocked you so strongly that you should want to swim against the current, even against time? You ought to know you're lost even before you begin. I don't understand you, but I love you and I suppose you are obeying the law of your being."

I don't believe I could have made her understand that the question of age was the least of my concerns. Pablo not only didn't seem old to me; in some ways he seemed more youthful — mature but vigorous — than friends my own age. But most of all, the fact that from the moment I knew him I had seen that we spoke the same language made the matter of age seem irrelevant. And so, knowing very well she would object and that I could not change her feelings, the day I made up my mind to leave I had to leave like a thief in the night, just going away, not coming back, and sending her a note the next day. That, I must say, is one of my most painful memories.

It happened this way: Early one evening toward the end of May, 1946, as I was getting ready to leave the Rue des Grands-Augustins to return to my grandmother's house, Pablo began again, as he did almost every day at that period, to urge me to break the last tie and stay with him. He argued that if two people don't live together, there comes a time when they begin to drift apart. He said we had gone as far as we could go in our relationship living separately, and that if we didn't change that, everything would fall apart. "Given your age, you'll be picked off sooner or later by someone else, and I don't look forward to that with much pleasure. And in view of my age, you have to realize that in a moment of discouragement I'd be bound, one day, to tell myself I'd be better off to make some other arrangement. So if I mean anything to you, you've got to make up your mind to come live with me, in spite of the difficulties that may seem to present. Whatever they are, they are certainly less than the problems of living apart."

I answered, perhaps a shade too flippantly, that I thought it was just the other way around, and that if I yielded, only bad would come of it. Pablo flew into a rage. He was wearing a wide leather belt, which he pulled out of his trousers and held up as though he were going to whip me. I began to laugh. He grew angrier and shouted, "Don't I count in your life? Is this all a game with you? Are you so insensitive as that?" The more he stormed, the harder I laughed. He looked disgusted. "Who ever heard of anyone laughing under such conditions," he said. "It's fine to have a sense of humor, but I think you overdo it." Suddenly he looked very depleted and dejected. "You're worried all the time about your grandmother," he said. "I'm almost as old as she is. You should be worrying about me. I need you, and I'm tired of getting

along without you.” And then he added, a little more fiercely, “And since I can’t get along without you, you *have* to come live with me.”

I told him I found his reasoning so childish and his violence so pathetic, I could only assume that he must love me very much, to show off, in both respects, to such disadvantage. I said that if he loved me that much, I would come live with him. I could see it bothered him to have me put it on that basis, but he was in no mood to argue himself out of what must have seemed a sudden and unexpected victory. All he said was, “Just watch out that you don’t forget what I said about your sense of humor.”

So I stayed there without saying good-bye or offering any explanation to anyone, with just an old skirt and a sweater that I was wearing that day. The next morning I wrote a letter to my grandmother and another one to my mother to explain to them, without saying exactly where I was or what I was doing, that I had decided to go away, to live in another manner, and that they would hear from me afterward and not to worry. Pablo dictated the letters for me. I was incapable at the moment of writing anything of that kind on my own.

DURING the first month after I went to live with Pablo, I never left the house. Most of that time I spent in the studio watching him draw and paint.

“I almost never work from a model, but since you’re here, maybe I ought to try,” he said to me one day. He posed me on a low taboret, then sat down on a long green wooden bench, the kind one sees in all the Paris parks. He picked up a large sketching pad and made three drawings of my head. When he had finished, he studied the results, then frowned. “No good,” he said. “It just doesn’t work.” He tore up the drawings.

The next day he said, “You’d be better posing for me nude.” When I had taken off my clothes, he had me stand back to the entrance, very erect, with my arms at my side. Except for the shaft of daylight coming in through the high windows at my right, the whole place was bathed in a dim, uniform light that was on the edge of shadow. Pablo stood off, three or four yards from me, looking tense and remote. His eyes didn’t leave me for a second. He didn’t touch his drawing pad; he wasn’t even holding a pencil. It seemed a very long time.

Finally he said, “I see what I need to do. You can dress now. You won’t have to pose again.” When I went to get my clothes I saw that I had been standing there just over an hour.

The following day Pablo began, from memory, a series of drawings of me in that pose. He made also a series of eleven lithographs of my head, and on each one he placed a tiny mole under my left

eye and drew my right eyebrow in the form of a circumflex accent.

That same day he began to paint the portrait of me that has come to be called *La Femme-Fleur*. Over the next month, I watched him paint, alternating between that portrait and several still lifes. He used no palette. At his right was a small table covered with newspapers and some large cans filled with brushes standing in turpentine. Every time he took a brush, he wiped it off on the newspapers, which were a jungle of colored smudges and slashes. Whenever he wanted pure color, he squeezed some from a tube onto the newspaper. From time to time he would mix small quantities of color on the paper. He stood before the canvas for three or four hours at a stretch. He made almost no superfluous gestures. I asked him if it didn’t tire him to stand so long in one spot. He shook his head.

“No,” he said. “That’s why painters live so long. While I work I leave my body outside the door, the way Muslims take off their shoes before entering the mosque.”

Occasionally he walked to the other end of the atelier and sat in a wicker chair with a high Gothic back that appears in many of his paintings. He would cross his legs, plant one elbow on his knee, and, resting his chin on his fist, the other hand behind, would stay there studying the painting without speaking for as long as an hour. After that he would generally go back to work on the portrait. Sometimes he would say, “I can’t carry that plastic idea any further today,” and then begin work on another painting. He always had several half-dry unfinished canvases to choose from. He worked like that from two in the afternoon until eleven in the evening before stopping to eat.

There was total silence in the atelier, broken only by Pablo’s monologues or an occasional conversation; never an interruption from the world outside. When daylight began to fade from the canvas, he switched on two spotlights, and everything but the picture surface fell away into the shadows.

“There must be darkness everywhere except on the canvas so that the painter becomes hypnotized by his own work and paints almost as though he were in a trance,” he said. “He must stay as close as possible to his own inner world if he wants to transcend the limitations his reason is always trying to impose on him.”

Originally, *La Femme-Fleur* was a fairly realistic portrait of a seated woman. You can still see the underpainting of that form beneath the final version. I was sitting on a long, curved African taboret shaped something like a conch shell, and Pablo painted me there in a generally realistic manner. After working awhile he said, “No, it’s just not your style. A realistic portrait wouldn’t represent you at all.” Then he tried to do the taboret in another

rhythm, since it was curved, but that didn't work out either. "I don't see you seated," he said. "You're not at all the passive type. I only see you standing," and he began to simplify my figure by making it longer. Suddenly he remembered that Matisse had spoken of doing my portrait with green hair, and he fell in with the suggestion. "Matisse isn't the only one who can paint you with green hair," he said. From that point the hair developed into a leaf form, and once he had done that, the portrait resolved itself in a symbolic floral pattern. He worked in the breasts with the same curving rhythm.

The face had remained quite realistic all during these phases. It seemed out of character with the rest. He studied it for a moment. "I have to bring in that face on the basis of another idea," he said, "not by continuing the lines of the forms that are already there and the space around them. Even though you have a fairly long oval face, what I need in order to show its light and its expression is to make it a wide oval. I'll compensate for the length by making it a cold color — blue. It will be like a little blue moon."

He painted a sheet of paper sky-blue and began to cut out oval shapes corresponding in varying degrees to this concept of my head: first, two that were perfectly round; then, three or four more based on his idea of doing it in width. When he had finished cutting them out, he drew in on each of them little signs for the eyes, nose, and mouth. Then he pinned them onto the canvas, one after another, moving each one a little to the left or right, up or down, as it suited him. None seemed really appropriate until he reached the last one. Having tried all the others in various spots, he knew where he wanted it, and when he applied it to the canvas, the form seemed exactly right in just the spot he put it on. It was completely convincing. He stuck it to the damp canvas, stood aside, and said, "Now, it's your portrait."

He marked the contour lightly in charcoal, took off the paper, then painted in, slowly and carefully, exactly what was drawn on the paper. When that was finished, he didn't touch the head again. From there he was carried along by the mood of the situation to feel that the torso itself could be much smaller than he had first made it. He covered the original torso by a second one, narrow and stem-like, as a kind of imaginative fantasy that would lead one to believe that this woman might be ever so much smaller than most.

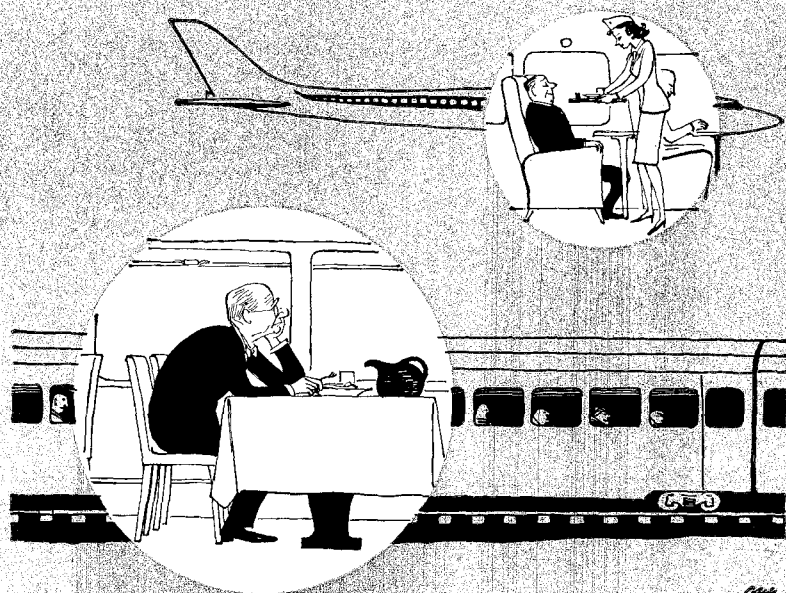
He painted my right hand holding a circular form cut by a horizontal line. He pointed to it and said, "That hand holds the earth, half land, half water, in the tradition of classical paintings in which the subject is holding or handling a globe. I put that in to rhyme with the two circles of the

breasts. Of course, the breasts are not symmetrical; nothing ever is. Every woman has two arms, two legs, two breasts, which may be more or less symmetrical, but in painting they shouldn't be shown to have any similarity. In a naturalistic painting, it's the gesture that one arm or the other makes that differentiates them. They're drawn according to what they're doing. I individualize them by the different forms I give them, so that there often seems to be no relationship between them. From these differing forms one can infer that there is a gesture. But it isn't the gesture that determines the form. The form exists in its own right. Here I've made a circle for the end of the right arm, because the left arm ends in a triangle and a right arm is completely different from a left arm, just as a circle is different from a triangle. And the circle in the right hand rhymes with the circular form of the breast. In real life one arm bears more relation to the other arm than it does to a breast, but that has nothing to do with painting."

Originally the left arm was much larger and had more of a leaf shape, but Pablo found it too heavy and decided that it couldn't stay that way. The right arm first came out of the hair, as though it were falling. After studying it for a while, he said, "A falling form is never beautiful. Besides, it isn't in harmony with the rhythm of your nature. I need to find something that stays up in the air. Then he drew the arm extended from the center of the body stem, ending in a circle. As he did it, he said, half-facetiously, lest I take him too seriously, "You see now, woman holds the whole world — heaven and earth — in her hand." I noticed often at that period that his pictorial decisions were made half for plastic reasons, half for symbolic ones. Or sometimes for plastic reasons that stemmed from symbolic ones, rather hidden, but accessible once you understood his humor.

In the beginning the hair was divided in a more evenly balanced way, with a large bun hanging down on the right side. He removed that because he found it too symmetrical. "I want an equilibrium you can grab for and catch hold of, not one that sits there, ready-made, waiting for you. Just the way a juggler reaches out for a ball," he said. "I like nature, but I want her proportions to be supple and free, not fixed."

When Pablo had finished the portrait he seemed very satisfied. "We're all animals, more or less," he said, "and about three quarters of the human race look like animals. But you don't. You're like a growing plant, and I'd been wondering how I could get across the idea that you belong to the vegetable kingdom rather than the animal. I've never felt impelled to portray anyone else this way. It's strange, isn't it? I think it's just right, though. It represents *you*."



Accent on Living

THE IMITATION MEAL

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

The man sitting next to me in the dining car ordered the turkey dinner. It seemed to me a foolhardy choice, bound to lose, but even my gloomiest expectation failed to prepare me for what the turkey dinner proved to be. It was all arranged on a single dinner plate, neatly, in fact much too neatly, as if no human hand or mind had entered its processing at any stage; it reminded me of those *papier-mâché* viands used in window displays, only in this case one felt that long exposure to the sun's rays in a window display had bleached the imitation to the point of needing some restoration. A bit of paint was wanted, to touch up the faded peas, give a richer hue to the pallid gravy; some varnish might bring it all back to life.

My own choice was outright disaster: a veal cutlet, watery mashed potato, and broccoli processed to a light French gray. The veal was tantamount to a practical joke, inedible, uncuttable, not even worth a complaint. So, I ate a roll, a small slab of ice cream, and drank a bottle

of beer (not the brand I ordered). From where I was sitting I could not help seeing in the open door of the galley two large cardboard cartons overflowing with trash. A half-dollar tip gained me not so much as a nod from the waiter.

There is no use in blaming the railroad for details of this sort. The railroad is clinging to a system that cannot possibly succeed in today's world. One need not doubt the companies' statement that the dining car is a great money loser. It is an expensive contraption, especially when operating at far below capacity, as it is bound to do with fantastically poor meals at high prices. Almost any passenger could do better with a couple of homemade sandwiches.

The great error on the part of the railroads is their belief that they can offer several choices of hot meals of fair quality at a suitable price, without more resources than a short-order cook, a freezer, and a radar range. There are still dining cars on some of the long-distance runs, where meals are cooked and served in more or less traditional fashion; these are surely the remote exception.

The food in all sorts of eating places leads me to believe it is no

mean feat today even to have a first-rate cook on the payroll, let alone provide him with good foodstuffs and evoke from him the best versions of them. The multichoice meal, produced and served under the conditions imposed by a dining car, is more likely than not to be an abrasive experience for all concerned.

The air traveler is fond of grumbling about airline meals, but these seem to me incomparably better than what the dining cars serve. They're free, too, and if the meal includes anything the passenger doesn't like, he can skip it.

The meal in the air has improved a good deal since the early coffee-and-doughnuts snack of a quarter century ago. Two hostesses can make a pleasant interval of it for an amazingly large number of passengers, and without overexertion. The railroads seem to have found nothing in all this to emulate. The reason, I suspect, is that not even the most energetic young woman could carry a tray and at the same time open the end door of the ordinary railroad car, especially of the kind that is equipped with the compressed-air assist (not at the moment in working order).

The Self-Made Nitwit

BY W. F. MIKSCH

W. F. MIKSCH is a free-lance writer living in Newtown, Connecticut. He was born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and attended Moravian College.

Speaking as a nonbusinessman and total failure whose name has mysteriously found its way onto the mailing lists of a whole gaggle of firms catering to the tycoon trade, I can only say I am amazed at how much help a businessman seems to need to succeed today. By help I mean gadgets; I'm not even counting all those books on how to become a millionaire over the next rainy weekend.

The remarkable thing about these gadgets is that just about every one of them appears to be based on the premise that our average big-business man is something of a tumbled gypsy, an absentminded and disorganized bungler who, unless everything is spelled out for him in block letters, is not even likely to get a

haircut, let alone a million dollars. His only hope, to judge from the advertisements I've been reading, lies in such manufactured aids as:

a Pocket-Planner to remind him automatically "what to do next";

a desk-top Memo Master ("ten reminders in view at all times");

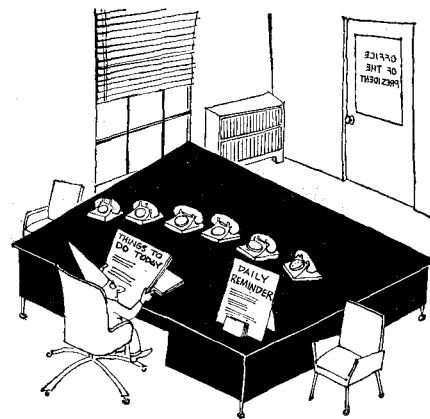
an automated Data/Board ("Correct costly mistakes ahead of time");

a pocket Day-Timer that breaks down his business day into one-tenth-hour units and "won't let him forget!"

What a sorry image of native incompetence is reflected by such props. The great tycoon in his executive suite is suddenly revealed as a mistake-prone noddie who muddles through from nine to five in one-tenth-hour units, waiting to be told

automatically what to do next and then probably forgetting to do it. That such a flibbertigibbet can get a credit rating hardly seems possible, but he must, because still another advertised help is a Credit Card Organizer that holds and displays twenty-four credit cards. Lacking such an organizer, our tycoon no doubt carries all his credit cards around loose in a paper bag and watches helplessly as they blow away in the first high wind.

If all of these helps really are



necessary, then what has become of the "self-made man"?

Time was — or so I like to think — when all one needed to succeed was a ruthless streak. The tycoon of great-grandfather's day simply foreclosed on his friends, waved them off to the poorhouse, then put on a fresh collar and dropped in at Delmonico's to make some new friends. Whatever he may have lacked in lovable traits, he more than made up for in self-reliance. Plans for "what to do next" fairly sprouted under his beaver hat, and he could steal an entire transcontinental railroad or throw Wall Street into panic without the help of a single pocket-reminder system. Efficiency — as with penmanship and other petty details — was left to frightened, underpaid clerks, who perched on high stools and nibbled quill pens while the tycoon who hired them was out getting things done.

This was a nabob worth tugging one's forelock at, and I hate to find out now that his breed has been replaced by a weakened strain in constant need of jacking up through patented planning aids. I am quite resigned to the fact that my own income always falls well below the national average, but I'd prefer to think that the bulk of the wealth goes to deserving cases who will squander it on gold-headed canes

Notes on a Male *Aedes aegypti* whose Terminalium Failed to Rotate

— Title of a Paper in Mosquito News

BY STUART HEMSLEY

O muffle the drums and mute the lyre;
Sing a dirge-cum-epithalamium
For an *Aedes* mate who failed to rotate
His vital, though small, terminalium.

To us this rotation may seem a bit odd:
Though a simple mosquito positioning,
For you or for me it would take a degree
Of adjustment, and months of conditioning.

But enough of asides. The fact still remains
That mosquitoes as husbands aren't ratable
If when put to the test they haven't the zest
To show they are fully rotatable.

Are these, you may ask, indisputable facts
Observed by a trained entomologist?
Or has somebody picked a few obiter dicta
From a specialized Peeping-Tomologist?

I really don't know, but I thought you should hear
The latest about terminalia.
And I hope you have got a soft little spot
In your heart for a notable failia.

rather than on glorified memo pads.

What probably disturbs me most about these helpful gadgets for businessmen is their sickening emphasis on efficiency. Being efficient is all very well for people like myself who have nothing better to do with their time. Even so, I wonder if it is only my lack of efficiency-inducing gadgets which stands between me and a bank account.

Suppose I were to invest in some automated device to plan my workdays; might I not still find myself nodding and dozing all afternoon following a 100-proof lunch?

If I did purchase a Credit Card Organizer, is there any reason to assume that charge-account managers would rush to fill it for me?

What if I sent off for a wafer-thin, morocco-grained pocket secretary; would it alter my present circumstances? I doubt it. Once I was given a vest-pocket diary, but before I got around to writing down anything I lost it — along with my vest.

There is no place in big business for efficiency. We live in a disorganized world, and any attempt at organizing our confusion through artificial aids is the height of folly. Business thrives on complete disorganization. If it doesn't, then how did my name get on those businessmen's mailing lists in the first place?

Not the Laurel

BY ELIZABETH W. THOMAS

ELIZABETH W. THOMAS is a housewife from Red Bank, New Jersey. This is her first appearance in *Accent on Living*.

When I received the program for our garden club's spring flower show, I have to confess that the old familiar craving came over me; and by the time I had finished reading the list of Classes Offered for Competition, the pledge that I had taken after the last show — *never again* — was almost completely unfrappéed.

I don't want you to think that I was miffed upon that occasion by not winning a prize, because nothing could be further from the truth. Not the laurel, I reminded myself, but the race. Not the quarry but the chase. And I hadn't shed a tear

when Horticulture dismissed my dahlias with the curt comment, "Not disbudded." But when Arrangements remarked that my entry (Bamboo Shoots in a Hibachi) didn't *say* anything, I was really cut to the quick. Oh, you would never have



guessed it to look at me. I kept a smile on my lips and was one of the very first to congratulate the winner, although I couldn't help wondering what *her* concoction (Marsh Grasses in a Usubata) had to say. Something pretty unprintable, in my opinion, if not downright obscene. But if that's what they wanted —

One item in particular in the program for the spring show set me dreaming. It was listed under Conservation, and read:

DISEASES OF ORNAMENTALS Their Symptoms and Treatment BY INVITATION ONLY

I dialed Conservation with trembling fingers. "What did you have in mind?" she asked. "Education-wise, we don't want any duplication of diseases, and the class is pretty well filled up anyhow."

I told her I could let her have anything her heart desired — ascochyta, anthracnose, black spot, botrytis, chlorosis, crown rot, sclerotinia, soft rot, verticillium, nematodes — you name it, I told Conservation, I've got it.

Conservation said that all of these were bespoken, with the exception of nematodes; and nematodes, she said, could not properly be considered a disease. I know better than to argue with Conservation, so I merely observed that in the opinion of authorities the disturbance caused by nematodes *was* considered a disease.

"My apple trees have bacillus amylovorous," I said modestly. "That's fire blight, you know."

Conservation said that she did know, but that she didn't think that

apple trees could properly be classified as ornamentals.

I was getting pretty discouraged when I suddenly remembered my espaliered candytuft.

"My iberis has psychosomatica," I pleaded.

Maybe Conservation didn't quite catch what I said, or maybe she was just worn down. At any rate, she consented to let me enter the lists, and I trotted out to my candytuft in high spirits, jingling the keys to the isolation ward.

This espaliered candytuft of mine really *is* neurotic, and no wonder. As you may or may not know, to "espalier" is to train a plant to do something it doesn't really want to do, like climbing up a U-shaped scaffold on the side of a house. It is accomplished by means of much coaxing and twisting and tying and pinching and pruning. My book describes it as an educational, rather than a corrective, procedure; and the fact that candytuft isn't included in its list of likely students was only a challenge to me. I was determined to teach my candytuft to climb a stick. "We'll see who's boss around here," I had snarled. This was several years ago; and although the head of the candytuft has now reached the top of the stick, it has by no means conceded the victory to me. If it wasn't for my constant vigilance, it would have become a dropout long since. The minute my back is turned, it starts to put out side shoots; and if any of the ties that secure it to the stick relax their hold, it slumps to the ground in a dejected little heap. Its few remaining leaves turn yellow, and its blossoms are meager and sporadic, in spite of the expensive delicacies I lavish on it. This clearly indicates a psychosomatic rather than a pathologic syndrome.

Malaisewise, my candytuft was head and shoulders above any other entry in its group, and the only reason that it didn't have the tricolor award pinned on it was because "Diseases" was just an exhibition class, not a competitive one. I hadn't realized this in my excitement. Oh, well. When the one great scorer comes to write against your name (as I remarked to Mrs. Marsh-Grasses-in-a-Usubata, who, as everyone but the judges was well aware, had wired her tulips into a Hogarth curve), he marks not that you won or lost but how you played the game.

Half-Life Begins at 30

BY A. B. C.

The pseudonymous author here is a scientist whose colleagues, he feels, regard any breach of solemnity in research as unscientific.

Although atoms had alarmed most folk, few foresaw that men would start comparing themselves to such wee things. Everyone knows that every second some hot atoms decay. Each species has a half-life, which is whatever period of time it takes for half a batch of that kind of stuff to cool down. Early in the 1960s a few engineers noted that a man's knowledge, similarly, could turn to ashes and suggested that people, too, might have half-lives.

Experienced engineers were being benched, yet high salaries were being offered to youngsters fresh from college. Employers said the reason was that the older men's knowledge was obsolete. Science and technology were racing forward, and half the things a fellow learned in school were liable to be useless to his boss a decade later. Mathematical oracles said, therefore, that the half-life of an engineer's special know-how was only about ten years.

Some people laughed, but the idea that brains were like hot atoms spread from engineering to other professions. It became fashionable to regard wisdom as radioactivity. Bankers, morticians, lawyers, doctors, and even clowns consulted social statisticians about the half-lives of their special skills. It was a way of saving face and keeping clients from beating fees down.

The bankers and morticians both found that they had much longer half-lives than the engineers. The state of their arts didn't change much, and they felt pretty smug about this at first. But the lawyers were surprised to find that they were even worse off than the physicians. An old lawyer's ideas of crime, punishment, and justice were liable to make people regard him as an old fogey, whereas an old doctor who let his patients eat, drink, and smoke as usual was often saluted as a sage. The professional comedians, however, had even longer half-lives than the bankers and morticians.

The revelations of such research embarrassed the public relations men for many professions. Instead of

boasting about the durability of their employers' wisdom, they therefore had to crow about how quickly that knowledge decayed.

The remedy for a short half-life was clearly to get a man's mental gas tank refilled periodically. The more often he could do this, the less risk he ran of status slippage. A race began, consequently, to see which profession's practitioners could stand the most frequent replenishment of their know-how.

A few corporation executives, labor leaders, and newspaper reporters had discovered earlier that going back to Harvard, Dartmouth, or Stanford was less work than working. They, however, had not understood half-lives. The engineers began not only to go back to college every tenth year, but also to collect beginners' wages again when they returned to their office suites. The salesmen then got into higher income brackets sooner than the engineers by resuming their schooling every fifth year.

This race for prestige between occupations became even more of a drain on the economy than the race to the moon. Only a few big spenders could have spaceships; this was a contest between classes, in which everyone could participate.

In many fields, naturally, more knowledge was desperately needed so that something or other could be taught to the practitioners scrambling for it.

Fantastic though this crusade for new know-how became, the consequences of it were even more implausible. Everyone knew that when enough of some kinds of radioactive atoms were brought together, they became a critical mass and exploded. But few appreciated, until too late, how truly similar human beings' knowledge might be to the natural radioactivity of atoms.

Whenever and wherever a large mass of seekers for fresh facts was assembled, each man inspired the others. Some hot groups were soon producing new data faster than they could retain them. Some lost more than they could pass on to others.

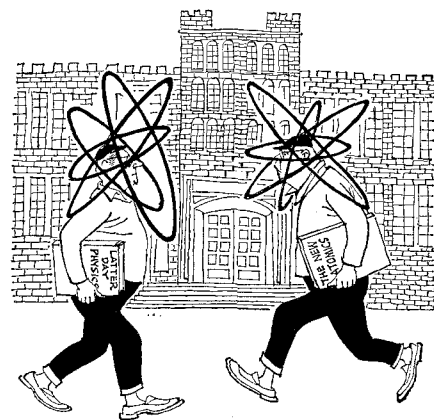
Finally, some of these fertile fellows began simply dumping their discoveries into computers and leaving them there, like so much surplus wheat.

By the 1980s the countryside was peppered with places in which experts were huddling in laboratories and seminars in order to extend their half-lives. These plastic palaces full of specialists and computers were called complexes, and became as hard to get into as college had been for high school graduates a couple of decades earlier. So still more complexes had to be built.

Factories were closed to make way for them. More than half of the nation's trained manpower was always in school, studying or searching for something to study, and the other half was so busy designing and building new complexes that no new factories were built. Never before had so many men known so much and done so little with what they knew.

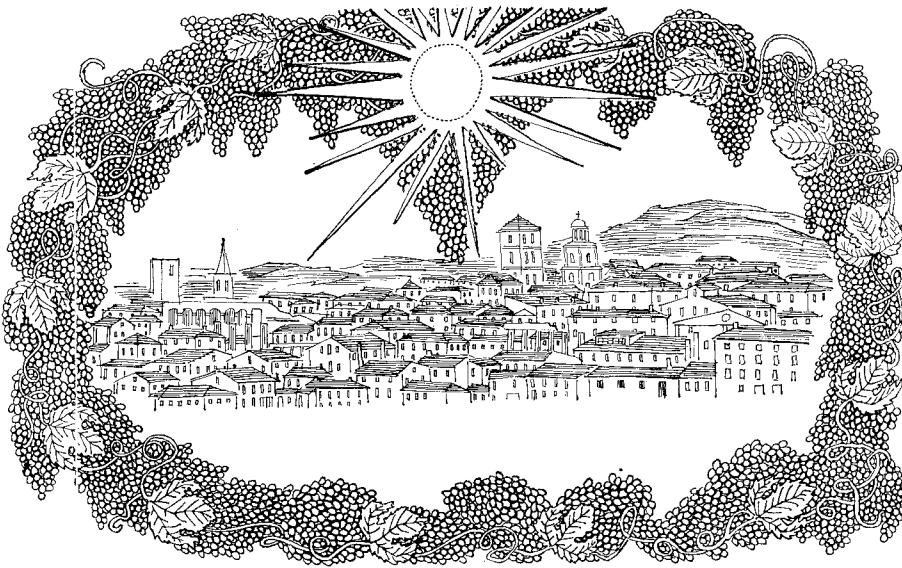
Production plummeted, and the gross national income shrank. And another group of creative thinkers had to be assembled in a super-complex, to see if its members' knowledge could be updated soon enough to save the marvelous new culture that everyone said was evolving. By then, fortunately, the census bureau's big computers knew what everybody was doing every second of every day and night. So the solution was simple. The superbrains disposed of the production problem by arming those computers in the 1990s to curb the population.

As soon as men became scarcer, they stopped thinking of themselves



as hot atoms; wages went up, and people began going back to work and dying happily the old-fashioned way. But by then, alas, what had begun as the century of the common man had decayed into the century of the uncommon man.

pleasures and places



PROVENCE

BY MITCHELL GOODMAN

Our first time in Provence we had dutifully “done” Arles and Avignon and hurried on to Aix. In the hasty calculation of the traveler moving pell-mell from Paris to the Riviera, these three towns *are* Provence. Lovely towns they are, too, each in its special way — except in the flood season of tourism when they are all but blotted out by the furious coursing of vehicles down the wicked way known as N. 7. Yet, looked at in another light, N. 7 is a blessing; channeled in its deep rut, the flood of tourists has missed almost everything else in Provence, leaving it the least molested of Europe’s prime travel grounds.

Provence did not really begin for us until, under the influence of wine, we were lured away from the main roads to an otherworldly scene of flowers and shepherds, olives and vines, herbs and garlic, hills of lavender, and orange-roofed villages where men play *boules* in leafy squares as if that were all they ever did. It was, pure and simple, the country of the Good Life, earth-bound and amiable, strong in its traditions and appetites, remote from our world of mass life and standardization. A Roman of the fourth century wrote: “Everything of the Orient, of Araby with its pungent perfumes, of luxurious Asia, Africa

with its rich soil, everything which lovely Spain and fertile Gaul can produce, all these are in as great abundance [here] as in the countries of origin.” So it was; so it is today.

It (the Good Life) all began for us at a café table in Aix on the wide shady sidewalk of the Cours Mirabeau, a short promenade of cafés, fountains, plane trees, and Renaissance mansions that is often called the most beautiful street in France. It began, naturally enough, with the region’s pre-eminent wine, Château-neuf-du-Pape, served as it should be served in especially big glasses, only half full, so that its subtle bouquet could be revealed. You dip your nose into the glass of aromas and then sip. And it is just as a local pamphlet says it is: “The wine gives off a thousand odors, violent at first, of truffles and moorland herbs, and then finer ones, the evocation of sun-kissed fruits, peaches, apricots and raspberries, an assortment of floral scents by the tubful.” Pure essence of Provence, in fact; and with it came the sharp realization that we had had enough of towns and *tourisme* for a while, that somewhere else, among those moorland herbs and truffles, lay the “real” Provence. (Were we thinking then of Cézanne’s rocks and hills, of van Gogh’s blue and yellow boats on green canals?)

Discussing these wishful thoughts with the *patron* of the café — a true Provençal in his voluble enthusiasm — we heard him tell of back roads romantic and innumerable, of unspoiled country where no heavy traffic ever ran, of Roman ruins few travelers had seen, of slapstick country bullfights held in a circle of farm wagons, not for blood but for the fun of it. Encouraged by the light in our eyes, he went on in his Midi drawl to speak of melons so fragrant they can perfume a whole house; of grapes and almonds, eggplant and snails, *bouillabaisse* and *brandade* so bountiful as to seem the embodiment of one of Brueghel’s earthly paradises. In its own venerable tongue, he said, Provence is sometimes called *lou paradou* — the paradise.

Finally he spoke — by now our fervent mentor — of his heart’s own subject, *le vin*: of small châteaux strewn all through this rich landscape whose wines, unknown only because their production is too limited for export, were often as good as the esteemed *cru* we were now so happily imbibing.

The upshot of this talk was our excited pursuit of those small châteaux and their robust little wines through the immensely varied miniature worlds of Provence. To taste was our object, and taste we did — from the luminous plains of the Rhône delta spreading south from Avignon to the sea, through the hills of pine and cypress around Aix, and on to the mountain country of the north and west. The wines were memorable, as full-bodied and ardent as *le patron* said they would be. Better still, tasting led to talk (tell a Provençal you like his wine and you have made a friend), talk led to cooking and cooks, and these in turn led to other revelations, of country inns and village hotels, for example, where the spiced and herbaceous cuisine of the region is as untamed as the decor and ambience are authentic.

Provence has more than its share of great restaurants, but too often, in their eagerness to please everyone, these shy away from the “too fragrant” regional specialties. What the Provençals themselves eat with such gusto is good country cooking, solidly based on an abundance of fresh local produce and a variety of interesting fish from the Mediterranean. The basil-flavored soup called

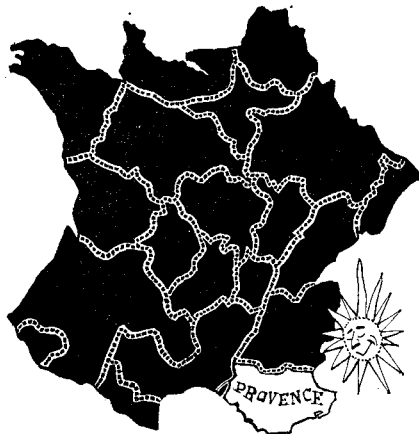
pistou, *brandade de morue*, with its heady sauce of cream, olive oil, and the pervasive garlic; *moussaka* rich with onion and mushrooms; artichoke (*à la barigoule*) filled with ham and herbs — such are the truly characteristic pleasures of this table, along with the better-known *bouillabaisse*, *tomates provençales*, rockfish (*loup* or *rouget*) grilled with fennel over a bed of vine cuttings, and the justly celebrated ground-garlic mayonnaise called *aioli*.

Only here and there at the “important” eating places does one find these aromatic dishes; it is in the small-town and back-country inns that they prevail. The fact is that one eats well almost anywhere in Provence; but a few such inns commendable for their setting as well as their food might be noted: Lou Miradou in Cavaillon, Le Provençal in Orange, Hôtel Grand Paris in Digne, the Philip in Vaucluse, Le Beffroi in Vaison, Hôtel du Ventoux in Malaucène, and two places — Mère Germaine and La Mule du Pape — at Châteauneuf-du-Pape, where the excellent wineries are always open to visitors and tasters. Good examples of the unheralded local wines are usually served in these places *en carafe*. Ask the patron or the chef (often the same man) for the source: the avenues and gardens, statuary and architecture, and intimate work life of these small châteaux are as appealing as the wines themselves. (Other wines worth asking for by name are the Cassis and Bellet grown on the coast, and those of the Côtes-du-Rhône: Tavel, Rasteau, and Gigondas.)

A country within a country, Provence is not much larger than the state of Vermont, and altogether human in its scale and pace. Even the larger towns are small, coherent entities, full of character and zest, still rooted in the accessible countryside which is so perfectly suited to walking, cycling, picnicking. A dense network of secondary roads offers multiple possibilities for circular itineraries, and makes the rental of car, motor scooter, or bicycle a sound investment. At the heart of the region, in the rough quadrangle formed by Avignon, Arles, Aix, and Apt, distances are almost negligible. It is 18 miles from Nîmes to Arles, 24 from Arles to Avignon, and 18 more from Avignon to Orange by way of Châteauneuf-du-Pape: from

Roman arenas and a walled town to castles and château-vineyards all in a half day's drive.

By extending this itinerary from Orange to Vaison, then following the unfrequented and highly scenic mountain roads (N. 538, D. 4, and N. 543) to Carpentras, Apt, and Aix, the back-road traveler will see the whole multiform array of Provençal



landscape and townscape in a drive of about 150 miles — as rewarding a slice of Europe as there is. What is more, he will have it almost to himself.

In this country of high contrasts, a half-hour drive in any direction brings a complete change of world. For example, from the upthrust rock of the Alpilles country around the haunting medieval stronghold of Les Baux, across the ripe golden plain of Arles to the bulls, cowboys, dude ranches, and flamingos in the wide-open Camargue of the Rhône delta is less than 20 miles. Aix in its green valley is no more than an hour from the fishing villages and brilliant white fjords (Les Calanques, near charming Cassis) of the Mediterranean. And in a two-hour drive in the other direction are the mountain villages and unpretentious ski resorts of the lower Alps. Here, based on the comforts and cooking of Digne, one can move in an easy day's excursion through some of the least known of the little worlds of Provence: to mountain-rimmed Castellane and the old craft center of Moustiers, then on to the awesome gorges of the Verdon.

Most surprising was the discovery of Peira-Cava in the Alpes Maritimes, ten miles above Nice and its palm trees, a walking, climbing, and skiing center encircled by pine forest and snowy peaks. In a typically modest Provence restaurant (and afterward at an inn-with-a-view out-

side the village) we came upon mountain cooking of very rare quality. One meal began with sumptuous hors d'oeuvres — tiny artichokes, fresh peppers, leeks, raw mushrooms — and went on to trout à l'Orange, steak, a marvelous spread of cheeses, and raspberries picked nearby that morning. The bill came to \$2.50. The bread, nut-brown and full of flavor, was from the brick oven of a primitive village bakery.

Certainly the greatest pleasure in a region with so definite and distinctive a style of life is to penetrate, even if only a little way, into that life. Food and wine will provide one kind of entrée; another is to discover the household interiors and the true domestic ambience of Provence. The delights of its sprawling country houses, with their terraces and dove-cotes and pergolas full of flowers, their vaulted rooms, huge fireplaces, and massive armoires, are available in an impressive number of small hotels, most of them converted from the handsome stone houses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Enhanced by superb locations, with long views over vines and olives to sea and mountains, they are so wisely placed and well distributed that they provide the impulsive improviser a place to turn to wherever he may wander. Almost every town of any size has one or more of these characterful inns in or near it (Le Syndicat d'Initiative, omnipresent, will help to locate them), a crucial consideration for the May through September traveler who wants to see but not become entangled in the main tourist centers. Prices are half those of Paris and the Riviera.

In July, major festivals of music and drama are magnificently set among the Roman arenas of Nîmes and Orange and the Renaissance palaces of Aix and Avignon. But autumn, as mild as the early-arriving spring, is the best time of year here, with wine festivals at Nîmes and in many villages, and fairs at Aix, Avignon, and Tarascon. It is a time, too, when the highly civilized but tourist-pressed inhabitants of the larger towns come into their own again as café sitters, strollers, and talkers, ready to see their visitors again not as hordes but as individuals.

Two prime examples of the strategically located country inn at its best are La Petite Auberge at Noves

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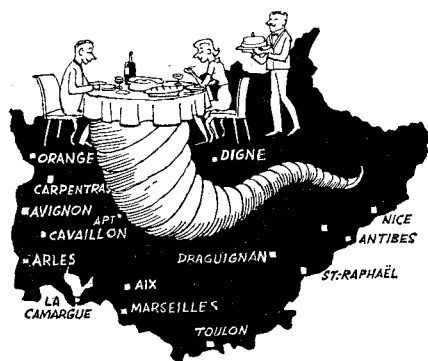
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(fifteen rooms, 6 miles from Avignon) and La Baumanière at Les Baux (ten rooms, 9 miles from Arles), both with food and finesse matched by marvelous settings; reservations are essential. In each case — true to the Provençal abundance — there is a worthy alternative: La Reine Jeanne at Les Baux, and Le Prieuré at Villeneuve, across the Rhône from Avignon, converted from an old priory that stands serenely among ancient churches and strongholds, so near and yet so far from the summertime clatter of boisterous Avignon.

Ten miles from Aix, surrounded by its own park, is the Château de Meyrargues, an eleventh-century house on a hill, elegantly fitted up as a country hotel, with seven guest rooms and *la grande cuisine*. (Ask for the local wine from Château Simone.) At the end of a memorable back road from Nîmes and its formidable Roman monuments looms one of the greatest of Rome's engineering achievements, the Pont du Gard. And magnificently exposed to it in this quiet countryside along the river Gard are two cheerful inns, the Vieux Moulin and the Pont du Gard, further examples of the local talent for combining three of the Frenchman's main travel goals: *belles promenades, beaux sites, et bon repos*.

Nowhere in Provence is such a combination more completely real-

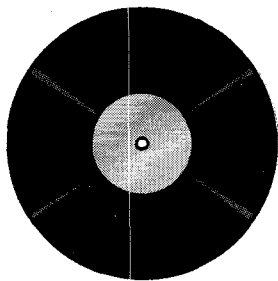


ized than it is among the roses, antiquities, and refinements of bed and board of Vaison-la-Romaine, a town of 3500 souls as remarkable as it is overlooked. Its foremost inn, a late-sixteenth-century house of twenty rooms called Le Beffroi, looks out from its flowery terrace to a bowl of wooded hills and down across the river Ouvèze (with its single-arched Roman bridge) to the richest archaeological find in Provence. After fifty years of careful digging, there stands revealed an important Roman town of the second century B.C., a

kind of French Pompeii in the completeness of its human detail: houses of every class, including a patrician villa with its statues, mosaics, frescoes, marbles; and shops, a forum, gardens, and a hilltop theater, where classical plays are produced in the latter half of July.

On a rocky escarpment above the river is the upper town, its twisting passages full of beautifully restored medieval houses, its church dating back to the time of Charlemagne, its eminence crowned by the ruined twelfth-century Château of the Counts of Toulouse. Over all rises the snowcapped mass of Le Mont Ventoux (6273 feet) in an isolated, unspoiled countryside that is but thirty scenic miles from Avignon. The day-long eighty-five-mile circular drive from Vaison around the massif and up to its summit, with at least a dozen engaging villages along the way (see Malaucène, Crestet, Entrechaux, Mollans), is not to be missed. From the observatory or from the pleasant little hotel restaurant at the top, immense views extend, on a very clear day, across France from Mont Blanc to the Mediterranean. Vaison's contemporary life centers itself on a lively, café-encircled Tuesday morning market; whence come the melons, strawberries, grapes, truffles, asparagus, fish, game, and so on for Le Beffroi's very good kitchen.

A crack train goes to Avignon from Paris every day in just over six hours. The motorist has N. 7 and its string of renowned restaurants, to be attempted only in the off-season; or the slower but more appealing roads that run parallel to it through the upper Rhône valley — N. 86, for example. For the adventurous and unhurried there is the old-fashioned way, down the Rhône by the motor launch from Lyons to Avignon in twelve hours, that so well suits the mood of the south and the splendor of the castle-dotted valley. Crossing the Atlantic by air has now become a fairly simple matter, even in midsummer and even on the spur of the moment. Pan American, for instance, has about a hundred flights a day to Europe at the season's height, including one to Provence's major airport at Nice. The \$504 round-trip ticket, New York and Nice, allows for stopovers at Lisbon and Barcelona, and at Paris, London, and Shannon on the return journey.



Record Reviews

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Bach: Concertos for 2, 3, and 4 Harpsichords, Volumes I and II

Antonio Janigro conducting I Solisti di Zagreb, with Anton Heiller, Erna Heiller, Kurt Raff, and Christa Landon, harpsichordists; Vanguard BGS-70659/60 (stereo) and BG-659/60: two records

These two records (available singly) contain six multiple harpsichord concertos by Johann Sebastian Bach, three of them for two harpsichords, two for three, and one for four. Bach took his ideas where he found them, so most of these are rewrites of works he composed for other instruments, and the four-harpsichord concerto is a rewrite of a four-violin concerto by Vivaldi. But whatever they may lack in originality they make up for in zest, exuberance, and sheer musical muscle. Some doubt has been cast upon the authenticity of the Concerto in C Major for Three Harpsichords, but this witness hereby deposes that Bach himself never wrote a more invigorating or healthy piece. These concertos must be tremendous fun to play for players with the requisite skills, and Mr. Janigro's quartet of soloists performs them with gaiety, grace, and decisiveness. And in the vivid stereo on these recordings, four harpsichords sound like four, not one or two.

The Glory of Cremona

Ruggiero Ricci, violinist, and Leon Pomers, pianist; Decca DXSE-7179 (stereo) and DXE-179

Although Mr. Ricci is the only violinist heard on this record, its heroes really are Antonio Stradivari, Joseph Guarneri, Nicolo Amati, and other violin makers of Cremona. Mr. Ricci uses no fewer than fifteen different violins to demonstrate the differences in tone and character of these sixteenth- and seventeenth-century instruments. He plays them

in a standard program of short pieces ranging from Vivaldi to Brahms, and then, to permit direct comparisons, in repeated performances of the opening theme of the Bruch G Minor Violin Concerto. (The fifteen repetitions of the Bruch are contained on a supplementary seven-inch LP included in the package.) Even a nonfiddler can detect distinct differences — the Stradivaris tend toward a feminine tone, the Guarneris a bit more masculine one. Violinists, of course, will find endless material for discussion and even dispute. The comprehensive jacket notes contain the information that among today's fiddlers, Elman, Menuhin, and Oistrakh all play Strads, while Heifetz and Stern prefer Guarneris. Fritz Kreisler used both. Mr. Ricci is a Guarneri man himself.

Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante in E-flat for Violin and Viola, K. 364

Haydn: Violin Concerto No. 1 in C Yehudi Menuhin, violinist, and Rudolf Barshai, violist, with Bath Festival Orchestra directed by Mr. Menuhin; Angel S-36190 (stereo) and 36190

The last previous collaboration by Messrs. Menuhin and Barshai found their respective orchestras — the Bath Festival and the Moscow Chamber — joining in a recording of Michael Tippett's Concerto for Double String Orchestra. Now they combine as soloists, Menuhin taking the violin part and Barshai the viola, in one of the greatest of all double concertos, Mozart's *Sinfonia Concertante*. The American-born musician and his Russian associate establish a warm accord not only in their general approach to the music but in such detailed matters as bow strokes and phrasing. The result is a strong and exciting performance untroubled by any notions of superficial elegance. The rich, close-up stereo sound is in keeping with the vigorous and full-bodied playing. The Haydn concerto, which helps round out side two, is an amiable extra.

Dylan Thomas Reading His Complete Recorded Poetry

Caedmon TC-2014 (monaural only): two records

The voice of Dylan Thomas, like no other on records, is here heard reciting all his recorded poetry. Caedmon, which originally brought Thomas' voice to the attention of record collectors, has assembled the entire output in a single two-disc al-

bum. Even when Thomas' imagery is at its most richly obscure, his voice makes everything seem magnificently clear. Such poems as "Ballad of the Long-legged Bait," "A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London," "In Country Sleep," and that biting and beautiful self-epitaph "Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night" have become staples of modern literature. This record preserves them with a life and lyricism beyond the printed page.

Grofé: Grand Canyon Suite

Stanley Black conducting London Festival Orchestra; London SPC-21002 (stereo) Ferde Grofé's popular suite is frankly treated here as a stereo spectacular, an approach which it sustains amiably and entertainingly. A Brobdignagian violin solo leads into the graphic clip-clopping of "On the Trail"; from "Sunrise" through "Sunset" to "Cloudburst" the musical color pictures are larger, not to mention louder, than life. As a matter of fact, at times the Grand Canyon itself seems the only locale spacious enough for the proper playing of this recording.

Meyer Kupferman: Hallelujah the Hills *Original sound track from film written and directed by Adolfo Mekas and produced by David C. Stone, conducted by the composer; Fontana SRF-67524 (stereo) and MGF-27524*

Meyer Kupferman, an accomplished American composer whose works range from string quartets to symphonies, has produced an exuberant score for the wildly comic film *Hallelujah the Hills*, which was filmed in the town of South Londonderry, Vermont, and has gone on to win a good deal of praise at film festivals abroad. Kupferman's perky score for harpsichord, brass, winds, and percussion reflects the zany spirit of the film and makes for diverting listening by itself. The titles of some of the twenty-three sections (they range from thirty-one seconds to two and a half minutes in duration) indicate as well as anything the spirit of the music: "Frolic Fanfare," "Nibelungen Walk," "Girl Tree Twist," "Breathless Jazz," and "Scherzo Nose and Duel Fanfare." Among the record's attributes is its attractiveness for young children, who — at least in one household — invariably poke their heads into the room to see what's going on and stay awhile to listen.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

FATHERS so often want their sons to be the realization of what they have dreamed of for themselves, and so often the sons fail to comply. My father, in his early manhood, had been a tall string bean, given to fancy waistcoats and suits of broad stripes which caused his sisters-in-law to refer to "Eddy's shouting clothes." At Pingry he had played a porous second base, which was the closest he ever came to athletic distinction. He was quick-tempered, and very inept with any tool, but he was a master designer and salesman of cotton fabrics, a witty end man in the annual minstrel shows at the country club, and a charming host. For me, the eldest of his six children, he had big ideas, yet as I was the smallest boy in my class straight through school and halfway through college — when I pulled out for the war — I could never fulfill his expectations, which I am sure was a cause for regret on both sides. He kept hoping that, like a mushroom, overnight I might somehow and suddenly grow into a plunging halfback or at least a fleet quarter-miler. Indeed, my nose and ears gave promise that this might happen, for they were standard equipment for a six-footer, but the rest of me was a coxswain, and it was Dad's bad luck that not until the summer of Verdun when I was in the French Army and far beyond his personal observation did I actually begin to sprout.

Does a boy mature faster when favored by parental approval, or when he has to bite on the granite of his father's misgiving? Musicians and other prodigies would probably testify to the former, but I suspect it is the lot of us common folk to come slowly to self-confidence, moving obliquely and usually in despite of our father's wishes. We know what he wants, but nature by some perversity has made it difficult or impossible for us to please him. We have to go our own way at our own pace, and in the contest between a father's aspiration and a son's groping lies the

making of stories which only a few like Samuel Butler have unlocked.

In the recapture of boyhood which forms the substance of the opening stories in *CHILDREN AND OTHERS* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95), JAMES GOULD COZZENS has been remarkably successful in depicting the light years which separate a boy's world from that of the grown-ups. The stories are told from the point of view of the boy, and what makes them so fresh is Mr. Cozzens' ability to catch the novelty of experience, the impressionable details of the summer courtship, for instance, which John, age nine, detects between Fred Savage, the middle-aged composer, and young Laura Willis, on whom John himself has a crush. John's father is a man of stern nature, and in his company the boy is hypersensitive; when taken to see his grandfather, who has just lost his shirt in the stock market, it is the boy who perceives the sadness and futility of old age and who bursts into tears at what he cannot explain. He is horrified by the way his father drives ("he drove as badly as most people who had grown up before there were cars to drive"), and when his father reprimands him for his low marks, John's defense is so infuriating that only Mother's intervention prevents a thrashing. What gives these stories their insight and delight is the boy's frank view of the adult world, and when John inadvertently becomes the listener at a private supper party which his father on the spur of the moment gives to one of his old girls, the picture of the past which John infers from their talk is as shrewd as it is funny.

Children and Others is divided into five parts, and in the second, the spotlight shifts to a school which might be Kent and to the feuds and persecutions little different from the days of Stalky and Company between a bright boy like Benson Smith — known as Smith III — and Dr. Holt the headmaster, whose unalterable pledge was that he would never expel a boy when enraged. Smith

III taxes this resolve to the utmost in his off-bounds attention to Mrs. Delancey, and the chastisement he receives leaves him with the quiet confidence that in the years to come he will revenge himself on Dr. Holt. Many a private in the war felt this way about his top sergeant, but when the time comes for the payoff, revenge, as we all know, is easily disarmed.

Then come two sections, *War Between the States* and *Love and Kisses*, about the seniors who are leaving to enlist in 1917; and in the last, *Eyes to See*, Mr. Cozzens is concerned with those who are finding themselves in early maturity. These stories were written over a period of twenty-four years, and in their sequence they deal shrewdly and sympathetically with what we think of as normal Americans. The neuroses which we associate with Salinger and Mailer do not cry aloud in these pages, although the causes for grief and the sting of defeat are here to be felt. I admire Mr. Cozzens for the power of his characterization, for the subtlety with which his sympathy lights up the ancient conflict between the old and young, and for the value which he places on integrity.

RUSSIA AND THE GRAND DESIGN

At the behest of the late Ted Patrick, the editor of *Holiday*, Colonel LAURENS VAN DER POST recently undertook the longest single journey throughout the Soviet Union by someone not a Communist. His qualifications for such a survey were his previous experiences as a native-born traveler throughout Africa and in Japan, his campaign and captivity in Southeast Asia, his reading and listening knowledge of Russian, his reputation for calm-minded assessment and a facility for description secured by his earlier and brilliant book *Venture to the Interior*. His new findings, so agreeably and penetratingly recorded in *A VIEW OF ALL THE RUSSIAS* (Morrow, \$5.95), make this the most reasonable and comprehensive contemporary account of the Soviet Union in English.

An inquiring and sympathetic conversationalist who never hesitates to be downright, Colonel Van der Post seized upon any chance encounter — and there were many — as the possibility for a meeting of minds. On the long flight from Moscow to Alma-Ata, he ran into the implacable line of propaganda, as he so often did; but one of the three Russians confronting him was a mature scientist who knew America well, and while the others slept, he and the Colonel exchanged views about the power of people to control their rulers; about one of the Colonel's favorite proverbs: "All men tend to become the thing they oppose" ("I believe we have just escaped that kind of tyranny in the Soviet Union," said the Russian);

and about the vastness and beauty of Russia, in words of singular candor.

In relaxed yet critical talks such as he had with the African and South American graduate students in Tashkent, he found the same reciprocity, and on numberless occasions his firmness in dealing with the "love-hate emotion" which Russians have for America resulted in telling disclosures of prejudice and curiosity. Whenever he brought up the subject of the Russian empire and the satellites, he was quick to detect the unease which followed however brief an allusion to Hungary.

His comments on the human responses to the Soviet system are full of juice. He went to see the circus in every capital he visited, and he tells of the release which it affords the Russian people in the clowning and the "togetherness" and in their universal love for animals. He is constantly depressed by the imposed, stunning uniformity of the architecture. He compares the factory conditions under which the women work at the great cotton mills of Tashkent with those which are so much more favorable in Lancashire or Osaka. He attends English classes in the boarding schools and notices the aptitude the students have for linguistics and for the sound of a foreign tongue, and when he discovers that they are reading aloud from *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and from Dickens, he explains to the professor, in the presence of the class, that they would be laughed at if they spoke that way today. "Why?" asked the professor. "Because" said the Colonel, "that manner of speaking and living went out of existence more than one hundred years ago."

Throughout the book, he is fitting together, link by link, the grand design. He notes that Tashkent is to be the control center of the empire in Russian Asia. He notes in careful detail the training of the Young Pioneers, of whom today there are more than forty million. He notes the astronomical number of boarding schools, increasing each year, which strip the child from the parents' influence, instill an unquestioning obedience to the State, and which are Khrushchev's way of avoiding juvenile delinquency. He notes the new world of mines and industries in the Don Basin, which make the Ruhr or the Black Country of England miniature by comparison, and which, he says, in time to come may give Russia the industrial supremacy it is seeking. He notes the almost universal assumption that Soviet values are absolute, and the pernicious anemia of art for the masses. And in the finest descriptive passage of the book, he finds himself exhausted and appalled by the power and regimentation of the May Day celebrations, in which 700,000 participated in Kharkov. This is a book to be read slowly, with fascination, and to be remembered.

(Advertisement)



Robert C. Weaver is probably better known for nearly being a member of President Kennedy's Cabinet than are a number of the people who actually made it. The reasons for his renown can be almost equally divided between his being a Negro and the fact that his prospective post—Secretary for Urban Affairs—was one whose creation alarmed many Americans.

It's a shame that all the emotions swirling around the man, and the job he didn't get, obscured the very real qualities he might have brought into the Cabinet. These qualities are now readily apparent in Mr. Weaver's new book, "The Urban Complex," a highly effective analysis of city life and human values.

Mr. Weaver's knowledge of the scientific aspects of cities and their inhabitants is impressive: he knows all the studies, is familiar with the trends, and is able to present a coherent picture of both the present and the future of the American metropolis. In addition, his singular, detached human-ness enables him always to remember that what he's talking about is people—us and our children.

As Mr. Weaver points out early in "The Urban Complex," our cities must be healthy, viable entities or the country literally cannot survive. Mr. Weaver's fine contribution here is to present, in straightforward, unaffected prose, how we got where we are, and what paths are still open to us.

In the heat and violence of a city summer, it's good to know that there are still Robert Weavers, who can devote loving thought to "The Urban Complex."

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Urban Complex" by Robert C. Weaver (\$4.95) is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies are available at your local bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 1331 E Street N. W., Washington 4, D. C.

BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY WILLIAM BARRETT

With each novel, STEPHEN BIRMINGHAM carves a surer place for himself among the more accomplished of our younger writers. *THOSE HARPER WOMEN* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95) is his fourth and most subtle and ambitious novel to date. Once again his subject has to do with society and social rank, money, and the intricate play of family and personal relationships among the rich and wellborn, as he traces the varying fortunes of the Harper clan through four generations.

Old Meredith Harper made his fortune in sugar on the island of St. Thomas around the turn of the century. It was a brutal period, and the planters did not always use the most genteel means to get what they wanted from the natives; but Meredith was more than a match for any of them in ruthlessness. His domineering will drove the first of the Harper women, his wife, Dolly, to drink; and he despotically arranged the marriage of his daughter, Edith. Old Meredith and his money are the long shadows that tower over all the Harper women.

We first see Edith as a perky old lady of seventy-four, still very much herself, locally famous on the island as a "character." It is Edith's memory, as it ranges over the past, that holds together all the threads of the story. Mr. Birmingham moves continuously and deftly back and forth from past to present, and the whole effect is of a thick album of family photographs that have suddenly and vividly come to life. Edith is joined by her granddaughter, Leona, who at twenty-seven has gone through three marriages and three divorces and has come back to the island to find herself or to see if there is any-

thing in her to find. The Harper money hasn't done her much good either; all her life it has been a cushioning that has left her spoiled and erratic.

The final irony is that the money, which has ruled their lives, vanishes. Harold, Edith's younger brother, who is in charge of the family's finances in New York, has been speculating on the market, and he is forced to flee the country. The collapse of the fortune rounds out the saga of the Harper women—or perhaps not, since Leona is on her way to New York to start life afresh.

Mr. Birmingham handles his women characters so superbly that his men, with the exception of old Meredith, seem by comparison rather flat. Perhaps, since this is the story of the Harper women, they must overshadow the others. Still, it might have heightened their story if the men in their lives had had a complexity and depth to match their own.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Sometimes the farther we travel the closer we get to home. JOHN KNOWLES, the very gifted author of that fine novel *A Separate Peace*, had begun to have perplexed feelings about his native United States and decided he needed to get away from it to see it more clearly. He had already lived for a while in Europe, but this time he needed to enter a milieu vastly different—the Arab world of the Near East. *DOUBLE VISION* (Macmillan, \$4.95) is a sensitive and perceptive account, gracefully written, of what he discovered on his travels.

Passing through England, he admired the civilized British respect for institutions and law. But this admiration was marred by a frightening little encounter with British prudery, that less positive side of the national character against which D. H. Lawrence had inveighed. Undressed to his shorts, he lay down for an afternoon nap in his hotel room, perceived he had not drawn the blinds, and got up to do so. Some minutes later his nap was interrupted by a knock on the door, and two plainclothesmen began to grill him. The charge, he learned presently, was indecent exposure, and the complaint had been made by a woman across the street. The thought of that woman with her dis-

turbed imagination, glued to her window for just such a momentary sight, made him pack in haste for the desert, where at least the air would be clean.

The Arabs are more at peace with their instincts, though they lack the British capacity for stable institutions and law. The Near East he found "a paralyzed battlefield," where the feverish effort at modernization is in conflict with the immemorial Arab feeling that time has stood still since the days of their great empire. One reason why Israel is so disliked by the Arabs is that its presence is a goad that prods the Arabs into the twentieth century.

Back home, Mr. Knowles found that the face of America wore a new look. Here was a country that as a whole was engaged in saying yes to the future as no other society he had seen. Yet with all its achievements, American life seemed to have no deep regard for the individual; and despite our much vaunted togetherness, Mr. Knowles found everywhere a secret and pervasive loneliness. These discoveries are neither revolutionary nor new, but Mr. Knowles perceives them with a freshness of detail that is convincing.

Partisans of the oyster can argue for hours over the respective merits of the Chesapeake, Gulf, or Colchester varieties; but according to ELEANOR CLARK in *THE OYSTERS OF LOCMARIAQUER* (Pantheon, \$4.95), the absolute pearls of the species are those harvested at the tip of Brittany. Miss Clark, who was living in that region with her husband, the novelist Robert Penn Warren, became so fascinated with the oyster industry that she chose it as a focal point for exploring the history and traditions of the region.

While we Americans are in the process of exhausting our best oyster beds, the natives of the Breton peninsula sedulously farm and replenish theirs. With so many natural enemies — crabs, mussels, drill snails, and starfish — it is a wonder the oyster has survived at all. Its most implacable foe, however, has been man himself, ruthlessly cleaning out whole beds without any effort at restoration. Whether Americans are capable of the infinite patience of the Breton cultivators remains to be seen. Their oysters are not only planted in "farms" but are removed

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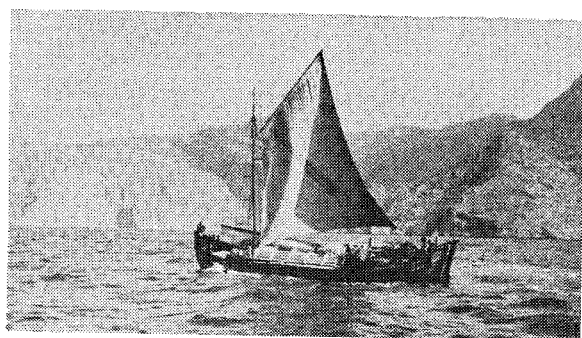
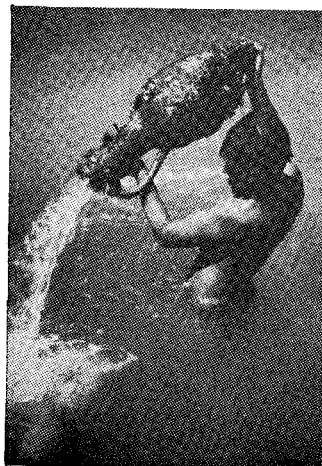
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SCRIBNERS

to different waters for different seasonings, and they are even subjected to an elaborate process to make sure they will stay clamped during shipment.

Miss Clark has written more than a tribute to the succulent mollusk and its cultivators. Her book rambles casually and engagingly into the legends and ancient literature of the Bretons, evoking the strange past of this magically haunted peninsula.

JOINING UP

KEN KESEY's first novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, was as large, sprawling, and vital as the Pacific Northwest, where its action was located. In his second novel, *SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION* (Viking, \$7.50), the writing has become more tortuous and self-involved.

Old Henry Stamper has established his own lumber empire around the town of Wakonda, Oregon. He has two sons: Hank, chip of the old block, a raw and aggressive frontiersman; and Lee, sensitive and introverted like his mother. The story turns on the struggle between the two brothers, and, particularly, Lee's desperate efforts to measure up to the prowess of his older brother. Lee has been away for years at Eastern schools, but he comes home at Hank's summons because the Stamper empire is threatened by the unions, and in time of crisis the whole family must come together. Lee's deeper reason for returning is that he wishes to find his own roots and extricate himself from big brother's shadow on their home ground.

Mr. Kesey gives us so much of Lee's inner monologues that the character begins to be boringly narcissistic and self-indulgent. A mutual attraction grows between Lee and Hank's wife, Viv, who also has cultural hankerings amid the raw life of a lumbering camp. Lee chooses to gain a victory over his brother by seducing Viv. Hank suspects, and may even know. The two come to blows; but in this brutal fight, Lee, by standing up to his brother, is initiated into the violent Stamper clan. The two shake hands, and when last seen, are riding the logs together, against the dangers of flood and weather, downstream to market.

Though the story has many improbabilities and clichés, Mr. Kesey is able to invest it with a throbbing



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ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN



and convulsive life. Since he now resides in California, he appears to have been infected with some of the formless inflation of the beatnik school around San Francisco; but his talent seems strong enough to survive such temporary aberrations.

JACK GELBER's play, *The Connection*, was a great success on the off-Broadway stage and even attained acclaim abroad. Though tedious, and containing many spots of awkward overwriting, it nevertheless showed the marks of a genuine and original talent. That talent is much surer of itself now in Mr. Gelber's first novel, *ON ICE* (Macmillan, \$4.95).

Manny Fells, like everybody else in this story, is on ice—that is, playing it cool while waiting for Godot or the likely break that will change things. In the meantime he has to pay the rent, and after cooking up a bogus résumé, he lands a job as a camera salesman at a large suburban discount house. He has really been hired to spy on his fellow employees to find out who has been robbing the till. This job is typical of Manny and his life; he is always betwixt and between: on the edge of society and on the fringe of Bohemia. Working as a fink, Manny is brought into contact with Al and Fred, two correspondence-school gumshoes from the agency that has hired him, and the antics of this pair provide some very low-keyed but effective comedy that is quite the best part of the book.

Manny falls out of favor, and the job evaporates; but, armed with another bogus résumé and a respectable suit, he gets a job on the house organ of an enormous corporation, and he seems at last to be on his way. In the meantime he has attended, always with a cool eye, any number of beatnik parties that were typical of the mid-1950s, and he has acquired a girl, Louise, though his relationship with her is so casual and noncommittal that it can hardly be called a romance.

Because he does not inflate his material, Mr. Gelber has produced one of the best, if understated, portraits of what the beat generation was really like. Discarding the breast-thumping and orgiastic tones of some of his literary brethren, he seems to be suggesting that the beats, far from being in the grasp of some cosmic truth, were merely very displaced young people marking time

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POLITICAL VAUDEVILLE

The political novel in the past has provided some of the major specimens of the genre. Lately we have had quite a spate of them, and that would seem to be all to the good, since politics is one of the most human of activities and its behind-the-scenes intricacies can stir up the deepest human conflicts. Unfortunately, the new political novel seems to have already settled into the most rigid of stereotypes.

The prefabricated pattern runs like this: Candidate A, usually a candidate for the presidency, has some guilty secret in his past, and the action turns on whether he will face up to the public revelation of it or quit. Further complication can be added by saddling Candidate B with a guilty past. In *THE 480* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.00), **EUGENE BURDICK** has added a secret sin of Candidate A's wife, which, if revealed, would destroy her publicly. With this brilliant stroke the possibilities of the new political novel become practically unlimited.

Mr. Burdick has coauthored two previous best sellers, *The Ugly American* and *Fail-Safe*, which maintained a brisk and readable pace, and made their impact because they were topically relevant. A certain brisk efficiency is still to be found in his new book, and there is even a considerable suspense generated as to who is going to get the nomination; but the characters are such paste-board puppets that we cease to care very much about the serious thesis they are supposed to illustrate.

This thesis is that an "underground" of behavioral scientists, operating with computers, is going to take over American politics. The title of the book derives from the 480 categories of region, religion, race, income, and so forth, into which the pollsters have divided the American electorate. Take a proper sample of each category, feed the data to the computer, and you can come up with the neatly packaged personality who will satisfy the majority and win the presidential election.

Mr. Burdick is so much the journalist at grips with immediate material that he does not write about some imaginary political race of the future but about the forthcoming

Republican convention of 1964. It is unfortunate that the book was on press at the time of the Oregon and California primaries, when the pollsters took a very bad licking. If Mr. Burdick had waited a little longer, he might not have written this novel at all.

Still, he should have some expertise about the computer; after all, he seems to command a fully automated typewriter.

"ALL THOSE DEAD VOICES"

The biographical and autobiographical writings of **BEN HECHT** have always seemed to me more interesting than his fiction. His novels and stories are clever and deft, with apt turns of phrase and insight; but in dealing with real people, Hecht was on much more solid ground. In *LETTERS FROM BOHEMIA* (Doubleday, \$4.50), a collection of memoirs about some dead friends completed just before his own death, the cleverness has fallen to one side in the most moving book he ever wrote.

The letters from these friends — Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, George Grosz, George Antheil, Gene Fowler, among others — are interesting in themselves, but they are merely the occasions for Hecht's sensitive reminiscences of each, which are really the heart of the book. The portrait of Anderson is perhaps the most penetrating, and any interpreter of Anderson's work henceforth will need to consult it. Anderson, Hecht says, is really to be understood as a kind of ballad singer, a man who spoke always as if he were accompanying himself on a guitar, and out of that incantatory voice came the evocative power of his best stories. Hecht learned Mencken's surprising secret on one visit; the great journalist, who in taking the whole American scene as his province seemed to be in constant contact with all manner of men, was in reality a very lonely person.

The man who was closest to Hecht — Charles MacArthur, with whom he coauthored *The Front Page* — turns out to be the hardest to recall, for something of himself, which he cannot now bring back, was buried with his dead friend. Here Hecht's lament becomes most lyrical and poignant, not so much for the dead as for the living, who have been abandoned by their departed friends to an incurable loneliness.

POTPOURRI

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

THE PLANT, THE WELL, THE ANGEL (Knopf, \$5.95) contains three long stories by the young Greek author **VASSILIS VASSILIKOS**. They concern, respectively, a plant, a well, and an angel; they are written in a pseudo-matter-of-fact style with a wealth of corroborative detail; and they are the most exuberantly fantastic, inventive, resourceful, and surprising tales I have read in a long time. The plant puts an entire shoddy apartment house out of commission. The well, an object of sinister reputation, proves a fraud. The angel writes his rueful memoirs while learning to use his wings in a training camp that is a parody of all earthly military establishments. All of these objects — if an angel can be counted an object — of course represent something else: the empty forms of a dead society, the force of youthful rebellion, the isolation of the artist. But regardless of the symbolic meaning that can be read into them, these tales stand first of all as stories, in which things keep happening with beguiling rapidity and conviction. They have the true mythmaking magic, in that the impossible following the improbable merely increases the reader's belief in the whole.

RANDALL JARRELL'S THE BAT-POET (Macmillan, \$2.75), with amusing misty pictures by **MAURICE SENDAK**, is a small book in the tradition of *The Wind in the Willows*. Written for children, it can be read with pleasure and profit by adults. Mr. Jarrell's bat is a positively touching study of a beginning poet — earnest, bewildered, doubtful of his talent, and ignorant of technique, but having, as his verses prove, a touch. He confers with the mockingbird, an established poetical authority. What happens is just what happens to people in such a situation, and the more the reader knows about authors, the funnier this book becomes. It is really much too sly and clever to be confined to juveniles.

PORTRAIT OF A GENERAL (Knopf, \$8.95) by **WILLIAM B. WILLCOX**, professor of history at the University of Michigan, is a solid, straightforward biography of Sir Henry Clinton, the British general who got stuck with

the last years of the American Revolution. Clinton was something of a wit, but he was neither a notably successful commander nor particularly interesting in other respects. In one way, however, he may be considered Britain's revenge for John Adams. The man never threw away a piece of writing in his life. He therefore left a mass of records, all fearsomely illegible. These papers Professor Willcox has patiently decoded and converted into a biography of considerable interest — although the interest derives from Clinton's circumstances rather than from his own character. At the end of the book, which is a perfectly orthodox factual job up to that point, Mr. Willcox, with the assistance of Professor Frederick Wyatt, chief of the Psychological Clinic of the University of Michigan, has attached a psychological interpretation of the quirks in Clinton's mind which led him to quarrel with most of his colleagues, push at the wrong moment, and relax when he should have bustled. This appendix adds nothing genuine to the understanding of Clinton and is based on no documentation worth mentioning. One could argue, on more solid evidence, that Clinton, who played the fiddle and spent a surprising sum on the latest and best music of his day, was a chamber music addict. This is a real disease, as anyone who has ever encountered a case will agree. It is conceivable that Clinton's periods of military languor coincided with the availability of a cello, a viola, and a second fiddle, while his periods of exacerbation resulted from the lack of these necessities. Aside from this objection, *Portrait of a General* is good work and good reading.

THE AFRICAN PAST (Atlantic-Little Brown, \$7.95) is an anthology of African writing collected and edited by **BASIL DAVIDSON**. Mr. Davidson, an authority on African history and an enthusiastic admirer of African achievements, has undertaken to prove that precolonial Africa was no illiterate backwater but rather an energetic, well-organized network of differing societies which produced, either locally or through the reports of Arab travelers, a body of writing of general international interest. He succeeds well in this aim, turning up among other engaging authors a Muslim religious authority who sounds as agitated as any Victorian missionary.

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the new novel by Louis Auchincloss, **The Rector of Justin** (\$4.95) is "the richest of his books and one of the best school novels I've ever read . . . witty, perceptive and beautifully written," said John Mason Brown.

Before the Colors Fade: Portrait of a Soldier, George S. Patton, Jr. by his nephew Fred Ayer.



Jr. (\$6.00) is considered a "beautifully written memoir . . . the most authentic portrait of General Patton I have seen in print," by Martin Blumenson. "More than a picture of the general, it is a privileged view of the man within his intimate circle of family and friends. As a result, the well-known paradoxes of the Patton character have been made intelligible."

And Martin Duberman's **In White America** (cloth \$3.95, paper \$1.75), the text and supporting documents on which the moving off-Broadway drama is based, has received unusual attention. Among others, *Life* felt that "In White America" moves an audience to tears because it is not a play but a documentation of real life. Art does not reflect life in this case: it is life, more eloquent and provoking than any drama that presents the Negro's case."



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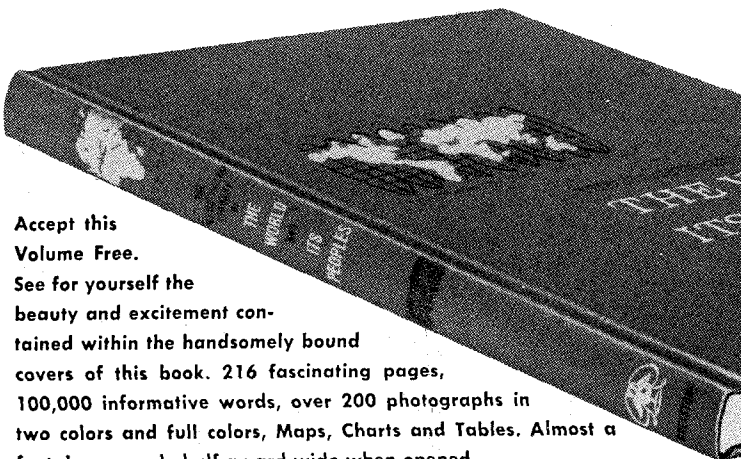
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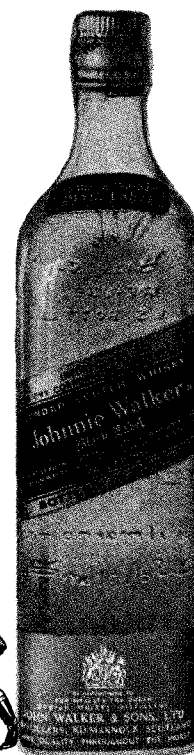
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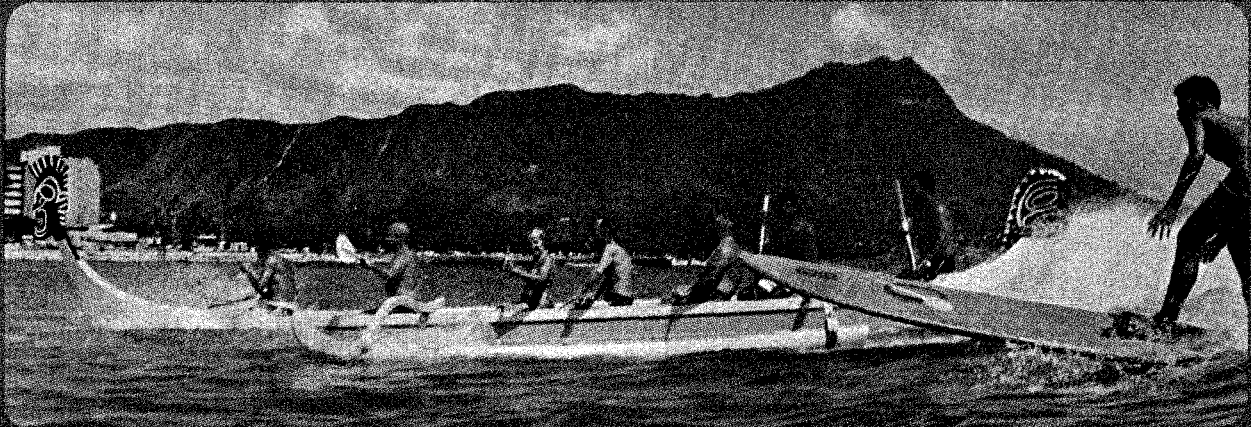
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